SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV FEBRUARY, 1904 NO. 2

SOME GARDENS IN SPAIN

By Helena Rutherfurd Ely

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY GUÉRIN, BRENNAN, AND TWELVETREES, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MANY of us have seen beautiful gardens in England, France, and Italy. To many they are ideals hoped for, yet with the knowledge that the hope can never be realized. Little has been written about the gardens of Spain, and they are not so frequently visited as those of other countries, so that the lovely ones it was my good fortune to see last summer came upon me as a great surprise. The "castles in Spain" which I had expected to see on every hilltop seemed not to exist except in romance, but every chateau and villa, every tiny roadside inn, many factories even, had gardens where flowers of many varieties grew in greatest luxuriance.

The climate of Spain, during the summer months, is dry and burning; little or no rain falls; streams and brooks become entirely dry, and many rivers flow only in a narrow channel. Except among the mountains, water seems to be scarce everywhere, and yet the gardens are watered with great painstaking. Often the water is carted from a long distance. The larger and finer gardens are usually irrigated. Sometimes the water for this purpose flows from a mountain lake, or from a reservoir built by the industrious Moors. Often it is pumped from wells by a patient donkey who walks blindfolded for hours around a narrow circle. Or again, the primitive pump is worked by two men. Everywhere houses were made gay by window-boxes filled with growing plants. Carnations seemed to be the favorite flower for this purpose, and I have seen as fine Carnations in the window-boxes of the poorer people in Spain as have ever been exhibited in New York. Every working girl wears a flower tucked into her black hair, white and red seeming to be the favorite colors, and many carry flowers in their hands.

Landing at Gibraltar and having to stay there a day, we spent a most interesting afternoon in the Alameda, the public garden laid out in 1814. Here, for the first time, I saw a peculiar pine tree which flourishes throughout Spain, from Cadiz to Segovia, and should therefore be hardy in our country. The color is a beautiful dark green, somewhat lighter than our white pine, or pinus strobus, and its shape is a perfect sphere. Smaller ones were like gigantic Bay trees in form, and being hardy could be used in the same manner for decoration without the disadvantage of having to be stored in winter. I never saw a beautiful specimen of this tree from the window of a slow-moving train without longing to have it dug up and sent to my own garden.

In this Alameda at Gibraltar grew also stately cypress and gnarled cedars; magnolias, and the feathery acacia mimosa, sycamores, oaks, and locust; the beautiful pepper tree and the tender banana; pomegranates, with their scarlet flowers, and orange trees laden with fruit; olive trees with their silvery foliage; oleanders, abutilon and fuchsia growing like trees.

Blooming at one time were a great num-

Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber of flowers that with us would follow in succession and make a floral procession of several months. I felt at once that I should have to begin gardening all over again to understand a climate that would produce Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, Marigolds, and other late-blooming plants in early June. Japanese Iris was there in quantity. Paths were bordered with German Stocks, pink, white and purple, and with the old-time Clove Pinks. Great plantations of Carnations filled the air with their spicy odor. Phlox, Hollyhocks, the gay London Pride, and Sweet William in many varieties, were growing in masses. The fair Madona Lily and also Lilium Auratum raised their stalks of beauty above carpets of many-hued Pansies. Great hedges of arbor-vitæ and juniper formed wind-breaks to shelter the more tender plants. Geraniums and Heliotrope grew here like large shrubs, and the Century Plant and Prickly Pear were on every hand. The annual Larkspur was as luxuriant as the perennial variety, and Japanese Morning Glories of largest size and lovely color clambered to the very tops of great trees, and grew in tangles over rustic bridges and summer-houses. Nothing was formally planted in this Gibraltar garden. It seemed at times as if the flowers had sown themselves, especially when, after wandering over grassy slopes and under the dense pine trees, we came suddenly upon a sunny place filled with masses of glowing color.

Trellises were covered with Sweet Peas, Columbines and Daisies, and quantities of Ivy Geranium, the modest Mignonette, tall Foxgloves and Canterbury Bells, also bloomed in this garden of all seasons gathered into one. Glowing scarlet Hibiscus and starry Jessamine filled my heart with a desire to see them so growing at home. And last of all, were the Roses—Roses of all kinds and all colors; perfect in form and beauty, the standards especially, so laden with blossoms that each called forth expressions of wonder.

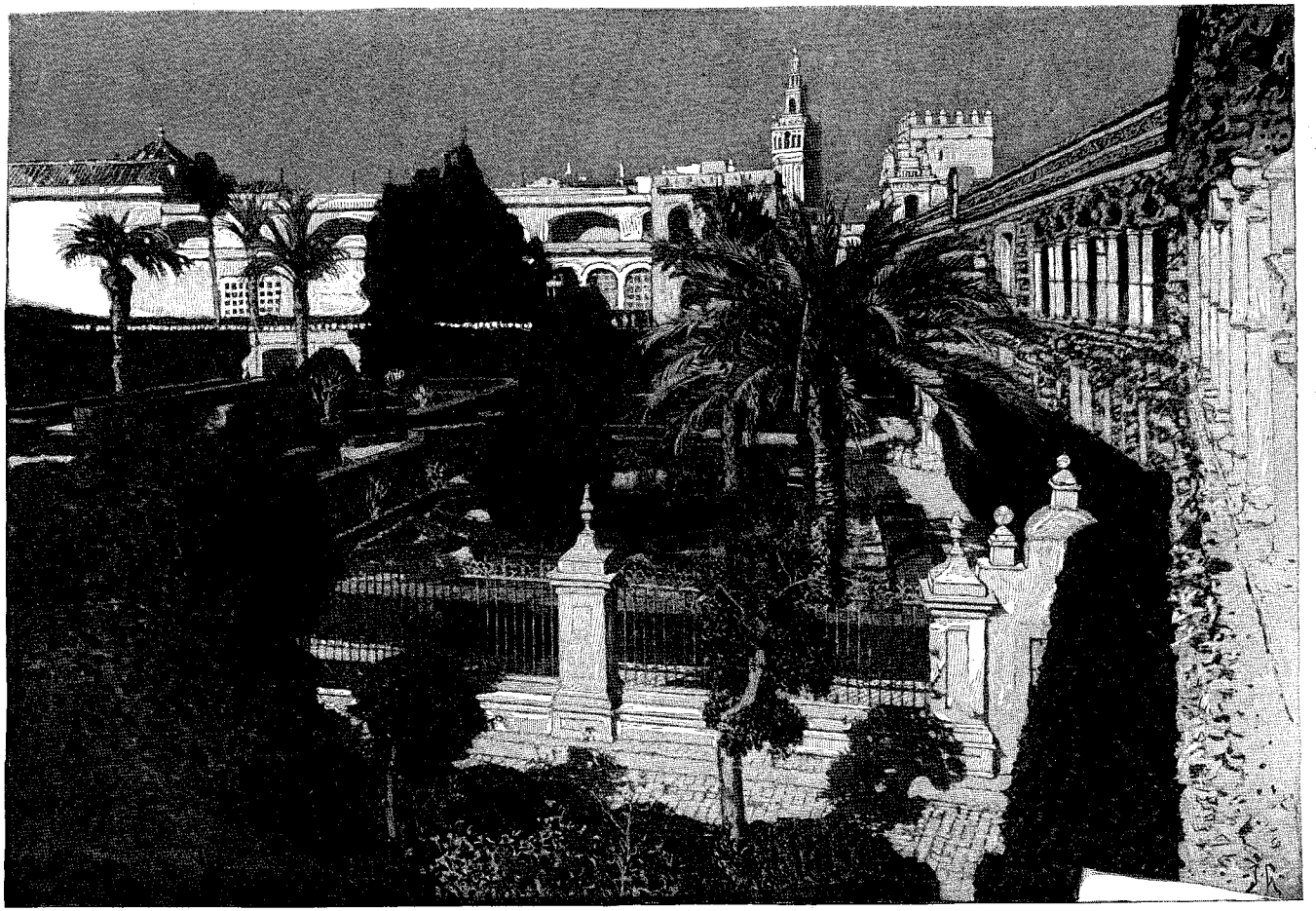
Upon leaving Gibraltar we travelled to Cadiz, a city built almost entirely of marble. The tropical sun beating upon its whiteness would cause intolerable glare were it not for the palm trees of great height and beauty which flourish here and adorn all the public gardens and squares, and many of the streets. Camellias, Abutilons, and Carnations, which might almost be called the flower of Spain, so prevalent are they, were here in great abundance. The cultivation of flowers was not so universal at Cadiz as in other Spanish cities, the people seeming to prefer palms and shrubbery of all varieties.

Seville, however, was a riot of color. Nearly every house had its window-boxes, where Carnations, scarlet Geraniums, the beautiful pink Ivy Geranium, Fuchsias, and blue Hydrangeas seemed to be the favorites. At Seville, too, white marble is largely used for building both the exterior and interior of the houses. All the dwellings of any pretensions are built with a Patio, or central court, made entirely of snowy marble. There is usually a fountain in the centre, with palms and large pots of flowering plants placed around it and in the corners of the court. This court is roofed, sometimes with glass, more often with an awning. Comfortable lounging chairs make it a cool and delightful refuge in the heat of the day, and the lovely green of the palms and the splashing of water are apt to produce a feeling of well-being that soon sends one to gentle slumbers and pleasant dreams. At the back of the court a door or grille of beautifully wrought iron leads to the garden, which also possesses a fountain and palm trees, and is, beside, filled with many varieties of flowers. Roses, too, climb against the garden walls, and often to the very house-top.

But when one sees the Alcazar at Seville, that garden of gardens, the memory of all others grows dim, and it seems to be the only garden of the world. Some of it probably dated from earliest Moorish times; other parts were made by Peter the Cruel, who lived there from 1350 to 1369; and still others by Ferdinand and Isabella, and by Charles the Fifth. Shut off from the world by the buildings of the Alcazar and by high walls, this garden has for hundreds of years survived the rise and fall of nations, and the palm trees and giant magnolias have sheltered many of the great and powerful, who have now lain for centuries dead.

As I slowly paced the walks paved with worn bricks, or sat upon the quaint benches made of Moorish tiles, my thoughts wan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Jules Guérin,

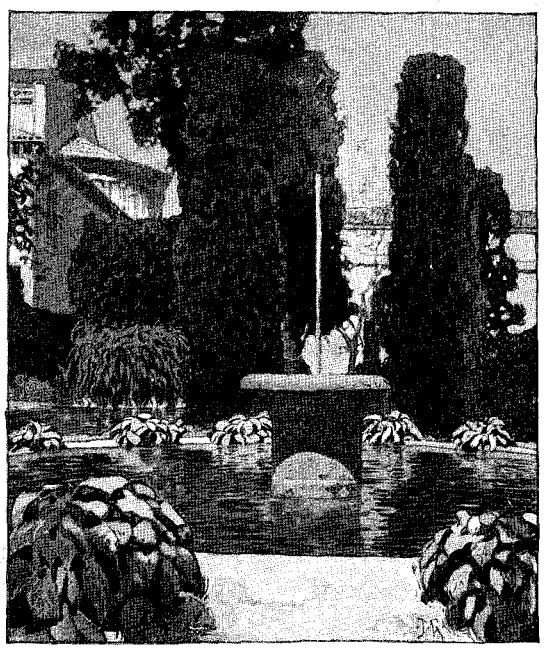
General view of the Alcazar Gardens at Seville.—Page 132.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dered to the Moorish sultan, Abu Yahub Yusuf, who, in 1181, began to build the great Alcazar, and it seemed not improbable that he first began the gardens where, secluded behind high walls, the fair ones of his harem might disport themselves in freedom. To-day we see in one of the gardens a marble pool surrounded by a dense myrtle hedge over eight feet in height, called the "Sultana's Bath," and the legend is told, that the Sultan's favorite wife came there daily to bathe. Passing under a beautifully carved old marble archway, we came to a small court planted with ancient orange trees. All but one are said to bear delicious fruit, and this one alone, set out by Peter the Cruel over five hundred years ago, bears oranges so sour and bitter as to be uneatable. The tree is said to have received from Peter his bitter nature. One of his wicked deeds was the murder of his guest, the Moorish sultan, Abu Said, in order to gain possession of his jewels.

From a terrace we descended to a vaulted gallery to see the marble bath, some twenty feet long, ten broad, and four deep, where Maria de Padilla, the beautiful wife of this same Peter, used to bathe. It is said that the courtiers would gather about, and to show their gallantry and appreciation of her beauty would each drink a glass of water from the bath.

Columbus was formally received in Seville upon his return from his first voyage, and we can imagine Isabella the Catholic, that great woman and queen, receiving Columbus under one of the magnolia trees, her industrious attendants seated near by, yet forgetting to draw the needle through the canvas while listening to the marvellous tales of the new Spain across the sea.



In a garden at Seville.—Page 132.

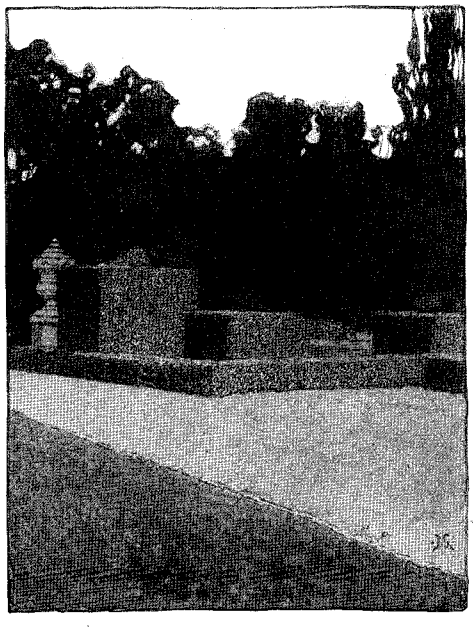
Charles the Fifth was married to Isabella of Portugal in the Alcazar. He improved and added to the gardens, building also, in the midst of one, a pavilion of Moorish tiles, with a wooden dome, as a cool retreat in the heat of the day.

Philip the Second also lived here. Gloomy and morose, regretting the England he had lost, he doubtless paced the shaded alleys planning terror to the Protestant world, and new inquisitorial fires.

In the gardens of the Alcazar grow such hedges of box and myrtle that one knows at a glance that generations have passed away while they have grown quietly on. The very roses that climb against the walls have trunks as large as one's forearm. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

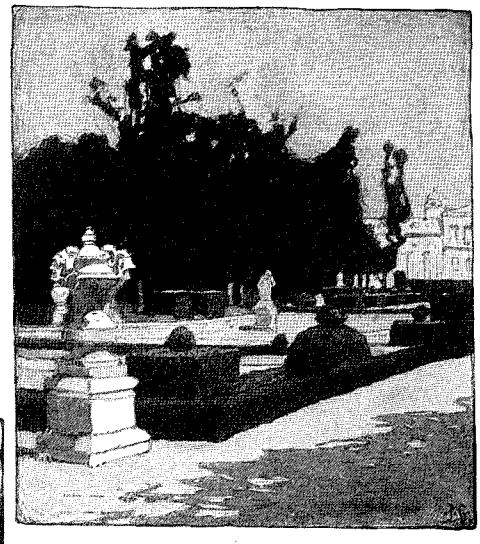
rose trees and bushes also show their great age in their size. And such roses as they yield! Dark red, pink, white, and adorable yellow ones, all of perfect form and yielding perfume delicious beyond words. The starry white Jessamine clambered up the palms and ancient cedars; Heliotrope, like trees in size, flung its fragrant purple blossoms to the air. Great cypress trees, which had lived through hundreds of years, were trained to form arches over the paths. Banana trees, laden with fruit, and oleanders with masses of pink or white blossoms and the size the mountain ash usually attains in



In the gardens at La Granja.—Page 142.

our country, spread wide their branches. Here, too, were many of the favorites of our own gardens. Phlox Drummondii, California Poppies, Calendulas, Annual Larkspur, and Mignonette welcomed us with smiling faces.

The garden of the Alcazar is one garden composed of several, each opening into the other by steps descending from a terrace or through arches in marble or living green. All the gardens are surrounded with wonderful hedges of myrtle, juniper, or box. If the gardens of the Alcazar should be stripped of all but their hedges, palm trees and magnolias, they would still be most



In the gardens at La Granja.—Page 142.

wonderful. In some places, walls about eight feet in height separate the gardens, and against these walls are trained orange and peach trees, with a tangle of Jessamine and Roses climbing among them as they will. In fact, the flowers grow in such careless and natural profusion, and there is seemingly so little cultivation, that one might almost think the hoe of a gardener had not visited the place for a hundred years. This very carelessness was one of the greatest charms of the place, and added to the effect of age that clung to everything. Modern gardeners would stand aghast at such apparent neglect.

I recognized that the very lack of modern care was artistic and suitable, and yet wondered, if the place were mine, whether I could forbear the use of shears, trowel, and hoe. The hedges were trimmed. These, with some orange trees growing in a solid mass of green along some fifty feet of palace wall, and reaching to the very roof, alone bore signs of the gardener's shears.

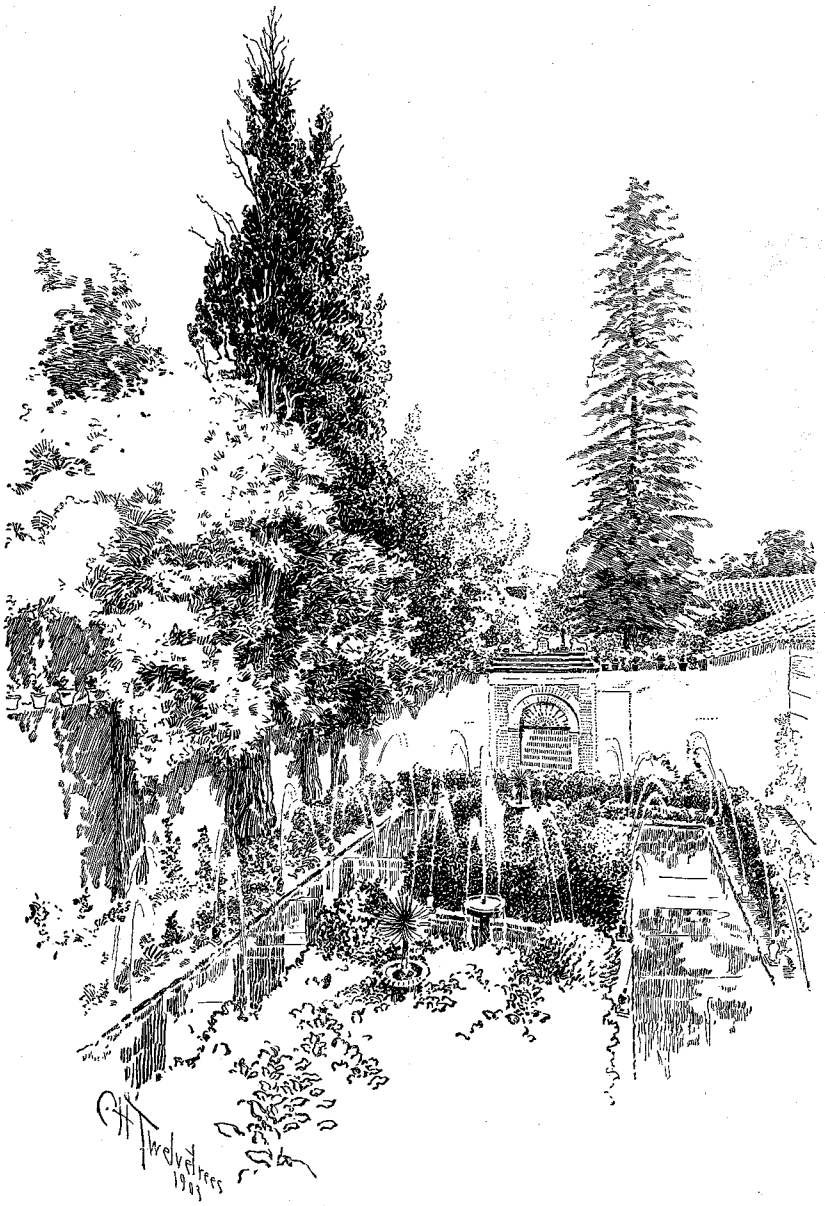
The flower beds were of intricate shapes filled with a tangled mass of flowers, and always surrounded with box. And such box! My heart sank within me when I thought of the box in my garden at home, where not even a hundred mild winters and a hundred rainy summers could give growth like the smallest of that at the Alcazar.

The bouquet that is considered in Seville

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

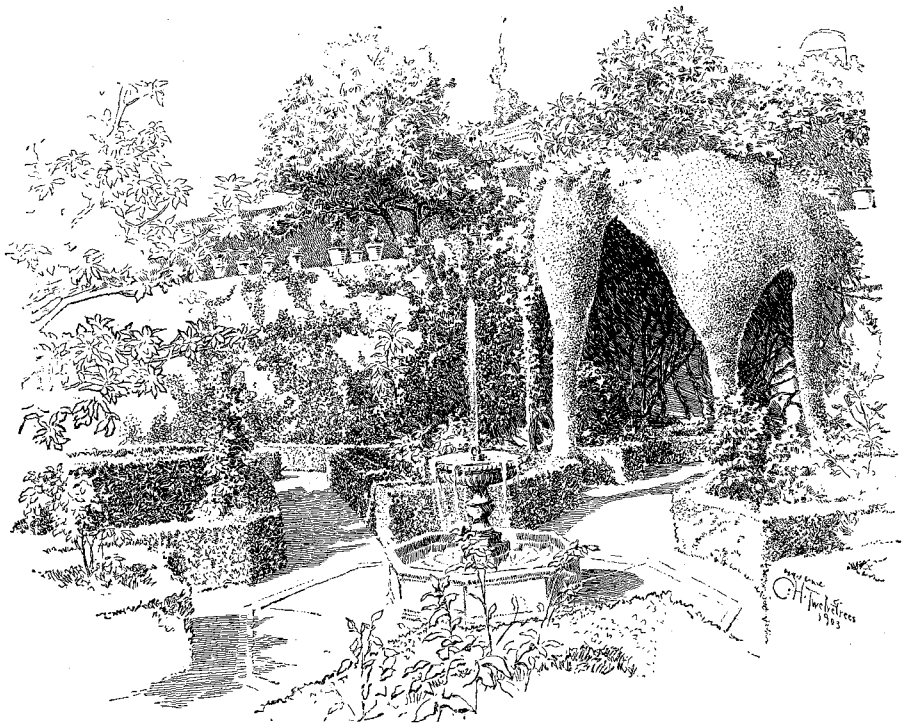
as a model of beauty and elegance was to our eyes a most hideous thing. In shape like a pyramid about fourteen inches high, it was formed by fastening a magnolia bud to the top of a smooth round stick, and then winding flowers tightly around the stick, each succeeding row becoming larger, so that at the bottom the bouquet was probably two feet around. It was a frequent sight to see two men carrying a pole between them, with from six to a dozen of these bouquets swinging, heads down, from the pole.

Every garden of the Alcazar has its fountain or fountains, and the pleasant murmuring of waters is ever in your ears. Some king of by-gone days who loved a practical joke upon a courtier, constructed under a brick walk a series of small pipes



Court of the pools and the cypresses of the Sultana at the Generalife, Granada.—Page 144.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In the gardens of the Palace of the Generalife.—Page 144.

with tiny openings between the bricks. The unwary person who was to bear the joke was asked to take that walk, and when well in the centre, the king, by turning a faucet, would cause all the length of walk to be enveloped in hundreds of tiny jets of water, each some six feet high.

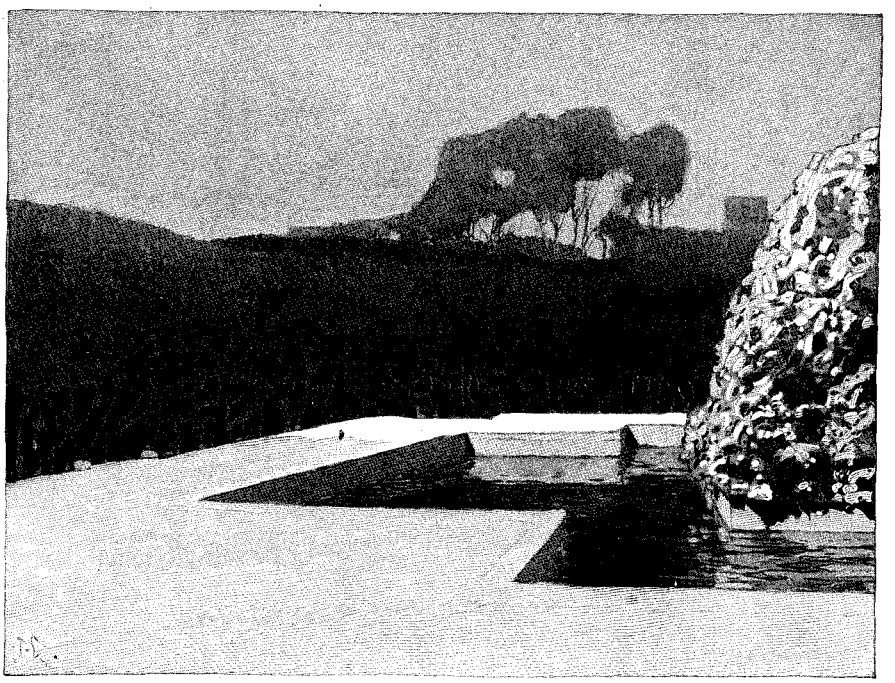
Madrid was full of gardens. Vegetation here is not tropical. The winters are long and cold, and icy winds sweep down with killing blasts from the mountains north of the city. The city is situated in a nearly treeless plain, and the summers are parched and burning. Still, by means of irrigation and artificial watering, the public and private gardens are kept green and luxuriant. All the handsomer houses seemed to be surrounded with gardens, at which we would take curious peeps through either the tall iron fences surrounding them or an open gate or doorway in the protecting wall of brick.

The Botanical Garden possesses a fine collection of trees and shrubs, and the large hot-house contains many specimens of tender plants. This garden is of comparatively modern date, having been founded in 1774. I was particularly struck with the ivy, which completely covered the trunks of many trees.

Throughout the gardens of Madrid bedding-out plants seemed to be the favorites, and we saw quantities of Geraniums, Coleus, Cannas, Gladioli, and tuberous-rooted Begonias. Sunflowers, Marigolds, and Calendulas bloomed in great profusion, gratifying the Spaniards' love for yellow. Myrtle and box hedges were everywhere, but we saw none to compare with those at Seville.

At Escorial, thirty-one miles from Madrid, are most lovely gardens. The first we saw of these was the garden of the Palácio Real, that part of the great Escorial built first by Philip the Second as a cell in which to die, but added to by succeeding kings and converted into a palace, and decorated by them in the style of the Renaissance. These gardens were devoid of flowers, and consisted only of hedges,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Sultana's Bath" in the Alcazar at Seville.—Page 134.

parterres, circles and squares and triangles of the most wonderful box I have ever seen, quite five feet in height, with paths running around and between them.

From the shapes of many of these beds of box I imagine that they had originally been planted as edging for formally shaped beds, but with the lapse of time, had grown to form these solid masses of green.

In the Monastery gardens we found many trees and plants to remind us of home. Everything was irregular, and the same careless luxuriance prevailed that we had noticed in other gardens. Great Beeches, old Horse-chestnuts, and Ailanthus shaded the alleys. The ground everywhere was carpeted with Vinca, our Periwinkle, in lieu of grass. Lilacs, Altheas, Syringa, and Deutzia were growing happily in all the sunny corners. Standard roses of many varieties bloomed in perfection. Great plants of Canterbury Bells, both purple and white, smiled at us as if they knew that we loved them. One long wall of the Monastery was entirely covered with a climbing rose, whose blossoms were large and double, and of a lovely silvery-pink color.

At the foot of the hill from the Monastery is the Casita de Abajo, built in 1772 for the Prince Charles; a most dainty and charming little chateau full of pretty things, and so homelike and lovable as to be quite different from the homes of royalty one generally sees. A semicircular hedge of cypress, fifteen feet in height and four feet thick, formed a background to the entrance to the chateau grounds, and enormous spruce trees stood like sentinels on either side of the gate. From a terrace in front of the house we descended to a garden, not large—perhaps two hundred by three hundred feet—that was captivating. A pool in the centre, some twenty feet in diameter, with simply a jet of water, was surrounded by standard Roses, giant Poppies and Larkspur planted between them, and the bed edged with Pinks. Radiating from the pool were formally shaped box-edged beds of many-colored flowers. Madona Lilies were there in quantity, and superb Gladioli and Cannas; Roses beyond number grew everywhere, and a wall eight feet high surrounding the sides of the garden was covered with them. Imagine climbing roses, pink, white, dark red and yellow, double, and as large as the Jacqueminot, or the Kaiserin Augusta. From their fra-

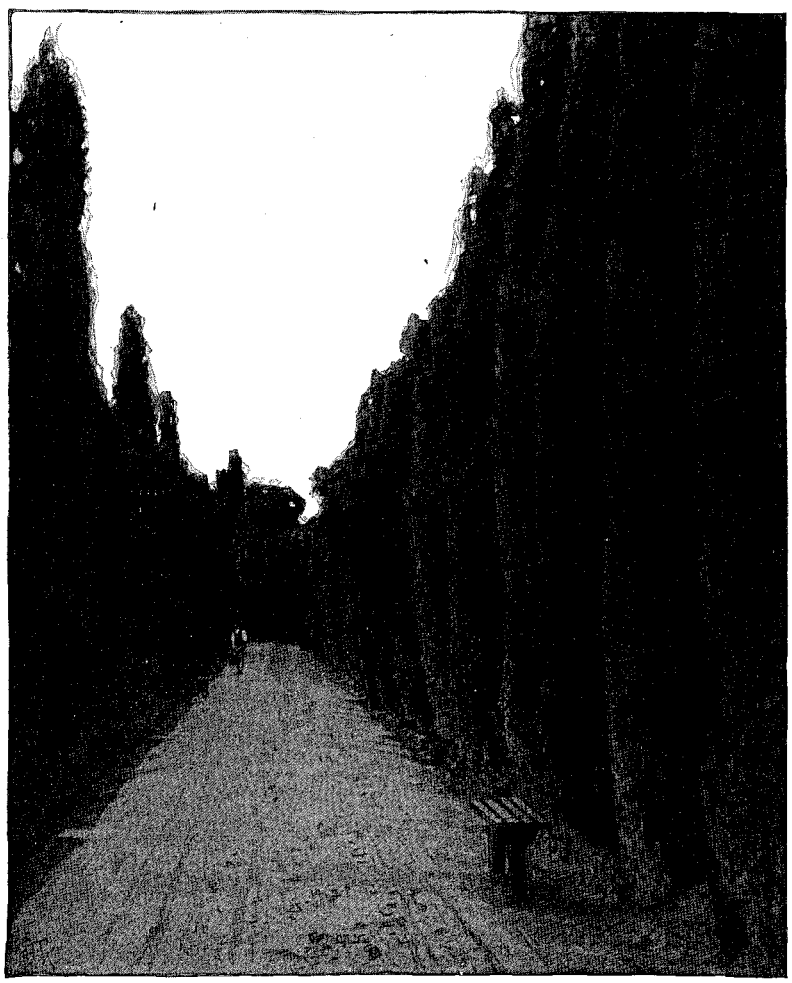
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grance and the quantity of buds and blooms, I think they must have been of the ever-blooming varieties. There being an unlimited water supply at Escorial from a mountain lake, this garden was irrigated. We were there about five o'clock in the afternoon, and after watching the gardeners turn on the water, understood why the flowers were so wonderful. With rich soil, warm sunshine, and a thorough daily soaking to the very ends of the roots, the conditions were ideal for perfection of blooms.

Behind the chateau the long windows of the lower floor open directly upon another garden of about the same size as the one in front. Here, however, there were fewer flowers, and more of the cypress and the great parterres of box that grows so luxuriantly in Spain. Everything about this gay little house and gardens was so charming that we thought it would be delightful to live there, and that now, at last, we had verily seen a "Château en Espagne."

Before leaving, we were told that the water from a near-by fountain was the finest and coolest in Spain. To people who had drunk only bottled water for weeks this was joyful intelligence. We hastened to the fountain, and never was anything more delicious than that cold, almost icy draught.

Opposite the station at Escorial is a large chocolate factory, and surrounding it a beautiful garden. Here we saw wonder-

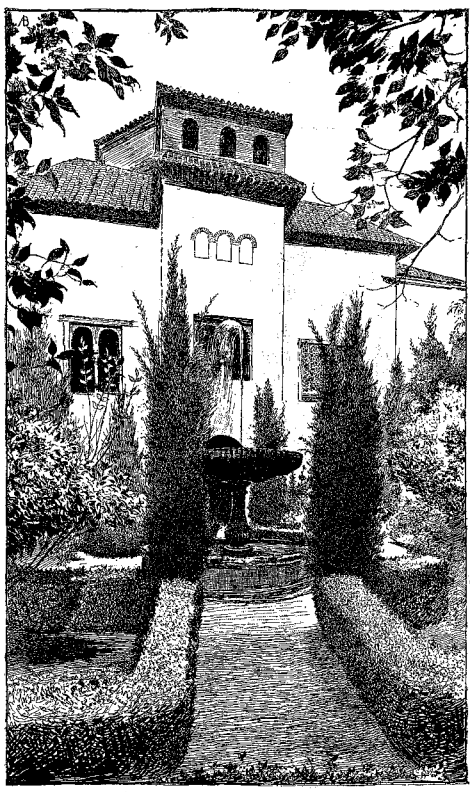


Cypress walk leading to the gardens of the Palace of the Generalife.—Page 144.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful Snap-dragons and great plants of Flos Jovis, pink and crimson, growing among the other flowers. Spruce, horse-chestnut, and locust trees made "caverns of cool shade." It was an enticing spot, and the operatives who could spend their leisure hour resting there were fortunate indeed.

We had heard at Madrid of some wonderful gardens at La Granja, a place near



Façade of the balcony of Lindaraja, Alhambra.—Page 143.

Segovia, but were told that there was no good hotel where we could spend the night, and that a day's excursion would have to be made from Madrid.

In the train for Escorial, a member of the party, with a talent for making out continental time-tables, discovered that nearly eight hours would be consumed on the railroad in going to and from Segovia, and that it would be impossible to drive to La Granja, seven miles away, see the gardens, and return to Madrid the same day. This same clever person then said: "At Escorial you are nearly half way to Segovia; why not go there this afternoon, put up for one night with whatever you find, and return to Madrid to-morrow after your sight-seeing? You will thus save four hours of railroad travel." We had come out for a short day's excursion, expecting to return to our hotel in Madrid by five in the afternoon.

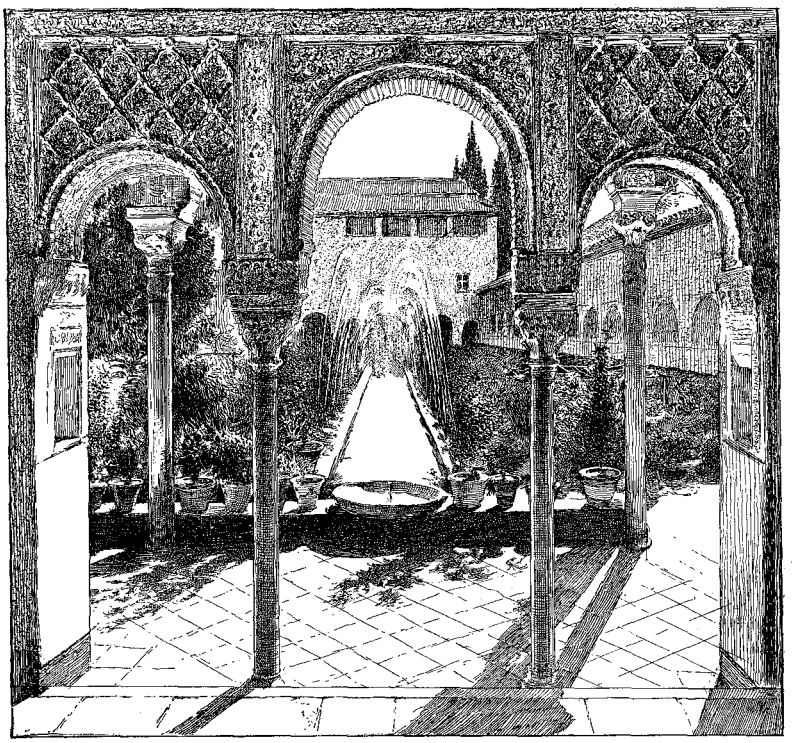
Now to me the dreadful slowness of the Spanish railway trains had many times proved vexatious, and to avoid four hours of them was a great consideration. At the same time the prospect of seeing one of the celebrated gardens of the world was an added attraction which could not be resisted. My vote was at once cast to continue the trip from Escorial directly to Segovia.

It was an interesting journey at the end of the day from six to nine, through a wild and mountainous country. The fields were a mass of wild flowers. We counted over thirty varieties. The sinking sun lost its heat; the air was fresh and cool; lengthening shadows added to the beauty of the scene, and after the sun had set behind the mountains, leaving the sky a brilliant rose, we watched it change to daffodil and softly fade to violet, and the dusk of evening fell and night had closed upon us when we reached Segovia. The quaint town was thronged with people, whom a three days' horse-fair, then in progress, had brought there. The inn, though somewhat primitive, was not uncomfortable. The table-d'hôte dinner was at its height, probably fifty people being in the room when we entered. Instantly silence fell and every eye was fixed upon us; many greeted us with a polite bow, and we caught a frequent whisper of "Inglese." The dinner was excellent. I recall one dish that I shall try some day. It was composed of eggs, chicken cut in rather small pieces, likewise a little ham, red peppers, and green string beans, also cut up. It was a delicious mess for hungry travellers.

Nine o'clock the next morning found us in a comfortable landau en route for those wonderful gardens of La Granja. For seven miles we drove along a perfectly straight highway bordered with stunted trees, with great fields of rye and wheat stretching out beyond on either side almost interminably.

We passed many peasants going to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Court and fountains, Palace of the Generalife, Granada.

horse-fair, some driving horses or mules before them, others clad in their best, riding astride, balanced on the extreme hindquarters of the animal in a way that only a Spaniard can ride; again, a mother and daughter, or man and wife, or two men, mounted on the same beast. All turned to gaze at us with wide-eyed wonder, as if we were curiosities. The courier said, in explanation, that few foreigners ever came to Segovia.

The seven miles coming to an end, we presented our pass at a side building of the chateau, and entering by a gateway in a high brick wall, were given the freedom of the place and told to wander as we would.

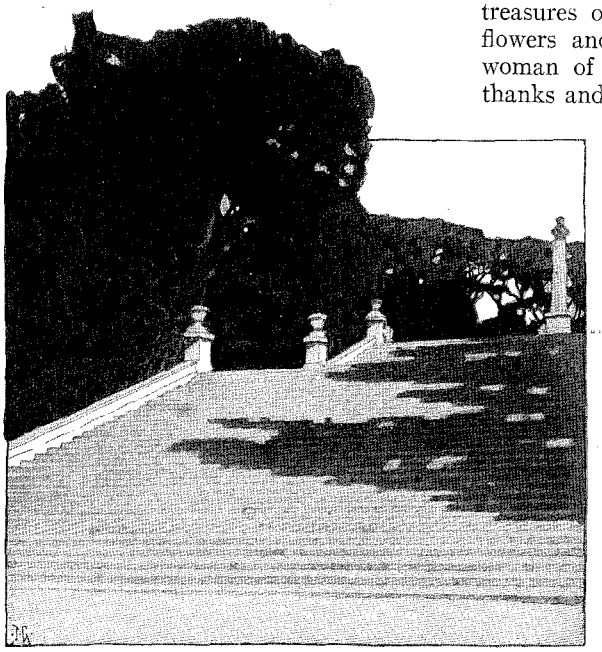
The chateau of La Granja was built by Philip V about 1719, and has been ever since a summer residence for some of the Spanish Royal Family. High on the hills, with mountains rising behind it, and fertile plains spread out before, this mountain palace has an ideal situation. We were told that it is now the summer home of an aunt of the present king, one of the daughters of Queen Isabella.

Both chateau and gardens are French in style and remind one of Versailles, although there are more fountains and cascades here —there being twenty-six in all—than at Versailles. It is said to be the finest garden in Europe. The gardens, fountains, and cascades were mostly made by Isabella Farnese, wife of Philip V, during the absence of the king, her husband, on a long journey, and are said to have cost over three millions. It is also said that his Majesty was not altogether pleased with the manner in which his royal spouse had disposed of his treasury during his absence. We were disappointed, however, to find that the place was, more properly speaking, a grand old park, rather than a garden. Carriage drives and bridle-paths, and shady walks in and out through groves and glades, ran everywhere in all directions, bringing one unexpectedly upon wonderful fountains or cascades tumbling down from great heights. The water supplying these fountains comes from a lake high up on the mountain, and descends with such force and volume that one fountain sends a jet of water 125 feet into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the air, and another 110 feet. These fountains, which were constructed of material supposed to be bronze or marble, represented allegorical figures, nymphs and fawns, or animals of various kinds. Everything was so artificial, so formal, so French in style, as to be thoroughly disappointing, particularly after the chateau garden at Escorial.

Of flowers there were but few. Stiff parterres near the house were filled with bedding-out plants and standard Roses. Even the corner of the park, called "The Flower-garden," was but meagrely supplied with flowers. Fine trees and beautiful turf (so seldom seen in Spain) and the delicious sound of running waters were the charms of the place.



Steps in the Gibraltar Gardens.—Page 131.

At Toledo the Gothic cloisters of the Cathedral, dating from the fourteenth century, enclose a lovely garden where Carnations and Heliotrope seemed to be growing wild. Here a vine-covered shelter in the centre replaced the usual fountain or well. There were two gardeners pretending to work, but the place showed little signs of care.

The Court of Oranges at Cordova, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade and on the fourth by the walls of the Cathedral, with its ancient orange trees, feathery palms, and five fountains, was another garden spot under the shadow of a sacred building, and with the Cathedral itself is also the work of the Moors, to whom Spain owes so much that is beautiful.

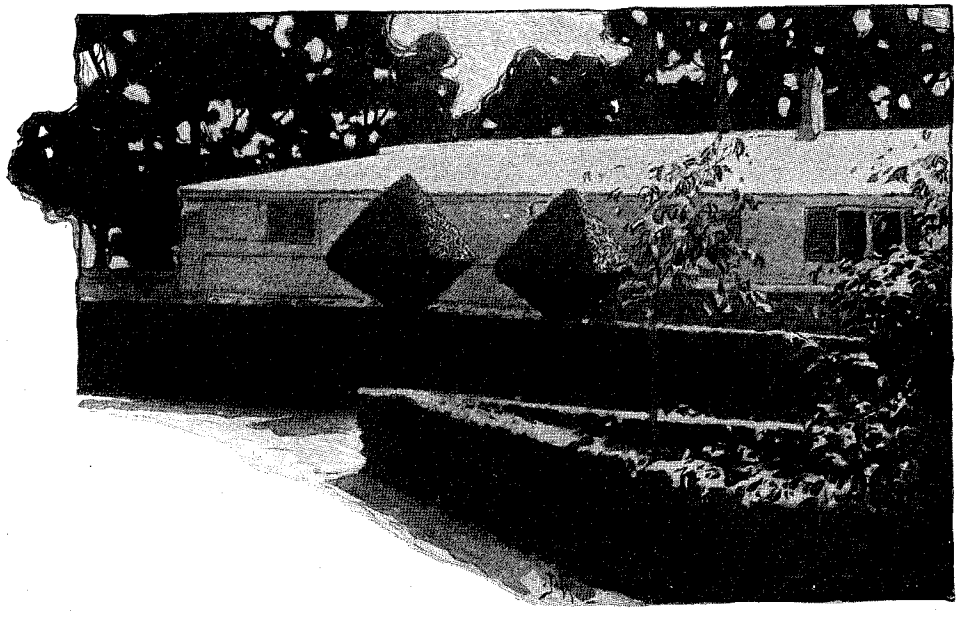
At Granada, in the Carthusian Convent, we again saw one of these cloister gardens. The lay brother who had shown us the art treasures of the church, gathered a few flowers and offered them to the young woman of the party, who gave effusive thanks and tucked them into her belt.

We never visited a garden in Spain without receiving a handful of flowers, often as many as we could conveniently carry. It seemed as if the kindly gardeners, appreciating our admiration for their flowers, wanted us to have a share in them. One cynical person ventured the remark that they were given with an eye to the probable tip. But I am certain it was not so, for the roses and other flowers they gave us were in every case of the handsomest in the garden, which would not have been done merely for a tip; if mercenary, they would never have given their best.

Granada, that most interesting city of Spain, watched over by the snow-crowned Sierra Nevada, is full of gardens. Wandering through the maze of the Alhambra, one comes unexpectedly upon them at almost every turn. Always quite small, and generally surrounded by clipped hedges of myrtle or box, they are gay with roses and other flowers. Often great cypresses, old as the historic ruins, cast their dark shadows over the bright gardens. I remember one garden in the Alhambra, about thirty by forty feet, with one of these great trees in each corner, while in the centre a fountain splashed, and around the fountain Phlox and Poppies flung their brilliant petals.

Another, known as the garden of the Little Mosque, is a most adorable little place, with old stone lions at the entrance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Box in the gardens of the Casita de Abajo, Escorial.—Page 138

Within is a blaze of flowers, with a rustic pergola covered with grape-vines, and an arbor formed of six cypress trees planted in a circle, their tops bent over so as to meet, making an inviting resting place. Box hedges, evidently edges in the beginning, but now nearly four feet high, have grown so thick that the walks between have become narrowed to mere foot-paths. While the care-takers of this garden and of the tiny Mosque, and the villa which it surrounded, a withered old Spaniard and his wife, were gathering for us the bunches of flowers we had almost come to expect as a matter of course, we stood by the kitchen door and, peering into the dim room, gazed with longing eyes at the beautiful old brass and copper utensils and fine faience plates, some hanging up, some on shelves, and would have been glad to transport the entire room, including the floor, paved with Moorish tiles, to distant New York.

Up a flight of steps covered by a dense grape-arbor, through which the sunlight only peeped in places, we came upon one of the most beautiful of the Alhambra gardens. It was somewhat long and narrow, like a terrace. At one side was a great wall of the Alhambra draped with ivy and climbing roses, and on the other a low parapet, which formed the only protection from a precipice hundreds of feet in height, over which we looked down at the city of Granada and across the great plains to the purple mountains capped with snow. Near the entrance was a small pool which was peculiar in that it was closely surrounded by a trimmed hedge of box about three feet high, and at intervals along the Alhambra walls from the open mouths of grotesque faces carved in marble, clear water gushed forth into basins. In the centre of the garden was a marble table with carved seats, tempting one to sit and gaze at the great panorama spread out like a painted scene, or with the murmur of falling waters in one's ears, to read a tale of Irving's "Alhambra," and dream of the great race of Moors who built the wonderful place.

Then there are the gardens of the Palace of the Generalife, high on the hill above the Alhambra, where the Moorish kings came to spend the summer months. The approach to this beautiful place is by an alley bordered with cypress trees of great size, that, with the afternoon sun casting dark shadows across it, is like a walk through a fairy story. The garden itself is the only one I saw in Spain resembling an Italian garden, being built on terraces with marble steps leading from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

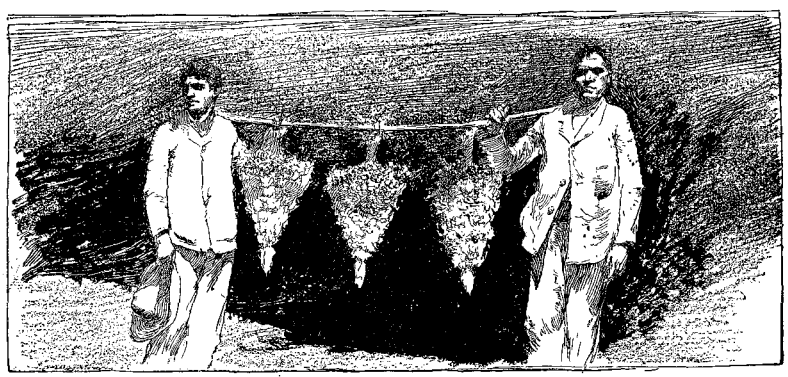
one level to another. One of these Moorish flights of steps has runlets for water on the top of the balustrades. Water is everywhere—in fountains, in pools, and rushing down the sides of walks.

Robbed of her gushing waters, Granada would lose half her charm. To the industrious Moors who constructed the reservoirs and many of the fountains, she owes this great source of her beauty.

In the Generalife garden were the largest rose trees and climbing roses I have ever seen. Here also were more of the fine cypress trees, all of them from four to five hundred years old, one said to be over six hundred.

We found a charming public garden or Alameda at Ronda, an old and picturesque city of Southern Spain. One end of this garden reached the edge of a great cliff, where we looked over the high wall protecting it, down into the gorge, 550 feet below, where the river Guadalevin, tossing its spray high into the air, tore its way through the valley. Beyond the river, fertile plains rose slowly to hill-sides covered with olive orchards, while above these towered the mountains encircling the valley as an amphitheatre. The garden was surrounded by a close hedge five feet high, of double pink roses. It was a lovely sight. Here were catalpas covered with their orchid-like blossoms; locusts trimmed like bay trees; beech and horse-chestnuts shading the pleasant alleys. The entire front of the keeper's or gardener's house at one side of the garden was covered with pink Ivy Geranium, which was a mass of blossoms. The flower garden surrounded this house, and here we saw a flower unknown to us: something like a Foxglove, three feet high, with perhaps twenty spikes of bloom to each plant, the flowers a beautiful shaded pink. We saw the same plant in the public gardens at Venice marked "Penstemon Gentianoides."

Our quest for gardens ended at Ronda. We found the gardens in Spain much alike, in that (except those of La Granja and the Generaliffe) their beauty was derived from their trees, flowers, and running waters, and that there was an entire absence of the architectural features upon which the Italian gardens so largely depend. We saw scarcely one well-kept garden in Spain. Weeds and flowers grew together, the paths were never very neat; hedges alone were carefully clipped, and yet the perfection of the flowers and the wonderful hedges of box, laurel, and myrtle, the ancient cypress and magnolia trees, and the fountains and pools in a land so dry and treeless, made these gardens of Spain beautiful beyond words.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

V

THE firm of Stuart & Robinson, lumber dealers, was hopelessly insolvent and did not attempt to resume business. The partners separated with sentiments of mutual disdain. To the junior—the dummy—the failure had come as a cruel surprise. He refused to regard Emil's conduct as reasonable or honorable, despite the assurance that the speculation in pork had been for their common benefit, and that, but for an untoward accident, the result would have been a fortune for the firm. On the other hand, Emil expressed scorn for a nature so pusillanimous that it saw only the outcome and failed utterly to appreciate the brilliancy of his undertaking. As Emil explained to his wife, the decision of the partners in regard to the future was typical of their respective dispositions; Robinson, having lost his money, was soliciting a clerkship—a return to servitude; whereas Emil intended to strike out for himself again.

In what field of energy were his talents to be exercised next? This was for Emil the first and most important consideration. His new employment must be of a kind which would provide him with bread and butter until he was on his feet again, but would not deprive him of scope and independence. It must be something which would not require capital. Yet this did not mean that his talent for speculation was to be neglected, but merely to be kept in abeyance until he saw just the opportunity to use to advantage the three thousand dollars which he promptly raised by a second mortgage on his wife's house. His failure had left him more than ever confident of his ability to achieve success by bold and comprehensive methods. But in the meantime, while he was spinning the web of fresh enterprises which were to make him prosperous, he must support his family somehow.

He concluded to become a newspaper reporter and writer of articles for the press. This would provide an immediate income and would not interfere unduly with other projects. Besides it would enable him to give public expression to some of his opinions, which would be an æsthetic satisfaction. He also engaged desk-room in an office shared by four men independent of one another and interchangeably petty lawyers, traders and dealers in mortgages and land. On the glass door one read "Real Estate and Mortgages—Investments—Collections—Loans—Notary Public." Below were the names of the occupants, followed by the titles of several wildcat companies, the dregs of oil and mining ventures in the neighborhood of Benham, of which one of them was the promoter and treasurer. It seemed to Emil a location where he, hampered by circumstances from jostling elbows with men of means, might use his wits profitably until he could see his way to more imposing quarters. Here he would be unobserved and yet not wholly out of touch with what was going on. On the same floor of the building, which was a hive of small concerns, there was a broker's office which had a wire to Chicago and knowing correspondents in New York. That it was described as a "bucket shop" by more prosperous banking firms prejudiced Emil in its favor; he ascribed the stigma to capitalistic envy and social ostracism. He became friendly with the proprietor, discussed with him the merits of the wares on his counter, and presently, acting on "tips" obtained from this source, captured on several occasions sums ranging from ten to fifty dollars by the purchase of ten shares of stock or an equivalent amount of grain, requiring an advance on his own part of not more than three per cent. of the purchase price—a mere bagatelle. This as a beginning was satisfactory. It eked out his journalistic income; and the skill with which he plied the process, contrasted with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the folly displayed by most of the customers, flattered the faith which he had in his sound judgment. This broker's shop was the resort of scores of people of small means, trades-folk, clerks, salaried dependents and some women, keen to acquire from the fluctuations of the speculative markets a few crumbs of the huge gains garnered by the magnates of Wall Street, of which they read emulously in the newspapers. To put up one's thirty dollars, and to have one's margin of venture or profit wiped out within twenty-four hours, was the normal experience, sooner or later, of ninety per cent. of these unfortunates. The remainder were shrewder and longer lived, and to this remnant Emil indisputably belonged.

He obtained a position on the *Star*, a sensational, popular one-cent paper. The *Star* was read both by the workingmen in the manufacturing plants, of whose interests it was a zealous champion, and by a large class of business men and tradespeople who found its crisp paragraphs and exaggerated, inaccurate reports of current horrors and scandals an agreeable form of excitement. Emil's employment was to make the round of the dealers in grain, lumber, wool and other staples and report trade prices and gossip, which under the control of the financial editor he was allowed to expand into commercial prognostications or advice. To the Sunday edition he began to contribute special articles exploiting the grievances of the proletariat, which the management of the *Star* accepted and presently invited as a weekly feature. They were written with a sardonic acerbity of touch which afforded him an outlet for his disgruntled frame of mind and free scope for his favorite theories. He also renewed his attendance at the Socialistic Club which he had frequented before his marriage, and became one of the orators there. It occurred to him that a political office would be acceptable while he was husbanding his resources. Why not become alderman on the workingman's ticket? There was a salary of five hundred dollars attached, and as a city father he would have opportunities to know what was going on in municipal affairs, and to get an inkling of some of the big schemes projected by capitalists, for the furtherance of which his vote would be required. He would be able also—and this was an exhilarating considertion—to hold the whip-hand over the arrogant moneyed men seeking franchises for next to nothing, by which to extort millions from the guileless common people.

While Emil, with recovered buoyancy, readjusted his plans to meet his circumstances and set his wits to work, his wife met the necessity of strict economy with absorbed devotion. She signed the mortgage with a pang, but without hesitancy. She appreciated the necessity of the contribution. Without ready money Emil would be powerless—must become a mere clerk or subordinate, and his ambition would be crushed. She would have preferred perhaps that he should resign himself to the situation, and without imperilling their home, support his family on a modest footing by a salary or by the journalistic work for which he had an aptitude. But she recognized that his heart was set on independent success on a large scale, and that Emil thwarted or repressed would become an irritable and despondent malcontent. His shrewdness had nearly gained him a fortune, and apparently a cruel freak of chance had been solely responsible for his discomfiture. She did not pretend to criticise the nature of his business dealings. He had explained to her that capital was indispensable to the realization of his aims. She must trust him. She did suggest that he should use the proceeds of the mortgage for the payment of his debts. The thought of doing so was bitter, and she was thankful when Emil assured her with a protesting scoff that such a proceeding would be Utopian. "What," he asked, "was the sense of insolvent laws, if, when a man failed in business, his wife was to cast her little all, her own patrimony, into the common pot for the enrichment of his creditors? Business people understood that they were taking business chances, and did not expect to gobble up the home of a wife bought with her own genuine means. If she were rich, generosity might be honesty, but in the present instance, it would be sentimental folly." This was convincing to Constance, for she felt instinctively that her children must have rights as well as the creditors. A woman's whimsical conception of business honor might well be at fault. She had made her offer, and she was glad to abide by her husband's superior knowledge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her duty obviously was to reduce the scale of family living without interfering with Emil's reasonable comfort or wounding his self-respect. She gave herself up to her work of domestic economy with fresh zeal, doing the manual labor of the household with enthusiasm. By steady industry and thoughtful care, she was able not only to minimize expenses, but to produce presentable results from a small outlay. Her heart was in it; for was not Emil at work again and hopeful? She was proud of his newspaper articles, and regarded his small gains from shrewd speculations as new proof of his capacity for financial undertakings.

The end of a year found Emil rather more than holding his own pecuniarily. He had obtained commissions as a broker from the successful negotiation of a few small real-estate transactions, his ventures on a cautious scale in the stock market had been almost invariably fortunate, and his earnings as a newspaper writer had been sufficient with these accretions to cover his household expenses, pay the interest on the mortgage, and add slightly to his capital, He felt that he was on his feet again, and was correspondingly bumptious; yet he realized that his recuperation regarded as progress was a snail's pace which must be greatly accelerated if he would attain wealth and importance. In this connection the idea of becoming an alderman kept recurring to him with increasing attraction. At present he was nobody. His name was unfamiliar and his position obscure. This irritated him, for he craved recognition and publicity. To be sure, while capital was at his disposal, he had seen fit to address his efforts solely to the accumulation of a fortune as the passport to power, but even then he had been at heart a sworn enemy of the moneyed class. And now that he had resumed his old associations, his theories had developed fresh vitality and aroused in him the desire to vindicate them by action. Since fate had condemned him to attain financial prominence slowly, why should he not secure recognition in the best way he could? As an alderman he would be a local power, and once in the arena of politics and given the opportunity to make himself felt, why might he not aspire to political prosperity?

He proceeded to seek the nomination. But he found that there were other aspirants, and that he must be stirring. In Benham the district system of election was in vogue. That is, the city was divided into municipal districts, and each district chose its own alderman. In that where Emil lived the workingman's candidate, so called, was almost invariably successful against the representative of the more conservative element of the two wards concerned, and a nomination was regarded as equivalent to election. Now there were two factions of voters belonging to the dominant party in the district, one in each ward, and for three successive years the alderman had come from the ward other than that in which Emil dwelt. This was a plausible argument why the next candidate should be selected from his ward. The faction which Emil hoped to represent contained a considerable number of Germans with Socialistic affiliations, and it was agreed by a conference of the rival cliques on the eve of the canvass that their turn had come to nominate a candidate. This was fortunate for Emil, as some of the members of the social debating club to which he belonged were of this body. He had already been prominent at the meetings of the club, prompt and aggressive in the expression of his opinions on his feet, and prone to linger over his beer until late at night agitating the grievances of the under dogs of industrial competition. The suggestion of his name, backed by a vote of his associates, received respectful consideration from the political managers, and he at once became a prominent candidate. The last three aldermen from the district had been of Irish extraction, and he was an American. His grandfather on his mother's side had been a German; hence his name Emil. He was an undoubted advocate of the rights of the laboring class, and a foe of capitalistic jobbing. These were signal points in his favor. But the victory would remain to the aspirant who could obtain a majority of the delegates to the aldermanic convention, and the battle would be fought out at the preliminary caucus where the delegates were chosen by the voters of the two wards. Accordingly the contest became a house-to-house canvass of the district by the respective candidates, each of whom had an organization and lieutenants.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was speech-making at halls hired for the occasion, and some treating incident to these rallies. Poster pictures of the candidates were requisite for use in saloons and on bill-boards. All this demanded expenditure. Emil realized presently that, if he wished to succeed, he could not be niggardly with his money. Men would not work for nothing, and spontaneous enthusiasm was only to be had for remuneration. He drew upon his funds, exhausting the little he had saved the previous year, and trenching slightly on the mortgage money. He hoped to win. The contest practically was between him and a German beer manufacturer, who happened also to be the president of a small bank. The third candidate was already out of the running. Emil in his capacity as tribune of the people made the most of his opponent's connection with the moneyed interests. His satire on this score offset the advantage which his rival received from his trade as a brewer, and turned the scale. On the night of the caucus, the voting booths were crowded to repletion. A stream of excited citizens struggled to the rail to deposit their ballots. There was imprecation and several resorts to fisticuffs. Not until after midnight was the result known. Emil won by a liberal margin in both wards, and his nomination was assured. He was escorted home jubilant and beery by a detachment of his followers whose cat-calls of triumph thrilled the listening ears of Constance. She met him at the door, and when he was safely inside she threw her arms about his neck and exclaimed, "Oh, Emil, I'm so glad!"

His small dark eyes were scintillating, his hair stood up from his brow like a bird's crest, the curl of his short mustache, odorous of malt, bristled awry, his speech was thick.

"Didn't I tell you they couldn't keep me down? I shall get now where I belong," he exclaimed as he strode into the sitting-room and dropped into a chair with the air of a fuddled but victorious field-marshal.

Constance recognized that he was exhilarated by drink. The associations of the last few weeks had awakened in her vague doubts as to the sort of influence which the career of an alderman was likely to exercise upon him. But she shrank from harboring criticism. She yearned to be happy, and her happiness was to see her husband successful and prosperous. So she put away the consciousness that his breath was tainted, his manner boastful and jarring, and gave herself up to the joy which sprang from beholding him a self-satisfied victor.

Emil's self-satisfaction was short lived. It chanced that some of the wealthy citizens of Benham were interested in the establishment of an electric street-car system for the city and its suburbs, and were laying their wires to secure the co-operation of the Board of Aldermen. The project had been kept concealed, and not until the campaign for the city election was well under way were the machinations of those interested apparent. First as an underground rumor, then as a well-credited report from diverse sources, the news reached Emil that the nominee of the other party had the backing of a powerful syndicate. The true explanation of this mystery followed, and with it the statement that Emil's radical utterances had drawn upon his head the ire of the capitalists with a mission, who were giving their moral and financial support in every district to the one of the two candidates best suited to their necessities regardless of party. In place of the walk-over he had expected, Emil found himself in the midst of a contest of the fiercest description. He was furious, and his exultation was turned to gall. Why had he not discovered the street-car-company projects in advance and made friends with the promoters? This was his first and secret reflection, which added rancor to his public declaration that he would bury at the polls the candidate of these plunderers. But how? Where were his funds to come from? There had been plenty of offers of ready money when it was supposed that his election was assured. But now the tone of his supporters was less confident, and ugly rumors reached him of defections among the Irish in the other ward. He was in the fight to stay. So he declared on the stump and in his home. He could not afford to be defeated. It was a case of hit or miss, win or lose. Maddened, desperate, and excited, he threw prudence to the winds and scattered dollars freely for proselytizing expenses until the morning of the election. Each side claimed the victory until the polls were closed. The result was close—a matter of one hundred and fifty ballots—but Emil proved to be the loser, and at a cost of over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three thousand dollars. The fund which he had borrowed from his wife was exhausted, and he had incurred, besides, a batch of unpaid bills for refreshments, carriages, and other incidental expenses.

He awoke at dawn from a nap at a table in a saloon from which the last of his followers had slipped away. Slouching into his kitchen, where his wife was kindling the fire, he tossed his hat on the table and said with a malignant sneer:

"The jig's up."

Constance was pale. She had been watching for him all night, and had heard from a neighbor the dismal result. Her heart was wrung with pity and distress, but she perceived that it was no time for consolatory words. She busied herself in preparing a cup of coffee which presently she placed before him, stooping as she did so to kiss him softly on the forehead. He was sitting by the table with his legs thrust out and his hands sunk in his trousers pockets, chewing an unlighted cigar, one of those left from the supply he had bought for political hospitality. His wife's action seemed to remind him of her presence. He looked up at her viciously, showing the white of his eye like a surly dog.

"What do you want?"

"Your coffee, Emil."

He glared at the smoking cup, then with a sweep of his arm dashed it away:

"To hell with you and your messes, you —you fool!"

The crash of the crockery was followed by silence. It seemed to Constance that she had been struck by a bullet, so confounding were his words. Her husband address her like that? What did it mean?

"Emil," she gasped—"you are ill!"

"Not ill, but tired of you."

"Of me? Your wife? What have I done?"

"Why didn't you consent to move to New York when I wished to go?" he snapped. "If you had, I wouldn't be in this fix, sold out by a pack of filthy Hibernian cut-throats."

"I was ready to go if you wished it, Emil. We will go now—if only you do not speak to me so unkindly."

"It's too late," he replied with a sneer. "What use would it be any way? We look at everything differently. We always have."

"You do not realize what you are saying. You do not know what you are saying."

"Crazy, am I? The best thing for you to do is to ask some of your church philanthropists to supply you with laundry work. You're likely to need it. The jig's up, I tell you. We haven't a dollar left."

"Very well."

"The mortgage money with the rest." He threw the chewed cigar on the floor and ground it with his foot.

"Very well. I can bear anything except that you should speak to me so cruelly. Have I been afraid of work? Whatever has happened we mustn't forget the children, Emil. We must keep up our courage on their account at least."

He scowled at the reference. "I'll look out for the children. Is there any beer in the house?"

"No." Then after a moment's hesitation she added, "May I ask you something, Emil? Won't you give up beer? It is hurting your life. I am sure of it. I have felt so for some time, and you have known that I have hated your fondness for it. Give it up altogether and—and we will go to New York or anywhere you wish and make a fresh start."

In her dismay at his brutality she was eager and thankful to throw the responsibility for his conduct on his propensity for drink. She felt the obligation to speak fearlessly on this score, even though she irritated him. Her gentle remonstrances had been of no avail, and she must struggle with him now against himself or lose him altogether.

Emil heard her appeal with a deepening scowl. For a moment it seemed as though he were about to strike her. Then, as what he evidently considered the audacity of her expostulation worked on his mind, self-pity was mingled with his anger.

"You'd deprive me of my beer, would you? The only solace I've got. Why don't you go smash my fiddle, too? That's the way with you pious women; a man gets down on his luck and you stop his comforts and drive him into the street. Very well, then, if I can't get beer in this house, little saint, there's lots of places I can. This is the last straw." Thereupon he strode out of the house, closing the kitchen door behind him with a vicious bang.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VI

CONSTANCE did not see her husband again for twenty-four hours. He returned at supper-time and took his place at the table without a word of apology or explanation. He was in a state of great depression, morose and uncommunicative. On previous occasions when misfortune had befallen him, he had taken his wife into his confidence, but now it seemed either that he had lost his grip on life so completely that words failed him, or that the resentment which he had expressed toward her was still dominant. When the meal was over, he went out and did not return until late. He was boozy with drink, and threw himself on his bed with the air of a man who would fain dispel consciousness by the luxury of sleep.

Emil's mode of life for the next few weeks was substantially a repetition of this programme. Glum, sour, and listless he went his way in the morning; fuddled, indifferent, and sleepy he returned at night. Concerning his circumstances and plans he said nothing to Constance. She was left totally in the dark as to the extent and the effect of his reverses. He had told her that they were ruined, yet he continued to go down-town as though nothing had happened. Trusting that he would enlighten her of his own accord, at first she asked no questions. Then as he did not speak, she requested him one morning to tell her how his affairs stood, urging her solicitude and affection. He listened frowningly and put her off with the disconcerting utterance "You'll know soon enough. It's just as well to let a drowning man grasp at straws while there are any to grasp at."

His half-scornful, half-desperate manner forbade further inquiry at the moment if she did not wish to widen the breach between them. Constance was in deep distress. She yearned to comfort and help him, but this wifely, loving impulse was haunted by the consciousness now forced upon her with painful clearness that she had misjudged his nature and was mated to a crank. How otherwise could she interpret his hostile attitude toward herself? To what but a cross-grained perversity of soul could she ascribe his disposition to blame her for his misfortunes? Her duty was plain, to make the best of the situation, and to ignore, so far as self-respect would permit, his laceration of her feelings, trusting to time to restore his sense of justice and renew concord between them. But what hope was there for the future? Hope for the realization of that blissful, ennobling married state to which she had looked forward as a bride and had believed in store for her? Here was the thought which tormented her and gave poignancy to the dismay and anxiety of the moment. Even if their immediate circumstances were less serious than Emil had declared, was there any reason to believe that his next experiment would be more successful? She had accepted hitherto without question his declaration that ill-luck had been responsible for all his troubles, but that consolation was hers no longer. She found herself listening to the voice of criticism to which until now she had turned a deaf ear. In a new spirit, without bitterness, but in the assertion of her right as a wife to judge the man to whom she had committed her happiness, she recalled the incidents of their married life—his theories, arguments, and point of view. He had declared her to blame for his misfortunes. Surely if she had failed in her duty it had not been toward him. She had sacrificed her opinions to his, and for his sake abnegated her most precious predilections in order to make the union of their lives sweeter and more complete. If she were guilty, was it not of treason to her own instincts and her own conscience?

Emil indeed had persuaded himself not merely that fortune had betrayed him, and the hand of the prosperous world was against him, but that his wife was partly to blame for it. Looking back on his last fiasco, he conjured up the circumstance that she had not fallen in with his suggestion of an exodus to New York, and this he had promptly distorted into a grievance which grew the more he nursed it. To the notion that she had thwarted him in everything and that their relations as husband and wife had been wholly unsympathetic was only another step. It suited him to feel that he was the injured party, for he was face to face with the responsibility of supporting his family, which must be met or avoided. The question of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immediate funds was already pressing. His last reverse had discouraged and angered him, but it had not diminished his confidence that he would succeed in the right place. It had only convinced him that Benham was not the right place; that Benham was too small and provincial; too unappreciative of real ability. He was unpleasantly in debt, but the bills which he had contracted for political expenses could be disregarded for the present. He had no property with which to meet them, and if he were pressed, he had merely to go into insolvency in order to rid himself of them altogether. Nor need he worry about the mortgage for the present. It would not be due for two years, and, provided the interest were paid, they could not be molested. These redeeming features of his plight were clear to him after the first days of mental agitation, but his spirit did not reassert its wonted elasticity. Analyzing the cause, he perceived that his whole surroundings were repugnant to him, and that he shrank from recommencing life at the foot of the ladder under the conditions in which he found himself. He was determined to leave Benham, and he was determined that his family, if they came with him, should toe the mark. What this phrase meant precisely he did not formulate, but it suited his mood. "Toe the mark." He kept repeating it to himself, as a sort of fulmination fusing a general domestic bill of complaint. Yes, if his wife did not choose to adopt his theories and abet him in his undertakings, she could go her own way for all he cared. It was only on account of the children that he did not put an end to their contract of marriage to-morrow by leaving her. Except for them it were surely folly for a man and woman whose ideas were utterly at variance to continue a partnership the only fruit of which could be discord and recriminations. So he argued, and it was only the thought of his children which restrained him from precipitate action and caused him to continue to go down-town every day seeking a bare livelihood. Since the night of his defeat at the polls, Constance had not asked him for money. Presumably she had some laid by, and was living on that, but by the first of the month she must have recourse to him or starve, and then would be the time for his ultimatum. The terms of this, beyond a declaration of general discontent, were still hazy in his brain befogged by malt liquor and inflamed by hatred of the world, but a glowing conviction that their marriage had been a failure through her fault was a satisfactory substitute for definiteness. Brooding like a spider in its web, secretive, hoping that something would turn up to put him on his feet again, yet almost reckless in his attitude, and drinking assiduously, he drifted on without aim. His evenings were spent at his workingmen's club, where he continued as an outlet to his feelings to deliver virulent philippics which he realized as he uttered them were a sorry equivalent for personal success.

While thus limp and embittered, a final mishap impelled Emil to action. It happened that the broker on the same floor as the office where he had desk-room, and with whom he was on familiar terms, let him in for a disastrous tip and put the screws on when the market went the other way. The sum involved was three hundred dollars, the total residue of Emil's capital, which he had allowed to remain untouched with this false friend in order not to be entirely without the means to speculate. The advice offered had seemed to be friendly and disinterested. When the result proved disastrous the victim promptly suspected guile. Certainly he encountered a flinty demeanor, as though the proprietor of the "bucket-shop" were cognizant of the impecuniosity of his customer and had decided to squeeze him dry and break with him. This from the man whose social status on the street he had championed seemed to Emil rank ingratitude. Yet the broker was making no more than ordinary business demands upon him. His margin was exhausted, and the transaction would be closed unless he supplied additional security. This was business-like, but not friendly, as it seemed to Emil, especially as the ingrate, who had been so confident of the value of the tip, chose now to be sphinx-like as to what the next day's price of the stock would be. All he would vouchsafe was that it would go up sooner or later.

Since it was necessary to act at once, and to sell meant the loss of the remnant of his capital, Emil concluded to give himself a chance by making use of five hundred dol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lars which had just been paid over to him for a client in redemption of a mortgage. He argued that the stock, having fallen in price contrary to expectation, was not likely to decline further at once, and that if he protected his account, he would be able to make inquiries and form a more intelligent opinion by the end of a few days as to what he had best do. Besides there was lurking in his mind the bitter argument, which he chose to believe sound, that the world owed every man a living, and assuredly owed it to a man like himself. Since the hand of society seemed to be against him, why should he not take advantage of the resources at his disposal and save himself? He was simply borrowing; if he were not able to return the money at once, he would do so later with interest. The consequences of this performance were disastrous. As Emil had predicted, the stock in question remained stationary for three days, but by the end of them he felt no clearer regarding which course to pursue. Estimates as to its value were contradictory; yet since a sale at the market price meant the safety of the five hundred dollars at the cost of his own financial obliteration, he remained hopeful. On the fourth day the stock broke sharply, and again on the day after. His holding was only one hundred shares—a paltry transaction from a capitalistic point of view—yet it was rashness for him. Adversity and his pressing needs had tempted him to disregard his meditated prudence and to venture on thin ice. He perceived himself ruined and a defaulter. The obliquity of his peculation was mitigated in his mind by the conviction that fortune had been signally cruel to him. As for the borrowed money, he would give his note and pay it presently when he was on his feet again. Yet he appreciated that his opportunities for making a living in Benham were at an end, and that if he remained, he might find difficulty in inducing the owner of the five hundred dollars to accept him as a creditor without demur. Clearly the simplest course was to come to terms by post. To shake the dust of Benham from his feet was his dearest wish, and the time had arrived for its fulfilment. There was still one hundred dollars belonging to his client in his hands which he had not used. This he drew to provide himself with travelling expenses, arguing that the sooner he were able to reach New York, the quicker the loan would be repaid, and slipped from the city without a word to anyone. He had decided to cut adrift from all his past associations, and an indispensable portion of his plan was to sever forever his relations with his wife.

A week later he wrote this letter to her from New York:

CONSTANCE:

This is to let you know what has become of me. You may have guessed the truth, but it's woman's way to worry, weep, and raise a hue and cry, though she knows in her heart that she's mismated, and that it would be a godsend to her if "hubby" had really blown his brains out or were safely at the bottom of a well. I'm not dead yet, nor am I contemplating suicide at present. Though if the time ever does come when I think the game is played out, it will be one-two-three-go! without any pause between the numbers. But I'm as good as dead now, so far as you are concerned. You won't be troubled by me further. You've seen the last of me. I told you I was strapped. I'm cleaned out to the last dollar. But that doesn't phaze me except for the moment. I'm going to make a fresh start and a clean sweep at the same time. You know as well as I that our marriage has not been a glittering success. In short, we've made a mess of it. We thought we were suited to each other, and we find we're not. That's all. I don't approve of you any more than you do of me, and what's the use of making each other miserable by protracting the relation until death do us part? It's up to me to undo the Gordian-knot, and I've cut it.

You'll shed some tears, I suppose, over the situation, and your friends will call me a brute. But when the shock is past and sentimental considerations have evaporated, just ask yourself if I'm not doing the sensible thing for us both. We don't look at life in the same way and never will. I'm a radical, and you're a conservative, and we were misled before marriage by the affinities of flesh to suppose that oil and water would harmonize. From the point of view of law I'm the offending party, and you'll be a free woman to sue for divorce on the ground of desertion, by the end of three years. In the meantime, you can go back to your kindergarten work or whatever you see fit. You have your health, and your philanthropic church friends will enable you to support yourself.

The only hitch is the children. If you had been ready to follow me to New York when I first suggested it, we might not be separating now. I expect and am anxious to provide for them. If you will send them on to me, they shall want for nothing. But if you are bent on keeping them, as I foresee may be the case, the responsibility is yours. I should like one at least—preferably the boy. If you insist on keeping them both, I can't help myself. There's where you have the whip-hand over me. But don't delude yourself with the notion that I don't love my own flesh and blood because I'm not willing to live with their mother.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There will be no use in your coming on here or trying to find me. I have made up my mind. We could never be happy together, so the fewer words said about parting the better. Send your answer regarding the children to the New York post-office. I shall expect it for a week. The money you loaned me is gone with the rest, but they can't turn you out of your house until the mortgage is due, if you pay the interest. Some day I shall pay it back to you. I wish you well, and consider I'm doing us both a service in cutting loose from you.

Good-by, EMIL.

It seemed to Constance when she had finished this letter as though her heart would stop. Was this reality? Could it be that her husband was abandoning her and her children in cold blood, treating the sacred ties of marriage as lightly as though they were straws? Alas! his cruel words stared her in the face freezing her soul, which had been sick for days over his unexplained absence; sick from dread. Yes, she had guessed; but she had put the horror from her as impossible, despite his hints. Unbalanced and embittered as he was, he could not be so unkind. Now she was face to face with certainty; there was no room for hope. It was true; so cruelly inhumanly true that her brain felt dazed and numb. She gazed at his writing stony-eyed and appalled, limp with dismay and forlornness. To avoid falling she put out her hand to the table, and the contact of her own flesh served to readjust her consciousness. Seating herself she swept her fingers across her brow to rally her senses, and read the letter again slowly. Then mortification succeeded dismay, and resentment followed close on mortification. The wounded pride of the wife, the indignation of the mother protesting for her children asserted themselves, causing her to flush to the roots of her hair and her pulses to tingle. Coward! Unnatural father! What had she done to deserve this? What had they done, helpless innocents? Give them up to him? Her children, now the only joy of her life? Never. They could not both have them. Why should he who had left them in the lurch have either? She could hear their prattle in the adjoining room, poor little souls, unconscious of their misery. Then her sense of wounded pride and her anger were forgotten in the agony of a possible separation from her offspring, and in the loss of her husband's love, and her tense nerves gave way. "Oh, Emil, my husband, how could you?" she moaned, and burying her face in her hands she let sorrow have full sway.

When she had dried her eyes she was prepared to face the situation and to think more calmly. Certain points were now clear. Emil was right; since he had ceased to love her, they could never be happy together. So far as she could see, she had not been at fault, though he had persuaded himself that she was to blame. She would never have left him; but now that he had deserted her, she could dare to admit that their souls were not in accord, and that her love and respect for him had been waning in spite of herself for many months. She would not attempt to follow him, and she desired to retain both the children. Was it her duty to let Emil have one of them? Here was the only harassing point in the plans for the future which she was formulating. Would it be fair to the children to separate them? Would she be justified in keeping them both, in view of the affection which their father had professed for his own flesh and blood? As Emil had declared, he and she had made a mess of their marriage, and they were to separate. Was it fair to him to keep both the boy and the girl? Ah, but she could not bear the thought of giving up either. She felt the need of counsel. To whom could she turn? Who were her friends? She thought of Mr. Prentiss, and she remembered her husband's taunt concerning her philanthropic church friends with a sense of shrinking. The church offered itself as a refuge to all in the hour of distress, but it seemed to her as though she would rather starve than apply to Mr. Prentiss. Not that she was afraid of starving. That side of the situation had no terrors for her. She was almost glad at the idea of supporting herself and her darlings, and she had entire confidence in her ability to do so, even though she were forced to scrub floors. But she yearned for the sympathy and advice of a friend. How lonely she had suddenly become in this large, busy city! Emil had evinced little desire, especially of late, to make friends in the neighborhood, and she had been so absorbed in her home and her husband's interest that she had disregarded her social opportunities. He had been apt to speak slightingly of their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acquaintances as people whom he would soon outstrip in the struggle of life. And now she was the poorest of the poor, the saddest of the sad, one of the lowly common people for whom her doctor father's heart had ever cherished fond and patient sympathy. She was one of them now herself. How different had been her dreams and her ambition. To think that she, Constance Forbes, had come to this—a wife abandoned by her husband, alone and friendless, with only the semblance of a roof to shelter her and her children. But all this was nothing if only she need not part with either of her babies. She would be able to support them, never fear, and with them to support she could be brave, even happy. But without them? No, no, Emil had forsaken her, she had lost her faith in him, he was not worthy of the sacrifice; she dared not trust him; he had no right to either. She could not, she would not let either go.

When the morning came she was more firmly of the same opinion, and she composed this reply to her husband:

EMIL:

I have your letter and my heart is filled with sorrow. I cannot compel you to live with me against your will. God knows I have tried to be a loving, dutiful, and sympathetic wife, but it seems I have failed to please you. It is true that our ideas of how to live and what is right are very different. I have been aware of that in my secret soul, but for your sake I did my best to adopt your point of view. Now I shall be free to follow my own. Since you no longer love me, I am not sorry that we are to live apart, for I can see now that I have suffered much on your account. But I do not choose to reproach you. What good would it do? Besides you are the father of my children—poor little things. I do not think that I should have written to you at all if it were not for the question what is to become of them.

I am trying to do what is best for them and to be just; just to you and to myself. I have decided to keep both the children. They are babies still, and need a mother's love. A father's too, but it seems they cannot have both. Let God judge between us, Emil. They are my flesh and blood too, and it is you who are forsaking us, not we you. As you say, I have my health and we shall not starve. I am not afraid. There is nothing more to say, is there? It has all been a dreadful mistake—and we thought we should be so happy. Good-by. In spite of everything I shall always think of you kindly.

CONSTANCE.

Having despatched this she felt as though she would be glad to die. Life seemed so flat, and her condition so humiliating. Her love for Emil was dead; the union of their souls was broken; what was there to look forward to? Yet she knew that she must not stop to repine or to indulge in self-pity. The stern necessity of winning bread for her children confronted her and must be faced at once and resolutely. In this she must find happiness and fresh inspiration. It was her duty to close the ears and eyes of her soul to the voices and visions of the past. Hard work would save her brain from giving way, and hard work only. What should that work be? What was she to do? In the first glow of her pride, revolting at the slight which her husband had put upon her, the way had seemed easy, but viewed in the sober light of reality it bristled with difficulties. Yet now, as she pondered and realized what failure would mean, her spirit rose to meet them, and immediate needs forced sorrow to the background.

Where was she to find work? Since the receipt of her husband's letter everything outside her own emotions had been a blank to her; her gaze had been solely introspective. Conscious now of the need of action and of renewing her contact with the world, she took up the newspaper, yesterday's issue of which lay unopened on the table, and began to examine the page of advertisements for employment. She must find at once something which would provide her with ready money. Only through friends and only after delay could she hope to obtain a kindergarten position; it would take time and instruction to learn typewriting; she was not sufficiently proficient in languages or music to offer herself as a teacher. She could become a domestic servant or a shopgirl. In the former case it would be necessary to board out her children, to give them to some institution, perhaps, a prospect which wrung her heart; in the latter she could be with them at night, but who would look after and guard them during the day? What did other women do whose husbands ran away and left them? The long list of people out of work was appalling, and few of the opportunities offered seemed to fit her circumstances. Someone was seeking employment as a seamstress. She might take in sewing. This perhaps was the most feasible suggestion. She was handy at plain sewing, and a little practice would doubtless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

render her skilful. Yes, she would try this, and in order to obtain a start would solicit work from some of the neighbors, if needs be. The neighbors? They did not know as yet of her misfortune—her disgrace, for it was a disgrace to be forsaken by her husband. It would be necessary to tell them. What should she say? Entertaining sadly this necessity of an avowal, she glanced over the rest of the newspaper, and came suddenly upon a paragraph which informed her that her misfortune was already public. Prefaced by offensive headlines, "Emil Stuart disappears from Benham! What has become of Mrs. Morgan's mortgage money?" the wretched story stood exploited to the world. Constance read and the cup of her distress and humiliation overflowed. It needed only this insinuation of dishonesty to complete her misery. Her husband an embezzler? Where should she hide her head? Nor was there comfort in the reporter's closing effort at euphemism: "One or two acquaintances of the late candidate for aldermanic honors, when apprised of his mysterious disappearance, expressed the belief that his seeming irregularities would be explained to the satisfaction of all concerned; but a gentleman, whose name we are not at liberty to disclose, hazarded an opinion, based on personal observation, that Mr. Stuart had been premeditating this step for several weeks, and was a fugitive from justice. The circumstance that his wife and two children have been left behind in Benham invites the further inquiry whether he has also abandoned his family. There are rumors that Mr. Stuart's domestic relations were not altogether harmonious."

Constance let the newspaper slip from her hands. Her cheeks burned with shame. This was the last straw. Her husband a defaulter, and her relations with him the subject of common newspaper gossip. As she stood spell-bound by this new phase of misfortune the door-bell rang. A visitor. Who could it be? Some sympathetic or curious neighbor who had read of her calamities. Or more probably the writer of the newspaper article coming to probe into her misery in search of fresh copy. For a moment she thought that she would not answer the call, and she waited hoping that whoever it was would go away. Again the bell rang, this time sharply. It might be something important, even a telegram from Emil to clear himself. Picking up the newspaper she concealed it hastily, then stepped into the passage and opened the door slightly.

"May I come in?" asked a strong, friendly voice.

"Oh yes, Mr. Prentiss; excuse me," she faltered. She had recognized at once who her visitor was, but so many bewildering things had happened that she stood for a moment irresolute, refusing to credit her own senses. As she opened wide the door, the clergyman strode in fearlessly as though he realized that the situation must be carried by storm. Entering the parlor, he put out his hand and said with manly effusion:

"I have come to ask you to let me help you, Mrs. Stuart."

"Sit down, please. You are very kind. I——" Her words choked her, and she stopped.

"I saw by the newspaper yesterday that you were in trouble. I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but I thought that you might be glad of the counsel of a friend."

His visit was precious balm to her spirit, but, despite her gratitude, the knowledge that he was heaping the traditional coals of fire on her head made her uncomfortable. She had choked from mingled relief and mortification. But now her finer instinct responded to the kindness of his words and she said with simple directness: "I should like to tell you everything, Mr. Prentiss. My husband left me a week ago. He does not intend to return. I have a letter from him, and he—he does not wish to live with me any longer. He was willing to support the children, but I could not make up my mind to let them go. Our money is all gone and this house is mortgaged. If you will help me to find work so that I can support them and myself, I shall be very grateful. It was very good of you to come to see me."

The children, attracted by the voice of a stranger, had run in and stood one on either side of their mother staring at him shyly with cherubic eyes. The clergyman said to himself that here was a veritable Madonna of distress—this lithe, nervous-looking woman with her slim figure and soulful face. How pretty and neat she looked in spite of her misery! How engaging were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the tones in which she had set forth her calamity! He had always admired her, and it had been a disappointment to him that she had strayed. There was almost jubilation in his heart as he heard that she was free from the wretch who had pulled her down; and though he intended to temper the ardor of the priest by the tact of a man of the world, he could not entirely restrain his impulse to stigmatize her husband. "I see," he said. "You are much to be pitied. It is a cruel wrong; the act of a coward. But you must not take your trouble too much to heart, Mrs. Stuart, for the man who will leave a sweet wife and tender children from mere caprice is no real husband and father."

"Mr. Stuart has had much to worry him of late. He has lost money, and been unfortunate in politics." Her impulse was to apologize for her husband even then. "I cannot understand though how he could leave us," she added. After all why should she a second time on Emil's account set her face against the truth in the presence of this true friend? Emil *was* a coward, and his act was a cruel wrong.

But Mr. Prentiss had recovered his aplomb. "I will not distress you by talking about him; he has gone. The matter with which I am concerned is how to help you. We must find you employment at once."

Constance regarded him gratefully. "That is my great requirement just now, Mr. Prentiss. I need work to keep my children from starving and to help me to forget. I am not afraid of work. I shall be glad to do anything for which I am fit."

"I understand, I understand. It is the pride of my church to help just such women as you to help themselves. You need give yourself no concern as to your immediate pecuniary needs. They will be provided for. I will send the Deaconess to you at once."

The directness of his bounty, the plain intimation that she was a subject for charity brought a flush to her cheeks. But she knew in an instant that it would be false pride to protest. There was no food or money in the house.

"Thank you," she said simply.

Mr. Prentiss divined her reluctance and appreciated the delicacy of her submission. He recognized that this woman with wistful brown eyes and nervous, intelligent face was no ordinary person—was even more deserving than he had supposed, and his thoughts were already busy with the problem of her future. He must find just the right thing for her. "I know, of course, that you wish to become self-supporting as soon as possible," he said. "Will you tell me a little more about yourself and your capabilities? You came to Benham a few months before your marriage to fit yourself to be a kindergarten teacher, if I remember aright?"

During the momentary pause which preceded this inquiry her conscience had been reasserting itself. She had longed for counsel and here it was. If she had erred, there was yet time to repair her fault. "Before we talk of that, may I ask you one question, Mr. Prentiss? I wish to know if you think it was selfish of me to keep both the children. I desire to do what is right this time, whatever it cost me." She clasped her hands resolutely in her lap as though she were nerving herself for a sacrifice. "I hope you will tell me exactly what you think."

The clergyman's heart warmed at this revelation of spiritual vigor. "Here is a soul worth helping," he reflected. Then, in answer to her appeal, he exclaimed with righteous emphasis: "Ask your own heart, my dear woman. Would you dare trust these babies to your husband's keeping? This is a problem of right and wrong, and demands a severing of the sheep from the goats. You may banish that doubt forever."

Constance dropped her eyes to hide the tears of satisfaction which had sprung into them at his words. Her children were safe. The counsel given was the very echo of the test by which she had justified herself toward Emil. "Excuse me," she said in apology for her emotion. Then looking up she added with tremulous brightness, "I felt that I must be sure before anything else was decided. And now to answer your question as to my own capabilities: I have none. I am eager to learn, and I have had some education—my father was fond of books and had a library—but I tell you frankly that there is nothing but the simplest manual work for which I am fitted at the present time. I have thought that all over."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So far so good. Much of the trouble of this world proceeds from the inability of people to discern for what they are not fitted. Can you sew?"

"I can do plain sewing satisfactorily."

"We will begin with that then. It will keep you busy for the time being. Meanwhile I shall have an opportunity to consider what you had best undertake." He rose and put out his hand with spontaneous friendliness. "Good-by. God bless you. You are a brave soul, and He will not desert you or leave you comfortless."

Constance quickened at the firm pressure, and her own fingers acknowledged the interest which it expressed. She looked into his eyes with frank confidence. "You have come to me at a time when I needed someone more than ever before in my life. I shall never forget it."

Mr. Prentiss nodded and turned to go as though he would disclaim this expression of everlasting obligation. He felt that he was about his Master's business, and was seeking neither thanks nor praise. Yet, while he deprecated her gratitude, her entire mental attitude caused him ethical and æsthetic satisfaction. The conviction that this ward of the church was worth saving and helping gave elasticity to his step and erectness to his large figure as he strode up the street, knocking now and again some bit of orange peel or other refuse from the sidewalk with a sweep of his cane that suggested a spirit eager to do battle in behalf of righteousness.

VII

TWO days later the Rev. George Prentiss dined at the house of another of his parishioners, Mrs. Randolph Wilson. She was a widow of about forty-five, the sister of Carleton Howard, reputedly the wealthiest and most sagacious of Benham's financial magnates, and a generous benefactress of St. Stephen's. Her bounty had enabled the rector from time to time to carry out his cherished plans for the æsthetic adornment of the church property. The reredos, two stained-glass windows, and the baptismal font in the enlarged edifice had been provided by her; and in the matter of charity she never failed to respond by munificent subscriptions to the various causes in aid of which he appealed to his congregation. They were friends and allies; interested mutually in St. Stephen's, and interested also, as they both liked to feel, in promoting American civilization outside of church work. Her house, or palace, as it should more properly be termed, a counterpart to that of her brother's which adjoined it, stood in the van of progress, in Benham's fashionable new quarter beyond the River Drive. No pains or expense had been spared to make these mansions impressive and magnificent. Architects of repute had been employed to superintend their construction, and their decorations and furnishings had been chosen in consultation with persons whose business it was to know the whereabouts of admirable objects of art, and to tempt impecunious noble families abroad to exchange their unique treasures for dazzling round sums of American gold.

Mrs. Wilson could fairly be termed the leader of social activity in Benham, if such a term be compatible with the institutions of a country where every woman is supposed to be a law unto herself. Fashions, in the narrow sense of clothes, are in America set by the dressmakers, but what Mrs. Wilson wore was always a matter of moment to women who wished to be in style. She dressed elegantly, and she was able to take liberties with the dressmakers, doing daring things with colors and materials which justified themselves, yet were so individual that they were liable to make guys of those who copied her. Consequently, her wardrobe had a distinction of its own which proclaimed fashion yet defied it. Yet her clothes, striking and superb as they often were, constituted only a small part of her social effectiveness. Her gracious finished manners, and quick, tactful intelligence were the agents of a spirit perpetually eager to be occupied and to lead, and which had found a labor of love in directing what may well be called Benham's æsthetic renaissance.

For Benham's evolution had been no mere growth of bricks and mortar, and no mere triumph in census figures over other centres of population. Even more remarkable and swift than its physical changes had been the transformation in the point of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

view of its citizens. Twenty years earlier —in 1870, when Mr. Prentiss was a young man just starting in the ministry—he had been one of a small group of earnest souls interested in awakening the public mind to a consciousness of the paucity of æsthetic interests and to the value of color as a stimulating factor in the every-day life of the community, and as such he had often deplored the aridity of Benham's point of view. In those days the city was virtually a hot-bed of republican simplicity and contempt for social refinements so far as all but a very small percentage of the inhabitants were concerned. Those who built houses larger and finer than their neighbors were few in number and were stigmatized, if not as enemies of the institutions of the country, as purse-proud and frivolous. Hotels were conducted on the theory that what was good enough for the landlord was good enough for the guest, and that malcontents could go elsewhere. In matters appertaining to art, hygiene, education or municipal management, one man's opinion was regarded as equal to any other's, provided he could get the job. Special knowledge was sneered at, and the best patriots in the public estimation were those who did not distrust the ability of the average citizen to produce masterpieces in the line of his or her employment by dint of raw genius untrammelled or unpolluted by the experience of older civilizations. Though solid business men wore solemn-looking black frock coats and black wisp ties in business hours, to dress again in the evening was looked at askance as undemocratic. It would have been considered an invasion of the rights of the free-born citizen to forbid expectoration in the street cars. Suggestions that the vicious and unregenerate adult pauper poor should not be herded with the young, that busy physicians should cleanse a lancet before probing a wound, and that sewage should not be emptied into a river used as a source of water supply, were still sniffed at by those in charge of public affairs as aristocratic innovations unworthy the attention of a sovereign people. Architectural beauty both within and without the house was disregarded in favor of monotonous sober hues and solid effects, which were deemed to be suggestive of the seriousness of the national character.

While deploring some of these civic manifestations, Mr. Prentiss had appreciated that the basis of this æsthetic sterility was ethical. When less discerning persons had attributed it solely to ignorance and self-righteous superficiality he had maintained that a puritanical, yet moral and sincere, hostility to extravagance and display was responsible for the preference for ugly architecture and homely upholstery and decoration, and that conscience was the most formidable obstacle to progress. As a priest of a church which fostered beauty and favored rational enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, he had never sympathized with this public attitude, but he had understood and, as an American, respected it.

Now, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, all was changed, and Benham was in the throes of a revival; a revival which during the last ten years had revolutionized Benham's architecture and Benham's point of view. The public had become possessed by the conviction that they had outgrown their associations and that the standards hitherto revered were out of date and unworthy of a nation and a city pledged to enlighten the earth, upon whom prosperity had been bestowed in large measure. The group of earnest souls who had dared to criticise seemed suddenly to have become a phalanx—numerically unimportant, still, when compared with the whole population, that seething army of industrial wage-earners—but assertive and energetic out of proportion to their numbers. The city had become a hive of reforming activities. Specialists in the arts and humanities were no longer classed as traitors, but were welcomed by a growing clientage as safeguards against bumptious individualism. Though a cheerful optimism in regard to the city's architectural merits still prevailed at large, a silent censorship was at work; substituting, in the business quarter, new mammoth structures adapted to modern industrial needs, erecting in the fashionable quarter, by the aid of American architects trained in Paris, well-built and individual-looking residences. Instead of three or four cheerless, barrack-like caravansaries with sodden cookery, there was a score of modern hotels, the proprietors of which vied with one another in their endeavors to lure patronage by costly and sumptuous innovations. There were comfortable and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inviting restaurants. The slap-dash luncheon counter, with its display of pallid pie and one cadaverous chicken, was waning in the popular esteem, in favor of neat spas, at which the rush of patronage was alleviated by clean service and wholesome fare. There were eight theatres, each more spacious and splendid than its predecessor. A frowsy black coat, worn in the forenoon, had ceased to be a badge of patriotism or moral worth, and the community had become alive to the values of spruceness, color, and comfort in matters of dress. Not only this, but on the streets of Benham there were many stylish equipages with liveried grooms, and in the superb homes which the wealthy citizens had established, there were grand entertainments, where rivalry was rampant and money flowed like champagne. And last, but not least, there was Mrs. Randolph Wilson, the quintessence, in her own person, of all that was best in this revival in favor of the beautiful things of life, the living embodiment of this newly directed and freshly inspired energy. For well-to-do Benham and Mr. Prentiss liked to believe that the impulse behind these materialistic manifestations was conscience and aspiration, a reaching out for a greater human happiness and a wider human usefulness than had been possible under the old dispensation. This access of lavish philanthropy and study of charitable methods, this zeal of committees promoting new and more thorough methods in hygiene and education, and all the phases of this new awakening in quest of Christian beauty signified to him Benham's—and hence American—originality and fervor, refined and spiritualized; Benham's enterprise and independence informed, chastened, and fortified.

And yet there was another side to this whole matter which had haunted Mr. Prentiss much of late, and which was in his thoughts to-night as he sat smoking his cigar after dinner. He had dined sumptuously. Cool oysters, soup of mushrooms, fish smothered in a luscious sauce, cutlets of venison with French beans, little pyramids of *paté de foie gras* encased in jelly, butter-ball ducks with a salad richly dressed, and a confection of fruit, cream, and pastry, which was evidently a gastronomic specialty of Mrs. Wilson's French cook. He had tasted everything; he had drunk two glasses of champagne, and been pleasantly aware that the cup of black coffee, served after dinner, was an entrancing concoction which his own kitchen did not afford; and he felt that his repast had done him good. It was for him an occasion. Obviously it was for Mrs. Wilson an every-day affair. Moreover, this rich, delicious dinner, served by noiseless servants on choice china, was in harmony with the rest of the magnificent establishment, in harmony with the artistic scheme of color, the soft lustrous draperies, the striking pictures and other masterpieces of art purchased for large sums abroad, and Mrs. Wilson's beautiful toilette and exquisite personality. Here was luxury triumphant and compelling, yet unappeased and seeking fresh opportunities for æsthetic delight; as witness a Millet, an inlaid table, and a Japanese idol in the room in which he sat, all new since he had dined there last.

What a vivid contrast all this to the cheerless often squalid homes which he was accustomed to visit as a rector of Christ's church! The thought which haunted him was that one result of the city's marvellous growth and development had been the accentuation of the distinctions between rich and poor, between class and class in a community where, until lately, there had been theoretically no classes. To be sure he had Mr. Carleton Howard's assertion that there was no country in the world where the poor man was so well off. This was very likely true, but it did not affect the proposition that the rich were daily growing richer and more self-indulgent. What was to be the limit—the outcome of this renaissance of beauty and comfort, which he had welcomed? Had not the æsthetic reaction almost reached the point where, both as a priest of God and as a good American, it behooved him to cry halt against luxury and extravagance? He frowned at this last reflection for the reason that he was painfully aware that he had fulminated against this sort of thing from the pulpit for years, formerly as part of the clerical formula championing the cause of the spirit against the flesh, and latterly because the Aladdin-like growth of great fortunes all over the land, and conspicuously in his own community, had often suggested the comparison between the passage of a camel through the eye of a needle and the rich man's entrance into the kingdom of heaven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as an appropriate text. He had spoken with fervor and sincerity concerning the responsibilities of those having great possessions, and sometimes with living pictures in his mind. Neither Mrs. Wilson nor her brother had ever been among those for whom these admonitions were intended. They had opened their purse-strings liberally to every meritorious cause. The goodly size of their cheques was to him a constant source both of satisfaction and astonishment—astonishment at the new possibilities open to those interested in God's Kingdom.

Yet, though he put from him as ungenerous and unnecessary any positive criticism of his hostess, in the teeth of her many benefactions and her personal activity in social undertakings, he could not help realizing that, in spite of his utterances, the evil which he deprecated was proceeding at a pace which suggested the course of wild-fire. And the worst of it was that he —the church—was so helpless. Great fortunes had been accumulated with a zeal which suggested the inevitable march of destiny—a law which seemed almost to mock the spirit of Christ—and, even while he was musing, the city had become a theatre of industrial contrasts, with the pomp and pride of life in the centre of the stage and poverty and distress in the ample background. There recurred to him the traditional image of the curate of his faith —the Church of England—cringing before or patronized by the titled worshippers of Mammon. This, at least, he could resent as impossible in his case—he had never hesitated to speak his mind to any of his parishioners, however important—still, the reminder was disconcerting and a challenge to his conscience. Nor was the reflection that this wave of luxury, this more and more exacting reverence for material comforts, was a part of the movement of the century, and was common to all civilized countries, a solace. He was an American, but first of all, he was a servant of the church, and the church was the beacon of civilization. Was she doing her work, if these terrible inequalities were to continue? What was to be the outcome of this zest for luxurious personal comfort?

To what extent the church ought to take part in the economic regeneration of the world was one of the questions which Mr. Prentiss had always found perplexing. He was well aware that his parishioners as a body were not fond of hearing him preach on what they called secular subjects. So long as he confined himself to enumerating spiritual truths, they were not averse to his illustrating his stigmas upon sin by generalizations from current worldly abuses; but he knew that many shook their heads and declared that the cobbler should stick to his last when he ventured to discourse on political topics or the relations of labor and capital. Mr. Prentiss was not aware, however, that some of this prejudice proceeded from the circumstance that he was apt to lose his head on such occasions; but, on the other hand, much of it was genuine disinclination for advice from the pulpit on subjects which, to quote the women parishioners, were not spiritual, and, to quote the men, were none of his business. His congregation was almost entirely composed of pew owners, people with vested rights, among which appeared to be the right not to be harrowed by socialistic doctrines. They were ready to help the poor in any way which he would suggest, and they had supplied him with a mission church where he could reach the ignorant and needy more effectively, but they argued that he had better leave to the politicians all suggestions tending to disturb the existing industrial order.

Mr. Prentiss sometimes sighed over these limitations, but he had become used to them, and in a measure, with advancing years, he had, in his endeavor to be a man of the world in order to remain a more useful Christian, accepted the doctrine that he had no plan to substitute for the present economic system, and that he must make the best of the existing situation. So, in practical, daily life, he exhorted the rich to give their money and themselves to the advancement of their fellow men, and the poor to shun vice and bear their privations with patience, while he held forth the promise of the church of an existence hereafter for the pure in heart where all the seeming inconsistencies of this mortal life would be explained and justified. Not being endowed with much sense of humor, Mr. Prentiss, as he waxed in years, and St. Stephen's became the fashionable church of the city, had found less and less difficulty in accommodating himself to this point of view, and in devoting all his ardor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Oh, Emil, my husband, how could you?" she moaned.—Page 153.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to reclaiming souls for Christ. After all, was not his mission to help men and women as he found them? First of all to minister to their souls, and in the name of Christianity to lift them from the slough of human suffering and misfortune that he might expound to them the loving mercies of the Lord? The things of the earth were not the things of the spirit, and he was more tenacious than in his youth of the prerogatives of the church as an institution controlling human consciences by standards of its own, founded on the teachings of the Prince of Peace. Nevertheless, being reasonably clear-headed and fearless, he was not without the suspicion at times that this reasoning was mystical, and in the face of facts he had every now and then his unpleasant quarters of an hour.

This was one of them to-night. His hostess, when the dinner was over, had left him to a cigar and his own devices in the library. He was to join her presently and be shown her daughter's wedding presents. He had been invited to dine in order that he might see them, but Mrs. Wilson and he both knew that this was an excuse for a quiet evening together in which they might compare notes concerning their mutual interests. Reaching out to knock off the ash of his cigar into a dainty porcelain wheelbarrow, he noticed a new photograph on the mantel-piece and rose to examine it. He recognized it as one of Clarence Waldo, the New Yorker to whom Miss Lucille Wilson was betrothed. The sight of this young man's countenance did not serve to restore Mr. Prentiss's serenity. On the contrary, he stood gazing at the photograph with an expression which suggested that his soul was still perturbed. The face was that of a man of twenty-seven or eight with delicate features—thin lips, a long nose and an indefinable haughtiness of expression which was made up of weariness and disdain. He had large eyes which lacked lustre, and his sparse hair gave the effect of having been carefully brushed. The clergyman had met him only a few times, and Mr. Prentiss had never forgotten the first occasion, which was at Lucille's coming-out ball three years before. He had happened to find himself in Mr. Waldo's path when the young man was in the act of carrying everything before him, with a plate of salad for his partner, and he had never forgotten the cold impertinence of the New Yorker's stare. Paul Howard, Lucille's cousin, who witnessed the encounter, said afterward that Clarence had given Mr. Prentiss the dead eye, which was a telling description of the stoniness of the fashionable New Yorker's gaze. Mr. Prentiss had never heard this diagnosis, but he had remembered the episode. He regarded it, however, merely as additional evidence of the lack of reverence on the part of the young men of the day—and the young women, too, for the matter of that—not merely for sacred things, but for everything and everybody which were in their way or did not happen to appeal to their fancy. But though he considered this absence of social politeness as one of the cardinal failings of the age, his present thoughts regarding Lucille's future husband were not concerned with it.

Since the engagement had been announced four months ago he had been making inquiries, and the information which he had received was in his mind and troubled his soul as a corollary of the other problems which had just been haunting him. It was not of a character to justify him in forbidding the bans—not even in remonstrating with Mrs. Wilson, unless she were to ask his advice or provide him with an opportunity. But he deplored sincerely that this young man was to marry his friend's daughter. Was this to be the outcome, the crowning of the wealth of love and solicitude which had been lavished on this only child—a child brought up in his church? Was it for this that Lucille had been made the central figure of costly entertainments for the last three years, in the hope that she might make a brilliant match? Decidedly, it was a puzzling world, and circumstances seemed to be conspiring to cloud his horizon and disturb his digestion at a time when he ought to be enjoying himself and taking his ease.

"What does he offer her?" he said to himself. "Twelve months of sporting life—American sporting life. A superb stable, a four-in-hand coach and steam yacht, polo, golf, the horse show, cards, six months every third year in Europe, their summers at Newport, their winters at Palm Beach. The fortune which she will bring him will enable them to live in the lap of luxury all the year round, and he will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teach her to regard those who are not rich and who do not imitate their manner of life as beneath their notice. I know the kind—I know the kind."

Soft footsteps interrupted his mental soliloquy. "No, thank you," he exclaimed in a tone which was almost militant to the waiters who approached him with a tray. Mr. Prentiss supposed that another form of stimulant was being offered him, for Madeira, liqueurs and coffee had been successively brought in and solemnly presented to him by the two men servants, one of whom seemed to him as superfluous as a plumber's helper. Then as his gaze, which had been inward, appreciated that the silver gilt tumbler contained apollinaris water, he called them back and emptied the glass. He had finished his cigar and it was time to rejoin his hostess.

(To be continued.)

MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND IN 1846–49

ELIZABETH DAVIS BANCROFT, the writer of these letters, was the youngest child and only daughter of William and Rebecca Morton Davis, and was born at Plymouth, Mass., in October, 1803. She often spoke in later times of what a good preparation for her life abroad were the years she spent at Miss Cushing's school at Hingham, and her visits to her uncles, Judge Davis and Mr. I. P. Davis of Boston. In 1825 she married Alexander Bliss, a brilliant young lawyer and a junior partner of Daniel Webster. On his death a few years later, her father having died, her mother and brother formed a household with her and her two sons in Winthrop Place, Boston. As a young girl in Plymouth she became a great friend of the future Mrs. Emerson and later of Mr. Emerson and of Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, and through them was much interested in Brook Farm. In 1838 she married George Bancroft, the historian and statesman, who was then Collector of the Port of Boston and a widower with three children. They continued to live in Winthrop Place till 1845, when for one year Mr. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy in Polk's cabinet. While he was in that position the Naval Academy at Annapolis was established; and he played an important part in the earlier stages of the Mexican War. In the fall of 1846 he became Minister to England. It was then that the letters were written from which these extracts have been taken. Most of them are in the form of a diary and were addressed to immediate relatives, and none of them were written for publication; but owing to the standing of Mr. Bancroft as a man of letters, as well as his official station, the writer saw London life under an unusual variety of interesting aspects. In 1849 Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft returned to this country, and Mr. Bancroft occupied himself with his history until 1868, when he was for seven years Minister to Prussia and the German Empire. At the expiration of that time they took up their residence in Washington, where they lived during the remainder of their lives.

To W. D. B. and A. B.

LIVERPOOL, October 26, 1846.

MY DEAR SONS: Thank God with me that we are once more on *terra firma*. We arrived yesterday morning at ten o'clock, after a very rough voyage and after riding all night in the Channel in a tremendous gale, so bad that no pilot could reach us to bring us in on Saturday evening. A record of a sea voyage will be only interesting to you who love me, but I must give it to you that you may know what to expect if you ever undertake it; but first, I must sum it all up by saying that of all horrors, of all physical miseries, tortures, and distress, a sea voyage is the greatest. . . . The Liverpool paper this morning, after announcing our arrival, says: "The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

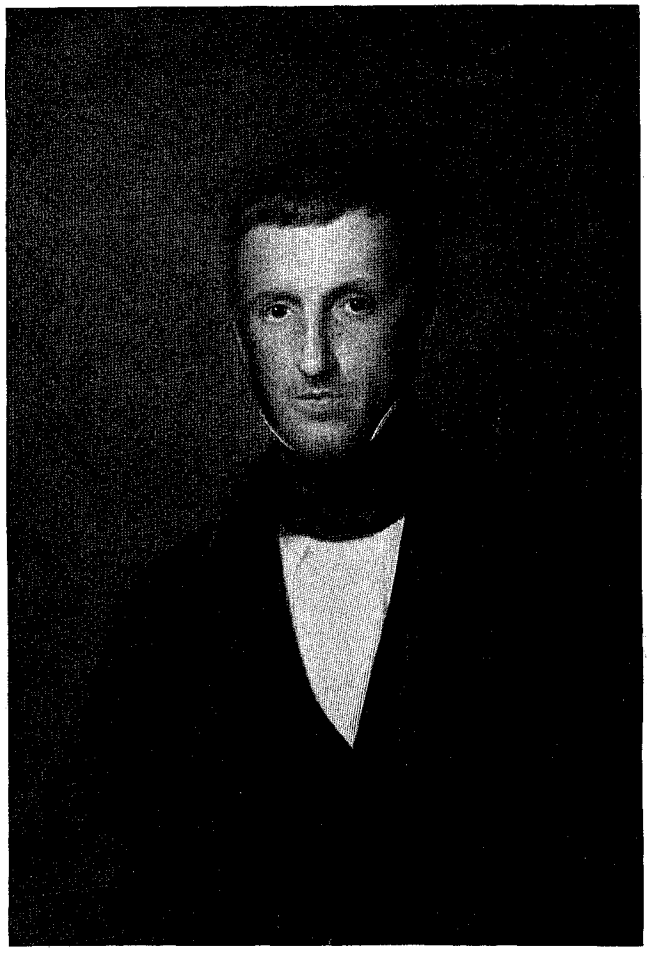
Elizabeth Davis Bancroft.

From the painting by C. C. Ingham in the possession of Wm. J. A. Bliss.

Great Western, notwithstanding she encountered throughout a series of most severe gales, accomplished the passage in sixteen days and twelve hours." To begin at the moment I left New York: I was so absorbed by the pain of parting from you that I was in a state of complete apathy with regard to all about me. I did not sentimentalize about the "receding shores of my country;" I hardly looked at them, indeed. . . . Friday I was awoke in the middle of the night by the roaring of the wind and sea and *such* motion of the vessel. . . . The gale lasted all Saturday and all Sunday, strong from the North, and as we were in the region where the waters of the Bay of Fundy run out and meet those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, afterwards we had a strong cross sea. May you never experience a "cross sea." . . . Oh how I wished it had pleased God to plant some little islands as resting-places in the great waste of waters, some resting station. But no, we must keep on, on, with everything in motion that your eye could rest on. Everything tumbling about. . . . We lived through it, however, and the sun of Sunday morn rose clear and bright. A pilot got on about seven and at ten we were in Liverpool.

We are at the Adelphi. Before I had taken off my bonnet Mr. Richard Rathbone, one of the wealthiest merchants here, called to invite us to dine the next day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



George Bancroft.

From the painting by C. C. Ingham in the possession of Wm. J. A. Bliss.

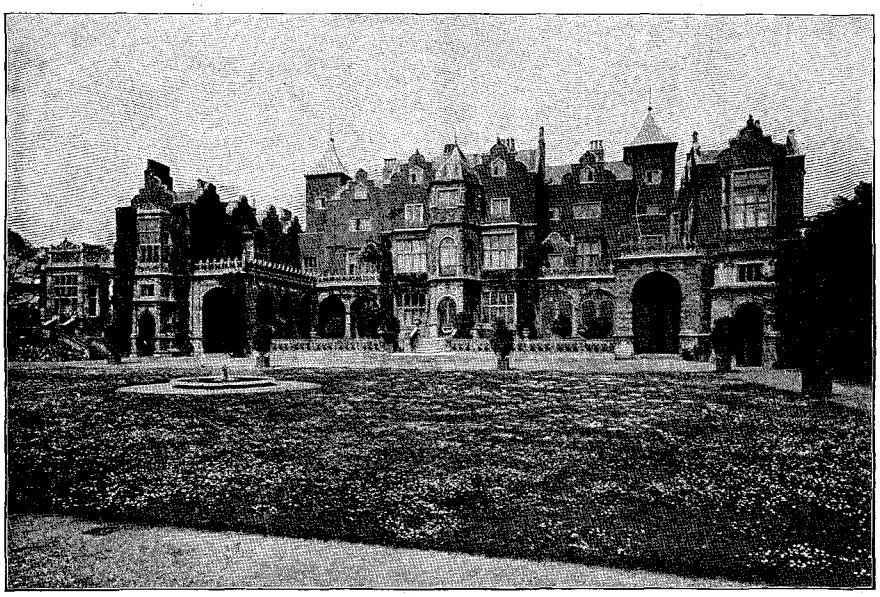
. . . Mrs. Richard Rathbone has written that beautiful "Diary of Lady Willoughby," and, what is more, they say it is a perfect reflect of her own lovely life and character. When she published the book no one knew of it but her husband, not even her brothers and sisters, and, of course, she constantly heard speculations as to the authenticity of the book, and was often appealed to for her opinion. She is very unpretending and sweet in her manners; talks little, and seems not at all like a literary lady. . . .

I like these people in Liverpool. They seem to me to think less of fashion and more of substantial excellence than our wealthy people. I am not sure but the existence of a higher class above them has a favorable effect, by limiting them in some ways. There is much less show of furniture in the houses than with us, though their servants and equipages are in much better keeping. I am not sorry to be detained here for a few days by my illness to become acquainted with them, and I think your father likes it also, and will find it useful to him. Let me say, while I think of it, how much I was pleased with the *Great Western*. That upper saloon with the air passing through it was a great comfort to me. The captain, the servants, the table, are all excellent. Everything on board was as nice as in the best hotel, and my gruels and broths beautifully made. One of the stewardesses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did more for me than I ever had done by any servant of my own. . . . Your father and Louisa were ill but three or four days, and then your father read Tacitus and talked to the ladies, while Louisa played with the other children.

The Adelphi, my first specimen of an English hotel, is perfectly comfortable, and though an immense establishment, is quiet as a private house. There is none of the bustle of the Astor, and if I ring my bedroom bell it is answered by a woman who attends to me assiduously. The landlord pays us a visit every day to know if we have all we wish. . . .



Holland House.

LONDON, Sunday, November 1.

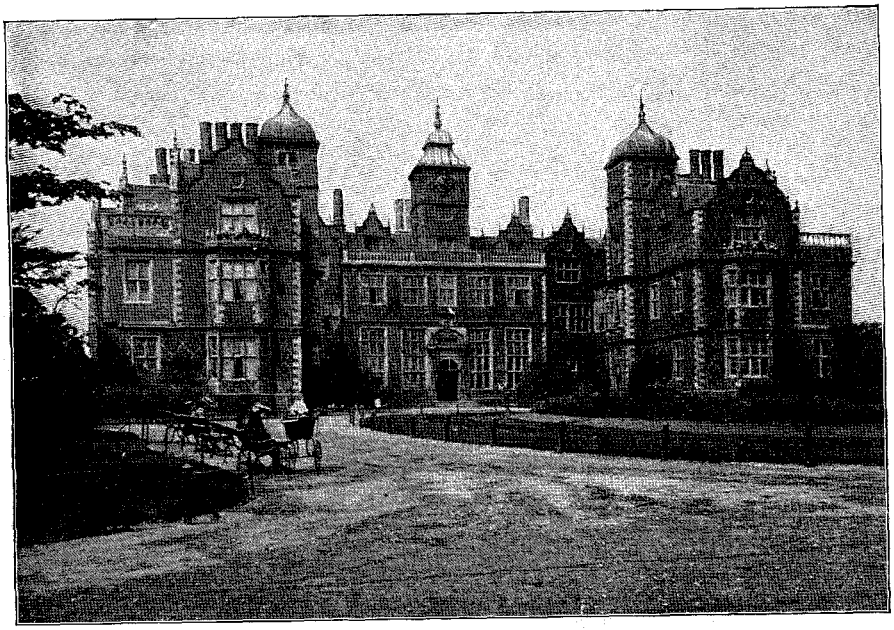
Here I am in the mighty heart, but before I say one word about it I will go on from Wednesday evening with my journal. On Thursday, though still very feeble, I dined at Green Bank, the country-seat of Mr. William Rathbone. I was unwilling to leave Liverpool without sharing with your father some of the hospitalities offered us and made a great effort to go. The place is very beautiful and the house full of comfortable elegance. . . .

The next morning we started for Birmingham, ninety-seven miles from Liverpool, on our way to London, as I am unable to travel the whole way in a day. On this railway I felt for the first time the superiority of England to our own country. The cars are divided into first, second, and third classes. We took a first-class car, which has all the comforts of a private carriage. . . .

Just as we entered Birmingham I observed the finest seat, surrounded by a park wall and with a very picturesque old church, that I had seen on the way. On enquiring of young Mr. Van Wart, who came to see us in Birmingham (the nephew of Washington Irving), whose place it was, he said it was now called Aston Hall and was owned by Mr. Watt, but it was formerly owned by the Bracebridges, and was the veritable "Bracebridge Hall," and that his uncle had passed his Christmas there. . . .

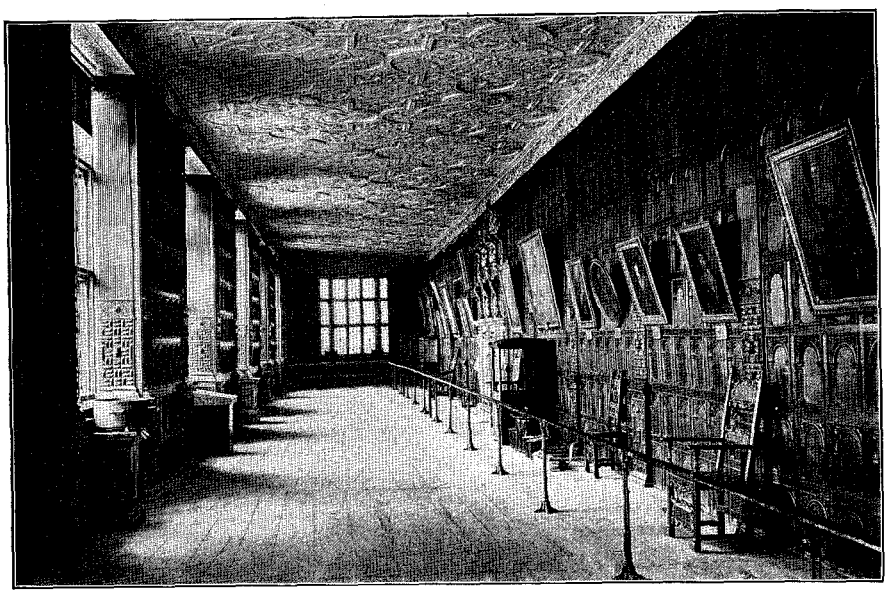
On arriving here we found our rooms all ready for us at Long's Hotel, kept by Mr. Markwell, a wine merchant. The house is on New Bond Street, in the very centre of movement at the West End, and Mr. Markwell full of personal assiduity, which we never see with us. He comes to the carriage himself, gives me his arm to go upstairs, is so much obliged to us for honoring his house, takes you into dinner, at least on the first day, and seats you, etc, etc. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



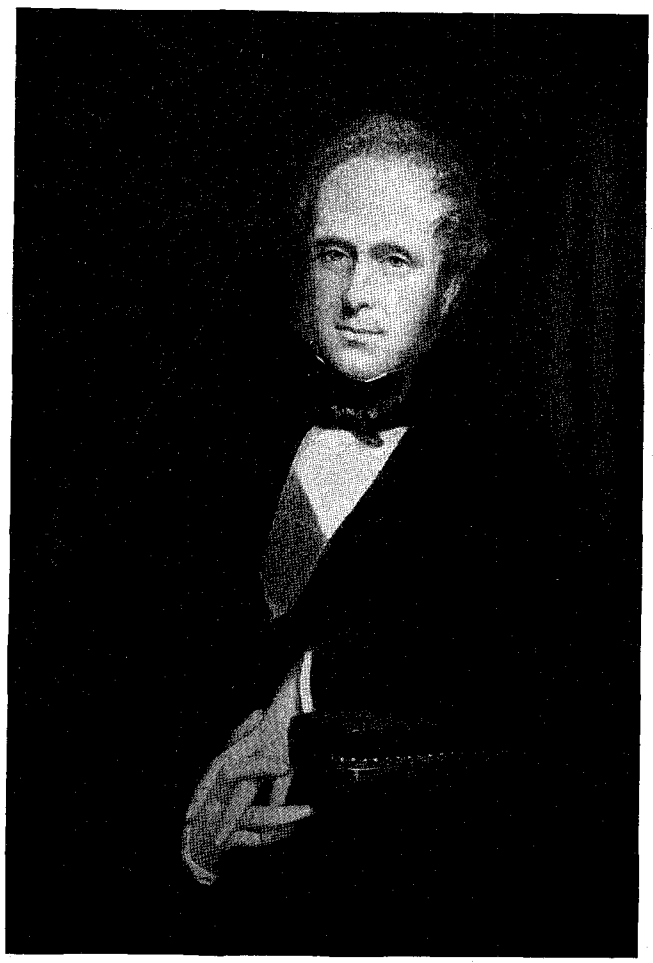
Aston Hall (Bracebridge Hall) exterior.

Do not imagine us in fresh, new-looking rooms as we should be in New York or Philadelphia. No, in London even new things look old, but almost everything *is* old. Our parlor has three windows down to the floor, but it is very dark. The paint is maple color, and everything is dingy in appearance. The window in my bedroom looks like a horn lantern, so thick is the smoke, and yet everything is scrupulously clean. On our arrival, Boyd, the Secretary of Legation, soon came, and stayed



Aston Hall (Bracebridge Hall) interior.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lord Palmerston.

From the portrait by Partridge.
Copyright photograph by Walker & Cockerell, London.

to dine with us at six. Our dinner was an excellent soup, the boiled cod garnished with fried smelts, the roast beef and a *fricandeau* with sweet breads, then a pheasant, and afterwards, dessert. . . .

This morning Mr. Bates came very early to see us, and then Mr. Joseph Coolidge, who looks very young and handsome; then Mr. Colman, who also looks very well, Mr. Boyd and a Mr. Haight, of New York, and Mr. Gair, son of Mr. Gair of Liverpool, a pleasing young man. . . .

Monday Evening.

This morning came Mr. Aspinwall, then Captain Wormeley, then Dr. Holland, then Mrs. Bates, then Mr. Joseph Jay and his sister, then Tom Appleton, Mrs. and Miss Wormeley, and Mrs. Franklin Dexter. Dr. Holland came a second time to take me a drive, but Mrs. Bates being with me he took your father. Mrs. Bates took me to do some shopping, and to see about some houses. They are very desirous we should be in their neighborhood, in Portland Place, but I have been so used all my life to see things fresh and clean-looking, that I cannot get accustomed to the London dinge, and some of the finest houses look to me as though I would like to give them a good scouring. Tell Cousin M. never to come to England, she would be shocked every minute, with all the grandeur. A new country is cleaner-looking, though it may not be so picturesque. . . . I got your letters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lady Palmerston.
From a painting by permission of Sir Francis Gore.

when I arrived here, and I wish this may give you but a little of the pleasure they gave me. Pray never let a steamer come without a token from both of you. . . . With love to Grandma and Uncle Thomas, believe me, with more love than ever before,

ELIZABETH D. BANCROFT.

To W. D. B. and A. B.

LONDON, November 3, 1846.

. . . . . : This day, at five, your father had his first interview with Lord Palmerston, who will acquaint the Queen with his arrival, and after she has received him we shall leave our cards upon all the ministers and *corps diplomatique*. . . .

November 4th.

Your father had a most agreeable dinner at Lord Holland's. He met there Lord and Lady Palmerston, Lord Morpeth, Lord de Mauley, Mr. Harcourt, a son of the Archbishop of York, etc. He took out Lady Holland and Lord Morpeth Lady Palmerston, the only ladies present. Holland House is surrounded by 200 acres in the midst of the western part of London, or rather Kensington. Lord Holland has no children, and the family dies with him. They dined in the room in which Addison died. . . .

To-day, to my surprise, came Lady Palmerston, which was a great courtesy, as it was my place to make the first visit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Samuel Rogers.

From the drawing by G. Richmond (1848).
Copyright photograph by Walker & Cockerell, London.

She is the sister of Lord Melbourne. Lord de Mauley has also been here. . . . To-day I have been driving through some of the best streets in London, and my ideas of its extent and magnificence are rising fast. The houses are more picturesque than ours, and some of them most noble. The vastness of a great capital like this cannot burst upon one at once. Its effect increases daily. The extent of the Park, surrounded by mansions which look, some of them, like a whole history in themselves, has to-day quite dazzled my imagination.

November 5th.

This morning, Thursday, came an invitation to dine with Lord and Lady Palmerston on Saturday. Sir George Grey, another of the ministers, came to see us to-day and Lord Mahon. Your father and I have been all the morning looking at houses, and have nearly concluded upon one in Eton Square. We find a hotel very expensive, and not very comfortable for us, as your father is very restive without his books about him. Mr. Harcourt also came to see us to-day. I mention as many of the names of our visitors as I can recollect, as it will give you some idea of the composition of English society. . . . This moment a large card in an envelope has been brought me, which runs thus: "The Lord Steward has received Her Majesty's commands to invite Mr. Bancroft to dinner at Windsor Castle on Thursday, 12th November, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Augusta, Lady Holland.

From the portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A., at Holland House.
By permission of the Earl of Ilchester.

remain until Friday, 13th." I am glad he will dine there before me, that he may tell me the order of performances.

Friday, November 6th.

. . . We had to-day a delightful visit from Rogers, the Poet, who is now quite old, but with a most interesting countenance. He was full of cordiality, and, at parting, as he took my hand, said: "Our acquaintance must become friendship." Mr. Harcourt came again and sat an hour with us, and has introduced your father at the Traveller's Club and the Athenæum Club. To-night came my new lady's maid, Russell. She dresses hair beautifully, but is rather too great a person to suit my fancy.

Sunday Evening, November 8th.

On Friday evening we met at Mrs. Wormeley's a cosy little knot of Americans. The Dexters were staying there and there were Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson and Miss Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Aspinwall, Mr. and Miss Jay, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, Mr. Colman, Mr. Pickering, etc. . . .

Wednesday Evening.

On Monday we came to our *home*, preferring it to the hotel, though it is not yet in order for our reception, and we have not yet all our servants. Last evening we dined with Lord Morpeth at his father's house. His family are all out of town, but he remains because of his ministerial duties. Lord Morpeth took me out and I sat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Edward, fourth Lord Holland.
From the portrait by C. R. Leslie, R.A., at Holland House.
By permission of the Earl of Ilchester.

between him and Sir George Grey. Your father took out Lady Theresa Lewis, who is a sister of Lord Clarendon. She was full of intelligence and I liked her extremely. Baron and Lady Parke (a distinguished judge), Lady Morgan, Mr. Mackintosh, Dr. and Mrs. Holland (Sidney Smith's daughter), and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dexter, with several others were the party. During dinner one gentleman was so very agreeable that I wondered who he could be, but as Lord Palmerston had told me that Mr. Macaulay was in Edinburgh, I did not think of him. After the ladies left the gentlemen, my first question to Mrs. Holland was the name of her next neighbor. "Why, Mr. Macaulay," was her answer, and I was pleased not to have been disappointed in a person of whom I had heard so much. When the gentlemen came in I was introduced to him and talked to him and heard him talk not a little. . . .

These persons all came the next day to see us, which gave rise to fresh invitations. . . .

This morning we have been driving round to leave cards on the *corps diplomatique*, and Mr. Harcourt has taken me all over the Athenæum Club-house, a superb establishment. They have given your father an invitation to the Club, a privilege which is sometimes sought for years, Mr. Harcourt says. . . . Have I not needed all my energies? We have been here just a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fortnight, and I came so ill that I could hardly walk. We are now at housekeeping, and I am in the full career of London society. They told me I should see no one until spring, but you see we dine out or go out in the evening almost every day. . . . For the gratification of S. D. or Aunt I., who may wonder how I get along in dress matters, going out as I did in my plain black dress, I will tell you that Mrs. Murray, the Queen's dressmaker, made me, as soon as I found these calls and invitations pouring in, two dresses. One of black velvet, very low, with short sleeves, and another of very rich black watered silk, with drapery of black tulle on the corsage and sleeves. . . . I have fitted myself with several pretty little head-dresses, some in silver, some with plumes, but all white, and I find my velvet and silk suit all occasions. I do not like dining with bare arms and neck, but I must. . . .

Tuesday, November 17th.

Last evening we passed at the Earl of Auckland's, the head of the Admiralty. The party was at the Admiralty, where there is a beautiful residence for the first lord. . . . I had a long talk with Lord Morpeth last evening about Mr. Sumner, and told him of his nomination. He has a strong regard for him. . . . Not a moment have I had to a London "lion." I have driven past Westminster, but have not been in it. I have seen nothing of London but what came in my way in returning visits. . . .

Good-bye, dear children.

To J. P. D.

LONDON, November 17, 1846.

MY DEAR UNCLE: I cannot help refreshing the remembrance of me with you and dear Aunty by addressing a separate letter to you. . . . Yesterday we hailed with delight our letters from home. . . . One feels in a foreign land the absence of common sympathies and interests, which always surround us in any part of our own country. And yet nothing can exceed the kindness with which we have been received here. . . .

Last evening I went to my first great English dinner and it was a most agreeable one. . . . It seems a little odd to a republican woman to find herself in right of her country taking precedence of marchionesses, but one soon gets used to all things. We sat down to dinner at eight and got through about ten. When the ladies rose, I found I was expected to go first. After dinner other guests were invited and to the first person who came in, about half-past ten, Lady Palmerston said: "Oh, thank you for coming so early." This was Lady Tankerville of the old French family of de Grammont and niece to Prince Polignac. The next was Lady Emily de Burgh, the daughter of the Marchioness of Clanricarde, a beautiful girl of seventeen. She is very lovely, wears a Grecian braid round her head like a coronet, and always sits by her mother, which would not suit our young girls. Then came Lord and Lady Ashley, Lord Ebrington, and so many titled personages that I cannot remember half. . . . The dinner is much the same as ours in all its modes of serving, but they have soles and turbot, instead of our fishes, and their pheasants are not our pheasants, or their partridges our partridges. Neither have we so many footmen with liveries of all colors, or so much gold and silver plate. . . . The next morning Mr. Bancroft breakfasted with Dr. Holland to meet the Marquis of Lansdowne alone. [Thursday] he went down to Windsor to dine with the Queen. He took out to dinner the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, the Queen going with the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, who was paying a visit at the Castle. He talked German to the Duchess during dinner, which I suspect she liked, for the Queen spoke of it to him afterwards, and Lord Palmerston told me the Duchess said he spoke very pure German. While he was dining at Windsor I went to a party all alone at the Countess Grey's, which I thought required some courage. . . .

Of all the persons I see here the Marquis of Lansdowne excites the most lively regard. His countenance and manners are full of benevolence and I think he understands America better than anyone else of the high aristocracy. I told him I was born at Plymouth and was as proud of my pure Anglo-Saxon Pilgrim descent, as if it were traced from a line of Norman Conquerors. Nearly all the ministers and their wives came to see us immediately, without waiting for us to make the first visit, which is the rule, and almost every person whom we have met in society, which certainly indi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cates an amiable feeling toward our country. We could not well have received more courtesy than we have done, and it has been extended freely and immediately, without waiting for the forms of etiquette. Pray say to Mr. Everett how often we hear persons speak of him, and with highest regard. I feel as if we were reaping some of the fruits of his sowing. Mr. Bancroft sends you a pack of cards, one of the identical two packs with which the Queen played Patience the evening he was at Windsor. They were the perquisite of a page who brought them to him. He was much pleased with the Queen and thought her much prettier than any representation of her which we have seen, and with a very sweet expression. Lady Holland had been staying two or three days at Windsor, and was to leave the next morning. When the Queen took leave of her at night, she kissed her quite in my Virginia fashion. . . .

DEAR UNCLE: How much more your niece would have written if to-day were not packet day, I cannot say. I shall send you some newspapers and a pack of cards which I saw in the Queen's hands. The American Minister and Mrs. Bancroft have once played a game of piquet with them. The Queen's hands were as clean as her smile was gracious. Best regards to the Judge and Aunt Isaac. . . .

Yours most truly,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

LONDON, December 2, 1846.

MY DEAR MRS. POLK: You told me when I parted from you at Washington that you would like to get from me occasionally some accounts of my experiences in English society. I thought at that time that we should see very little of it until the spring, but contrary to my expectation we have been out almost every day since our arrival. We made our *début* in London on the first day of November (the suicidal month you know) in the midst of an orange-colored fog, in which you could not see your hand before you. The prospect for the winter seemed, I must say, rather "triste," but the next day the fog cleared off, people came constantly to see us, and we had agreeable invitations for every day, and London put on a new aspect. Our first dinner was at Lord Palmerston's, where we met what the newspapers call a distinguished circle. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord and Lady John Russell, Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde (Canning's daughter), Earl and Countess Grey, Sir George and Lady Grey, etc., etc. I was taken out by Lord Palmerston, with Lord Grey on the other side, and found the whole thing very like one of our Washington dinners, and I was quite as much at my ease, and they seemed made of the same materials as our cabinet at home. I have since dined at Lord Morpeth's, Lord John Russell's, Lord Mahon's, Dr. Holland's, Baron Parke's, the Prussian Minister's, and to-day we dine with the Duchess of Inverness, the widow of the Duke of Sussex; to-morrow with Mr. Milman, a prebend of Westminster and a distinguished man of letters. We have been at a great many *soirées*, at Lady Palmerston's, Lady Grey's, Lord Auckland's, Lady Lewis's, etc., etc. And now, having given you some idea *whom* we are seeing here, you will wish to know how I like them, and how they differ from our own people. At the smaller dinners and *soirées* at this season I cannot, of course, receive a full impression of English society, but certainly those persons now in town are charming people. Their manners are perfectly simple and I entirely forget, except when their historic names fall upon my ear, that I am with the proud aristocracy of England. All the persons whose names I have mentioned to you give one a decided impression not only of ability and agreeable manners, but of excellence and the domestic virtues. The furniture and houses, too, are less splendid and ostentatious, than those of our large cities, though [they] have more plate, and liveried servants. The forms of society and the standard of dress, too, are very like ours, except that a duchess or a countess has more hereditary point lace and diamonds. The general style of dress, perhaps, is not so tasteful, so simply elegant as ours. Upon the whole I think more highly of our own country (I mean from a social point of view alone) than before I came abroad. There is less superiority over us in manners and all the social arts than I could have believed possible in a country where a large and wealthy class have been set apart from time immemorial to create, as it were, a so-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial standard of high refinement. The chief difference that I perceive is this: In our country the position of everybody is undefined and rests altogether upon public opinion. This leads sometimes to a little assumption and pretension of manner, which the highest class here, whose claims are always allowed by all about them, are never tempted to put on. From this results an extreme simplicity of manner, like that of a family circle among us. What I have said, however, applies less to the South than to the large cities of the North, with which I am most familiar at home. I hope our memory will not be completely effaced in Washington, for we cling to our friends there with strong interest. Present my respectful regards to the President, and my love to Mrs. Walker and Miss Rucker. To the Masons also, and our old colleagues all, and pray lay your royal commands upon somebody to write me. I long to know what is going on in Washington. The Pleasantons promised to do so, and Annie Payne, to whom and to Mrs. Madison give also my best love. . . . Believe me yours with the highest regard

E. D. BANCROFT.

To W. D. B. and A. B.

LONDON, November 29, 1846.

. . . After a long interval I find again a quiet Sunday evening to resume my journal to you. On Monday we dined at Lord John's, and met many of the persons we have met before and the Duchess of Inverness, the widow of the Duke of Sussex. On Tuesday we dined at Dr. Holland's. His wife and daughter are charming, and then we met, besides, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the only surviving child of Lord North, Mr. and Mrs. Milman (the author of the "Fall of Jerusalem"), and Mr. Macaulay. Yesterday I went to return the visit of the Milmans and found that the entrance to their house, he being a prebend of Westminster Abbey, was actually in the cloisters of the Abbey. They were not at home, but I took my footman and wandered at leisure through the cloisters, treading at every step on the tomb of some old abbot with dates of 1160 and thereabouts. . . .

Nothing could be more delightful than London is now, if I had only a little more physical vigor to enjoy it. We see everybody more frequently, and know them better than in the full season, and we have some of the best specimens of English society, too, here just now, as the Whig ministry brings a good deal of the ability of the aristocracy to its aid. The subjects of conversation among women are more general than with us, and [they] are much more cultivated than our women as a body, not our blues. They never sew, or attend, as we do, to domestic affairs, and so live for social life and understand it better. . . .

December 2.

Yesterday we dined at the Prussian Minister's, Chevalier Bunsen's. He met your father in Rome twenty years since, and has received us with great enthusiasm. Yesterday at dinner he actually rose in his seat and made quite a speech welcoming him to England as historian, old friend, etc., and ended by offering his health, which your father replied to shortly, in a few words. Imagine such an outbreak upon routine at a dinner in England! Nobody could have done it but one of German blood, but I dare say the Everetts, who know him, could imagine it all. . . .

To W. B. D. and A. B.

LONDON, December 19, 1846.

MY DEAR SONS: . . . Yesterday we dined at Macready's and met quite a new, and to us, a most agreeable circle. There was Carlyle, who talked all dinner-time in his broad Scotch, in the most inimitable way. He is full of wit, and happened to get upon James I., upon which topic he was superb. Then there was Babbage, the great mathematician, Fonblanc, the editor of the *Examiner*, etc., etc. The day before we dined at Mr. Frederick Elliott's with a small party of eight, of which Lady Morgan was one, and also a brother of Lord Normanby's, whom I liked very much. Lady Morgan, who had not hitherto much pleased me, came out in this small circle with all her Irish wit and humor, and gave me quite new notions of her talent. She made me laugh till I cried. On Saturday we dined at Sir Roderick Murchison's, the President of the Geological Society, very great in the scientific way.

We have struck up a great friendship with Miss Murray, the Queen's Maid of Honor, who paid me a visit of three hours to-day, in the midst of which came in Colonel Estcourt, whom I was delighted to see, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you may suppose. Miss Murray is to me a very interesting person, though a great talker; a convenient fault to a stranger. She is connected with half the noble families in England, is the grand-daughter of the Duchess of Athol, who governed the Isle of Man as a queen, and the descendant of Scott's Countess of Derby. Though sprung of such Tory blood, and a maid of honor, she thinks freely upon all subjects. Religion, politics, and persons, she decides upon for herself, and has as many benevolent schemes as old Madam Jackson. . . .

I returned the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, the painter, this week, and saw the picture he is now painting for the Vice-Chancellor. It is a sketch of children, a boy driving his two little sisters as horses. One of the little girls is very like Susie, her size, hair, and complexion. How I longed to be rich enough to order a copy, but his pictures cost a fortune. I paid also a visit this week to the Duchess of Inverness, whom I found in the prettiest, cosiest morning boudoir looking onto the gardens of the Palace. In short, I do, or see, every hour, something that if I were a traveller only, I could make quite a story of. . . .

To W. D. B. and A. B.

London, January 1, 1847.

My dear Sons: . . . I wrote my last sheet on the 19th and your father went on that day to Cambridge to be present at the tri-centennial celebration of Trinity College. . . . He went also the day after the anniversary, which was on the 22d December, to Ely with Peacock, the great mathematician, who is Dean of Ely, to see the great cathedral there. . . . While he was at Cambridge I passed the evening of the 22d at Lady Morgan's, who happened to have a most agreeable set. . . . Lady Morgan's reunions are entertaining to me because they are collections of lions, but they are not strictly and exclusively fashionable. They remind me in their composition from various circles of Mrs. Otis's parties in Boston. We have in this respect an advantage over the English themselves, as in our position we see a great variety of cliques. For instance, last evening, the 31st, I took Louisa, at half-past seven to the house of Mr. Hawes, an under Secretary of State, to see a beautiful children's masque. It was an impersonation of the "Old Year" dressed a little like *Lear* with snowy hair and draperies. *Old Year* played his part inimitably, at times with great pathos, and then introducing witty hits at all the doings of his reign, such as exploding cotton, the new planet, a subject which he put at rest as "*far beyond our reach,*" etc., etc. He then introduced one by one the children of all ages as "Days" of the coming year. There was *Twelfth Day*, crowned as Queen with her cake in her hands; there was *Christmas*, covered with holly and mistletoe; there was *April Fool's Day*, dressed as Harlequin; there was, above all, *Shrove Tuesday*, with her frying-pan of pancakes, dressed as a little cook; there was a charming boy of fourteen or fifteen, as *St. Valentine's Day* with his packet of valentines addressed to the young ladies present; there was the *5th of November*, full of wit and fun, etc.; the longest day, an elder brother, of William's height, with a cap of three or four feet high; and his little sister of five, as the shortest day. This was all arranged to music and each made little speeches, introducing themselves. The *Old Year*, after introducing his successors, and after much pathos, is "going, going —gone," and falls covered with his drapery, upon removing which, instead of the lifeless body of the *Old Year*, is discovered a sweet little flower-crowned girl of five or six, as the *New Year*. It was charming, and I was so pleased that, instead of taking Louisa away at nine o'clock as I intended, I left her to see "Sir Roger de Coverly," in the dress of his time. . . . Last night at Mr. Putnam's, I met William and Mary Howitt, and some of the lesser lights. I have put down my pen to answer a note, just brought in, to dine next Thursday with the Dowager Countess of Charleville, where we were last week, in the evening. She is eighty-four (tell this to Grandmamma) and likes still to surround herself with beaux and beaux esprits and as her son and daughter reside with her, this is still easy. . . . The old lady talks French as fast as possible, and troubles me somewhat by talking it to me, forgetting that a foreign minister's wife can talk English. . . . Your father likes to be here. He has copying going on in the State Paper Offices and British Museum, and his heart is full of manuscripts. It is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first thought, I believe, whoever he sees, what papers are in their family. He makes great interest with even the ladies sometimes for this purpose. Upon the whole, I love my own country better than ever, but whether I shall not miss, upon my return, some things to which I am gradually getting accustomed, I have yet to learn. The gratification of mixing constantly with those foremost in the world for rank, science, literature, or all which adorns society is great, but there is a certain yearning toward those whose habits, education, and modes of thought are the same as our own, which I never can get over. In the full tide of conversation I often stop and think, "I may unconsciously be jarring the prejudices or preconceived notions of these people upon a thousand points; for how differently have I been trained from these women of high rank, and men, too, with whom I am now thrown." Upon all topics we are accustomed to think, perhaps, with more latitude, religion, politics, morals, everything. I like the English extremely, even more than I expected, and yet happy am I to think that our own best portions of society can bear a comparison with theirs. When I see you I can explain to you the differences, but I think we need not be ashamed of ourselves.

To J. P. D.

LONDON, January 2, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE: . . . I refer you to my letters to my boys, for all the new persons and places we may have seen lately, while I give you for Aunty's amusement a minute account of my visit into the country at Mr. Bates's, where things are managed in a scrupulously English manner, so that it will give her the same idea of country life here, as if it were a nobleman's castle. Our invitation was to arrive on Thursday, the day before Christmas, to dine, and to remain until the following Tuesday morning. His place is at East *Sheen* which receives its name from the Anglo-Saxon word for *beauty*. It adjoins Richmond Park, beyond which is the celebrated Richmond Hill, Twickenham, Kew, etc., etc. . . . We arrived at East Sheen at half-past five; but I ought first to mention the *preparations* for a country excursion. Our own carriage has, of course, no dickey for my maid, or conveniences for baggage, so we take a travelling carriage. The imperials (which are large, flat boxes, covering the whole top of the carriage, *capital* for velvet dresses, and smaller ones fitting into all the seats *in* the carriage, and *before* and *behind*) are brought to you the day before. I am merely asked what dresses I wish taken, and that is all I know of the matter, so thoroughly does an English maid understand her business. We were shown on our arrival into a charming room, semi-library. . . . In a few minutes a servant came to show me to my apartment, which was very superb, with a comfortable dressing-room and fire for Mr. Bancroft, where the faithful Keats unpacked his dressing materials, while I was in a few moments seated at the toilet to undergo my hair-dressing, surrounded by all my apparatus, and a blazing fire to welcome me with a hissing tea-kettle of hot water and every comfort. How well the English understand it, I learn more and more every day. My maid had a large room above me, also with a fire; indeed, a "lady's" maid is a *very great* character *indeed*, and would be much more unwilling to take her tea with, or speak familiarly to, a footman or a housemaid than I should. My greatest mistakes in England have been committed toward those high dignitaries, my own maid and the butler, whose grandeur I entirely misappreciated and invaded, as in my ignorance I placed them, as we do, on the same level with other servants. She has her fire made for her, and *loaf* sugar in her tea, which she and Cates sip in solitary majesty. However, she is most conscientious and worthy, as well as dignified, and thoroughly accomplished in her business. As all these things are pictures of English life, I mention them to amuse Aunty, who likes to know how these matters are managed.

After I am dressed, I join the circle in the library, where I am introduced to Mr. and Madam Van de Weyer, and Louis Buonaparte, the son of Louis, the ex-King of Holland, and of Hortense, Josephine's daughter. He was a long time imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, and has not long been free. There was also Napoleon, son of Jerome Buonaparte, and the Princess of Wurtemberg. They were most agreeable, intelligent, and amiable young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men, and I was glad to meet them. Lord and Lady Langdale (who have a place in the neighborhood) were invited to dine with us. He is Master of the Rolls and was elevated to the peerage from great distinction at the bar. Lady Langdale is a sensible and excellent person. At dinner I sat between Mr. Bates and Lord Langdale, whom I liked very much.

The next morning we assembled at ten for breakfast, which was at a round table, with a sort of circular tray, which turns at the least touch in the centre, leaving only a rim round the table for plates and cups. This was covered also with a white cloth and on it were placed all the breakfast viands, with butter, sugar, cream, bread, toast-rack and preserves. You need no servants, but turn it round and help yourself. I believe the Van de Weyers introduced it, from a visit in Wales. Tea and coffee are served from a side-table always, here. Let me tell Aunty that our simple breakfast *dress* is unknown in England. You come down in the morning dressed for the day, until six or seven in the evening, when your dress is low neck and short sleeves for dinner. At this season the morning dress is a rich silk or velvet, high body quite close in the throat with handsome collar and cuffs, and *always* a cap. Madam Van de Weyer wore every day a different dress, all very rich, but I adhered to a black-watered silk with the same simple cap I wore at home. . . . I took a drive through Richmond Park (where Henry the Eighth watched to see a signal on the Tower when Anne Boleyn's head fell, and galloped off to marry Jane Seymour) to Richmond Terrace, which is ravishingly beautiful even at this season. . . . The next day the gentlemen all went to town, and Madam Van de Weyer and I passed the day *tête-à-tête*, very pleasantly, as her experience in diplomatic life is very useful to me. . . . Her manners are very pleasing and entirely unaffected. She has great tact and quickness of perception, great intelligence and amiability and is altogether extremely well-fitted for the *rôle* she plays in life. Her husband is charming. . . . They have three children, very lovely. The eldest, Victor, a fine boy of seven years old, Victoria, a girl of four, for whom the Queen was sponsor, and Albert, to whom Prince Albert performed the same office. This was, of course, voluntary in the royal parties, as it was not a favor to be asked. . . . Madam Van de Weyer is not spoiled, certainly, by the prominent part she was called to play in this great centre of the world at so early an age, and makes an excellent courtier. I could not help pitying her, however, to look forward to going through, year after year, the same round of ceremonies, forms, and society. For us, it is a new study, and invaluable for a short time; but I could not bear it for life, as these European diplomatists. Besides, we Americans really enjoy a kind of society, and a much nearer intercourse than other foreigners, in the literary, scientific, and even social circles. . . .

On Saturday evening Lord William Fitzroy and daughter joined our party with Sir William Hooker and Lady Hooker. . . . Sir William Hooker is one of the most interesting persons I have seen in England. He is a great naturalist and has the charge of the great Botanical Gardens at Kew. He devoted a morning to us there, and it was the most delightful one I have passed. There are twenty-eight different conservatories filled with the vegetable wonders of the whole world. Length of time and regal wealth have conspired to make the Kew gardens beyond our conceptions entirely. . . . Sir William pointed out to us all that was very rare or curious, which added much to my pleasure. . . . He showed us a drawing of the largest *flower* ever known on earth, which Sir Stamford Raffles discovered in Sumatra. It was a parasite without leaves or stem, and the flower weighed fifteen pounds. Lady Raffles furnished him the materials for the drawing. I dined in company with her not long ago, and regret now that I did not make her tell me about the wonders of that region. At the same dinner you may meet so many people, each having their peculiar gift, that one cannot avail oneself of the opportunity of extracting from each what is most precious. I always wish I could sit by everybody at the same time, and I could often employ a dozen heads, if I had them, instead of my poor, miserable one. From Sir William Hooker *I* learned as much about the *vegetable* world, as Mr. Bancroft did from the Dean of Ely on *architecture*, when he ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pounded to him the cathedral of Ely; pointing out the successive styles of the Gothic, and the different periods in which the different parts were built. Books are dull teachers compared with these gifted men giving you a lecture upon subjects before your eyes. . . .

On Sunday we dined with our own party; on Monday some diplomatic people, the Lisboas and one of Mr. Bates's partners, and on Tuesday we came home. I must not omit a visit while we were there from Mr. Taylor (Van Artevelde), who is son-in-law of Lord Monteagle, and lives in the neighborhood. He has a fine countenance and still finer voice, and is altogether one of those literary persons who do not disappoint you, but whose whole being is equal to their works. I hope to see more of him, as they spoke of "*cultivating*" us, and Mr. Taylor was quite a *protégé* of our kind and dear friend, Dr. Holland, and dedicated his last poem to him. This expression, "I shall *cultivate* you," we hear constantly, and it strikes me as oddly as our Western "*being raised.*" Indeed, I hear improper Anglicisms constantly, and they have nearly as many as we have. The upper classes, here, however, do *speak* English so roundly and fully, giving every *letter* its due, that it pleases my ear amazingly. . . .

On Wednesday I go for the first time to Westminster Abbey, on Epiphany, to hear the Athanasian Creed chanted. I have as yet had no time for sight-seeing, as the days are so short that necessary visits take all my time. No one goes out in a carriage till after two, as the servants dine at one, and in the morning early the footman is employed in the house. A coachman never leaves his box here, and a footman is indispensable on all occasions. No visit can be paid till three; and this gives me very little time in these short days. Everything here is inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and though I am called "Mistress" even by old Cates with his gray hair and black coat, I cannot make one of them do anything, except *by* the person and *at* the time which English custom prescribes. They are brought up to fill certain situations, and fill them perfectly, but cannot or will not vary. I am frequently asked by the ladies here if I have formed a household to please me, and I am obliged to confess that I have a very nice household, but that I am the only refractory member of it. I am always asking the wrong person for coals, etc., etc. The division of labor, or rather ceremonies, between the butler and footman, I have now mastered I believe in some degree, but that between the *upper* and *under* house-maid is still a profound mystery to me, though the upper has explained to me for the twentieth time that she did only "the top of the work." My cook comes up to me every morning for orders, and always drops the deepest curtsey, but then I doubt if her hands are ever profaned by touching a poker, and she *never* washes a dish. She is cook and *housekeeper*, and presides over the housekeeper's room; which has a Brussels carpet and centre table, with one side entirely occupied by the linen presses, of which my maid (my vice-regent, only *much* greater than me) keeps the key and dispenses every towel, even for the kitchen. She keeps lists of everything and would feel bound to replace anything missing. I shall make you laugh and Mrs. Goodwin stare, by some of my housekeeping stories, the next evening I pass in your little pleasant parlor (a word unknown here).

To W. D. B. and A. B.

London, January 10, 1847.

My very dear Children: . . . Yesterday we dined at Lady Charleville's, the old lady of eighty-four, at whose house I mentioned an evening visit in my last, and I must tell you all about it to entertain dear Grandma. I will be minute for once, and give you the *little* details of a London dinner, and they are all precisely alike. We arrived at Cavendish Square a quarter before seven (very early) and were shown into a semi-library on the same floor with the dining-room. The servants take your cloak, etc., in the passage, and I am never shown into a room with a mirror as with us, and never into a chamber or bedroom. We found Lady Charleville and her daughter with one young gentleman with whom I chatted till dinner, and who, I found, was Sir William Burdette, son of Sir Francis and brother of Miss Angelina Coutts. I happened to have on the corsage of my black velvet a white moss rose and buds, which I thought rather youthful for *me*, but the old lady had [them] on her cap.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She is full of intelligence, and has always been in the habit of drawing a great deal. . . . Very soon came in Lord Aylmer, [who] was formerly Governor of Canada, and Lady Colchester, daughter of Lord Ellenborough, a very pretty woman of thirty-five, I should think; Sir William and Lady Chatterton and Mr. Algernon Greville, whose grandmother wrote the beautiful "Prayer for Indifference," an old favorite of mine, and Mr. MacGregor, the political economist. Lord Aylmer took me out and I found him a nice old peer, and discovered that ever since the death of his uncle, Lord Whitworth, whose title is extinct, he had borne the arms of both Aylmer and Whitworth. . . . Mr. Bancroft took out Lady Colchester, and the old lady was wheeled out precisely as Grandma is.

At table she helped to the fish (cod, garnished round with smelts) and insisted on carving turkey herself, which she did extremely well. By the way, I observe they never carve the breast of a turkey *longitudinally*, as we do, but in short slices, a little diagonally from the centre. This makes many more slices, and quite large enough where there are so many other dishes. The four *entrée* dishes are always placed on the table when we sit down, according to our old fashion, and not one by one. They have [them] warmed with hot water, so that they keep hot while the soup and fish are eaten. Turkey, even *boiled* turkey, is brought on *after* the *entrées*, mutton (a saddle always) or venison, with a pheasant or partridges. With the roast is always put on the *sweets*, as they are called, as the term dessert seems restricted to the last course of fruits. During the dinner there are always long strips of damask all round the table which are removed before the dessert is put on, and there is no brushing of crumbs. You may not care for all this, but the housekeepers may. I had Mr. Greville the other side of me, who seemed much surprised that I, an American, should know the "Prayer for Indifference," which he doubted if twenty persons in England read in these modern days. . . .

It is a great mystery to me yet how people get to know each other in London. Persons talk to you whom you do not know, for no one is introduced, as a general rule. I have sometimes quite an acquaintance with a person, and exchange visits, and yet do not succeed for a long time in putting the name and the person together. . . . It is a great puzzle to a stranger, but has its conveniences for the English themselves. We are endeavoring to become acquainted with the English mind, not only through society, but through its products in other ways. Natural science is the department into which they seem to have thrown their intellect most effectively for the last ten or fifteen years. We are reading Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences," which gives one a summary of what has been accomplished in that way, not only in past ages, but in the present. Every moment here is precious to me and I am anxious to make the best use of it, but I have immense demands on my time in every way.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE KANGAROOS

By Mary Moss

Illustrations by Karl Anderson

WHEN the local champion dropped out at her thirteenth set, the delegation from Pittsburgh could at last openly back their townswoman, Dorothy Holland, a new star in the tennis firmament, whose Roman-hearted mother even now superintended her preparation for finals in some hidden recess of the club-house.

"For my part," confessed Mrs. Yorke, American mother to the National Champion, "if Amy's going to play, I'm so nervous that I never go near her. We only wear on each other. I leave her entirely to the masseuse."

Sympathy buzzed from the group surrounding this over-sensitized parent. "I don't see how Mr. and Mrs. Perkins stand it," she went on. "They see after everything for the twins themselves. There he goes now, with a sweater and a lemon. I do hope they get the ladies' doubles," she concluded, with a touch of that patronage any soloist feels for ensemble performers.

It was an interval of suspense. Three women left the porch and went inside to inspect the famous cup. A thick-set man called for fresh balls. Six were laid at either end of the court. Meerschaum-tinted athletes in clean flannels walked gingerly over the close-shaven turf, treading down an imaginary hump, tightening the net. They flecked away stray dabs of whitewash and placed the umpires' stools with the decorum of seconds in a life-and-death duel.

The umpires themselves next took position, and drew out pencil and tablet. Sobering responsibility marked them as beings apart.

Reporters gleaned bits of information, the official photographer adjusted his camera on a large tripod. Players in the outlying field left unfinished games and joined the crowd waiting to see Miss Yorke a third time carry off the prize.

"After to-day she takes the cup home to keep, doesn't she, Mrs. Yorke?" The lady who asked this, inveterately frequented tournaments, without ever reaching a positive knowledge of what might be going forward.

"It's not so much the cup or the championship," Mrs. Yorke explained; "but Amy is a little fanciful. When she was quite a child she was threatened with curvature of the spine, and she got dreadfully morbid about it. Grew afraid of being weak and crooked—perfect nonsense of course——"

"Why, she's as straight as an arrow, and wiry—" volunteered a satellite, who knew exactly what was coming.

"Yes, but she had it on her mind." When Miss Yorke played, Mrs. Yorke told the story; it was a mental reflex. "Amy takes a thing hard," she proceeded in order. "After awhile our doctor found she was fretting and he just laughed at her. He said she could do well at tennis or any game; be champion if she wanted to. That put the idea in her head, and ever since she left college we've travelled around attending matches. We've come here every June since '98. In the beginning she was mostly beaten, but she was bent on working up to the first class, and she has. Now her heart's set on winning this, just to prove to herself that she is exactly like other people. Thanks, no; I see she's ready, but I'll keep away till it's over."

Amy Yorke emerged from the club-house, slim, dainty, nervous, her pale, straight hair hidden under a trim linen cap the rim of which dipped down well over her white little face. In plain spotless linen from head to foot, she seemed concealed by her clothes, her personality partly veiled from a curious public. Her slender fingers tested the racket; she stooped to tighten a shoe-lace.

"Seems to me that small person is going to be right up against it. Just look at our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girl! Are you still giving three to one on Amy Yorke?" Back of the tall, sunburned umpire two strange young men freely discussed the points of either contestant. The umpire himself, a broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped athlete, looked sharply round, glaring out from under his pent-roof hat.

"Take care, he hears," whispered the second amateur; "they hate to know how the odds stand beforehand. Yes," he went on, "Dorothy Holland certainly is a good-looker, but I'll not go back on the light-weight. You don't know her grit——"

Joyous and confident as a good-natured Valkyr, Miss Holland swept down the clubhouse steps, stopped in front of the crowd, laughing and chatting with a circle of favored friends, gayly tossing a word into remoter circles. She wore black shoes and a business-like white frock. Her sleeves were rolled above the elbow, showing the arms of a tanned and sinewy boy. Her collar, turned in at the neck, left free a full white throat. Her crisp hair sparkled in the sunlight. A handsome creature of the brown-eyed, auburn-haired type, her strong white teeth and easy motions spoke of flawless poise and muscles. The hard-fought games of four previous days had left her only fresher for the final struggle.

"Right forearm a good bit the biggest," whispered one reporter to his friend. "Wish we could see Amy Yorke's. How can she play in those long sleeves?"

"She can play right enough." The other jotted down a cabalistic sign.

The champions were formally shaking hands.

"Rough or smooth? Rough! Miss Holland wins!" intoned a monotonous voice.

The spectators settled down to close attention. Passing on the service, Dorothy Holland made a point, lost two, scored thirty all, forty thirty and game. As they changed courts Amy Yorke caught the tall umpire's eye and imperceptibly nodded. It was the only greeting they had exchanged, though they were old friends, Dick Sandall having often umpired for her since their first meeting at the tournament of '98. In some way, this particular meeting seemed different from the others. If Amy had been perfectly frank with herself, she would have owned that possibly—something—might be coming. She did not formulate it more nearly than to postpone seeing Dick alone till after the game. Instead of stimulating her, this look had a queer unnerving effect. She was conscious of a need to draw long breaths before standing up to the Pittsburgh champion's redoubtable serve.

Luck favored her. Dorothy hit too hard. "Fault one! Fault two! Love fifteen, Miss Yorke leads!" the monotonous voice sang out. By the next ball, Amy had herself well in hand, sent it back, was on the spot to lob her opponent's swingeing return. They contested every point hotly, but she made that game and also won on her own serve, amid a burst of applause from the audience.

The fight grew keener. "Three to four, Miss Holland leads! Four all! Five four! Miss Yorke leads! Deuce games," called the impartial voice. "Vantage-in, Deuce again, Vantage-out! Game and set, Miss Holland wins!"

"And it looked all through as if the other was ahead," commented another young man. "It's Dorothy's staying power does it. I wish I knew her. Look at her muscles; look at her shoulders. She keeps Amy Yorke running all over the field. Yes, she's a good runner, but Dorothy's the stuff. And I don't think Amy's form is what it used to be anyhow. Just a little stale they always get, after two years. The Pittsburgh girl's younger——"

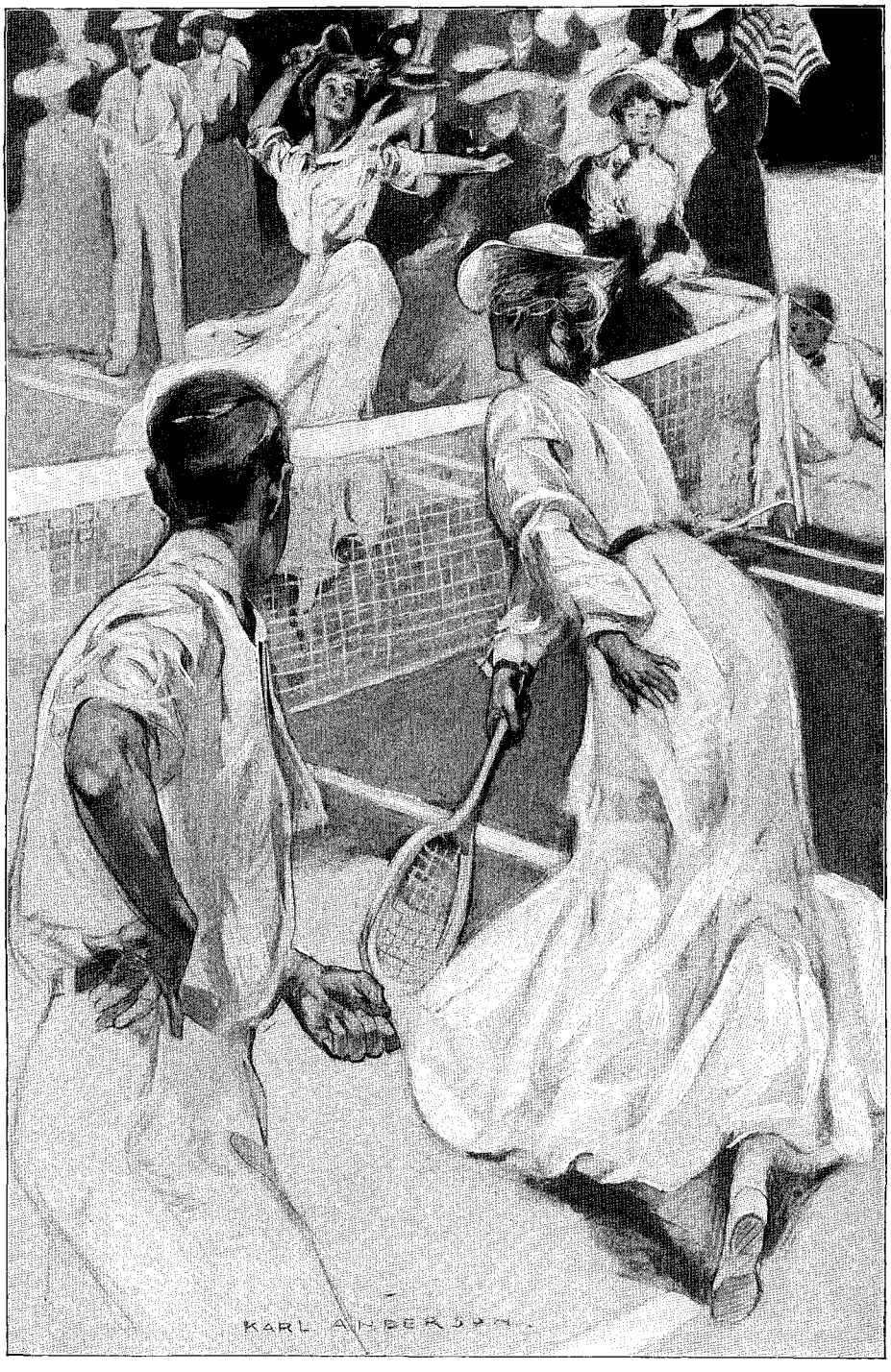
"The champion looks young enough from here," put in another voice. "Is she pretty? she's ankles like a deer, but I can't make out her face, for the hat."

"I don't know about pretty, but something taking, big eyes and—what's that? Certainly; excuse me! I'll sit right down." This to Dick Sandall, who had rather peremptorily reprimanded them for obstructing the view.

It was time for the second set. Dorothy Holland stood joking with Dick. She borrowed his sweater, "not that I'm exactly shivering," she confessed, mopping her broad freckled forehead. "No, nothing the matter with Miss Yorke; she just went in to change her racket."

Coming out, white as ever, Amy avoided Dick, asking the other umpire to clear the back line. "They press forward so," she complained. With many apologies the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Karl Anderson.

They contested every point hotly.—Page 182.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spectators shuffled their chairs out of range. Amy's mind strayed a little from the coming game. Dick might have spoken a word to her. True, she had not gone near him, a poor reason for his not coming to her, but he was busy talking to Dorothy Holland. She felt isolated and forlorn. Why, he didn't even look in her direction. He was ashamed of her losing the first. She must concentrate herself better. She had played a womanish game, and Dick thought everything of nerve. She hadn't placed, hadn't made her riper skill and experience properly tell against the abounding staying power and vitality of this conquering youngster. Amy was all of twenty-two and felt it! A sight of the youngster's triumphant beauty suddenly gave her a twinge of quite different misgiving. Dick also had brown eyes and reddish curly hair. What a pair they made! She was thankful to the big hat for covering the crisp waves on his forehead. Somehow, the mere remembrance of them left her strangely faint and breathless. What business had she, a puny weakling, to—to——

"Are you ready?" called the voice, and Amy riveted her attention on the game. An irresistible ball from Dorothy actually twisted the racket in her hand. No use volleying—she could only stop it; no return seemed possible. She was here, she was there, all that science could do, and nimbleness, she had done. It was Vantage-games, Vantage-set. She fought every point with indomitable pluck and growing exhaustion. Her hands were blistered. Her lips stuck to her dry teeth.

"Outside!" Dick relentlessly decreed. It was her last hope.

"Game and set," called the monotonous voice. "Two sets love, Miss Holland wins!"

Pulling herself together, Amy stepped to the net and extended a trembling hand.

Dorothy's firm fingers closed over it. "You certainly put up a fine game," she admiringly exclaimed. "It's just cold luck my coming out ahead. I don't deserve to beat you."

"You play better, a lot. It was no luck." Amy managed a smile, and the winner registered a secret vow never to tell that the ex-champion's lips were uncontrollably quivering.

But Amy did not cry; she did not cry at all—that is, not till late that evening in a quiet corner of the hotel veranda. If the dinner could not be choked down, at least she had bravely stayed at table, chatting naturally enough, discussing the game point by point, rendering ungrudging tribute to Dorothy's skill, manners, and appearance. Not till this moment had she been able to escape, and now, in the shadowy angle, she sat alone and reckoned—what was left. The fragments showed up so remarkably small and fragmentary that the weary little ex-champion presently found herself sobbing like a baby. Brisk, ringing steps along the hotel porch. Dorothy, Dick and another man. The girl's voice: "This is a good corner; let's sit here."

Unable to face their company, Amy had slipped inside a long French window, but fearful of being heard, she did not dare to cross the echoing ball-room floor within. After a minute, Dorothy stood up. "I'm going to find Miss Yorke. She ought to be with us to-night."

"I'll get her," the other man suggested.

"No." Dorothy was positive. "I want her to myself a minute. I'd like to coax her to play doubles with me."

Amy's heart sank. She tried to be glad that her rival was a generous girl, a girl capable of remembering other people's feelings. She could only sickeningly think how nice she must likewise appear to Dick.

The two men puffed their cigarettes. Suddenly Dick began: "Strictly between you and me——"

What should she do? listen to a private communication? stop up her ears? Too foolish if she were caught. She would slip away unheard. In the dark she stumbled against a rocking-chair, recovered herself not without a clatter, which brought both men through the window.

"I'm hunting Miss Holland!" She spoke at random.

"Why, she's hunting you," said the other man.

Dick said never a word.

"I'll go and fetch her; you and Sandall wait here." He made off. Dick smoked in silence. Presently he leaned over and laid his hand on hers. Quietly she drew away.

"Amy," he remonstrated, "don't take it so hard."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

Amy had slipped inside a long French window.—Page 184.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's all right, Dick!" she spoke up energetically. "Somebody's got to be It, and no one could mind losing to Dorothy. She's good sort."

"She is." Dick finished with Dorothy and began afresh. "See here, Amy, you hate it. Why do you bluff with me? I know you're game."

"What do you want? For me to cry like a baby?" Amy boldly headed into the wind.

Again he reached over with much deliberation. He picked up from the floor a little ball of crumpled white cambric, crumpled and moist. "Unless I'm away off, that's just what you have been doing." He deposited the tell-tale handkerchief on her lap.

"It isn't what you think." Amy was yawing badly. "As if any grown person would cry about losing a game!"

"If it isn't that, I don't care so much." Dick's tone showed immense solace. "Come down the steps with me, under the trees. I've something to say, and they might interrupt us."

They found a rustic bench slatted like a gridiron, and further made easy by knots and twigs left in high relief. The dense foliage of a linden gave shelter from an arc-light somewhere about the hotel. Black-edged, definite shadows of broad opaque leaves quivered on a smooth carriage drive. They sat well apart, Amy erect and detached, her whole air provisional. Dick leaned forward, elbows on knees. The unaccustomed act of thought had with him reached the point where cigarettes are forgotten.

He was speaking slowly, striving to pin down an elusive idea difficult of expression. "There's something I want to tell you, and you mustn't call me down if it is a pretty rough thing to say. You will mind, I'm afraid, but all the same I've got to say it. Of course you are a lot cleverer than I am, Amy. You can do everything that I do, and a heap more beside. But I see and know some things that you don't."

"Do everything better!" she interrupted. "I can't do anything at all, and that's the truth. I make a fuss about going through college, and you just do it as a matter of course. If we were put against each other, I've no doubt you would beat me at Greek as fast as you do at tennis. I do pretty well—for a woman; but always well—considering—not plain *well*."

"Good Lord!" Dick grunted.

"What do you mean?" Amy's uncovered nerves smarted.

"Good Lord! That's funny!" he reiterated immovably.

Amy met this with silence.

Presently he volunteered: "I was thinking about—kangaroos."

Amy waited.

"Kangaroos are poisoning this happy summer evening for me. Here you are, and I've been rather looking forward to seeing you. It's pleasant weather, nothing the matter with business, and my health is up in G. I'd feel as fine as silk, if it wasn't for those filthy kangaroos."

"Talk sense, please." A state of existence in which Dick spoke parables completed Amy's consciousness of having altogether lost grip.

"Yes," he went on. "It's this way. I'm pretty good at a standing jump. Broke the National record in '98, tied with Barnes of Balliol in '99. But what's that? Any ordinary kangaroo in a menagerie can beat me hands down, and without a day's training either. I do pretty well—for a man; but always well—considering—not plain *well*."

"Now you are silly." Amy's tone showed resentment.

"Yes I am," he placidly acknowledged, and Amy felt that at this game, too, Dick had suddenly learned to keep her running all over the court.

"I must go to bed," she abruptly announced.

Leaving the bench, Dick planted himself square in front of her. "This set isn't quite over."

"Are you umpiring the universe?" she asked with temper.

"Not the universe, or any other game you enter for." A new quality had come into his voice. "You see, Amy, after this, we two are playing sides. Till now, it's been the rottenest day I ever put in; but it's done just one thing. This morning I thought myself the whole show fast enough—knew it all; but really, I was just a cub that couldn't tell hearts from spades."

"You seem much as usual to-night." Amy's self-respect called for this untruth,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

"There's something I want to tell you."—Page 186.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

although she knew it to be in the nature of an under-cut, not quite the game.

"To-night"—Without warning, he laid strong, gentle hands on her shoulders. "To-night, Amy, I'm all at once grown up into a man; only a man, dear, as you are only a woman."

"What did it?" Amy's tone of intelligent inquiry was keyed a little above natural pitch by the strain of wholly ignoring that intimate touch upon her slim young shoulders.

"Did it? that beastly match. I'd never realized what it was like before. But when you came on the field—you, dear—and one bounder aimed his kodak at you, and another said something about your ankles—and every brute that paid gate-money had a right to goggle and stare—I couldn't—stop and thrash them, you know, Amy; that would only have made a mess—head-lines and patrol wagon——"

Amy caught her breath.

"And then I felt like a pup, too: Sitting there and so glad I could hardly keep my hair on, every ball you missed."

"I missed enough," Amy faltered. "The strength seemed gone out of me. Everywhere before, though often the other girl was stronger and really able to out-play me, I could work myself up into a kind of excitement. My feet seemed to fly. All of me, everything I had, was just put into the game. I did better than I could—well enough to win; by ever so little, perhaps, but always to win."

"And to-day?" Dick had again seated himself by her side. "To-day, what did it?"

"To-day—you saw." She controlled a threatening sob. "I knew you were ashamed."

"I am. You are not as clever as I thought." He grew momentarily cheerfuller. "You haven't even an idea of what's going on inside other people's heads. Why, I was so glad, so indecently glad you were beaten—side-tracked—out of it! Not champion any more, just a private citizen! Why, I couldn't come near you, for fear of showing it. And that might have hurt your game." Dick's regard for the integrity of sport admitted of no exceptions.

"And afterward?" She tried to seem unsatisfied.

"Well, I couldn't exactly come and crow over you, could I?"

"Dorothy put up such a good game, and she looked so splendid! I'm nothing anyhow but a forlorn shrimp of a thing—" her humility was genuine, touched with brimming tears.

"It's true," said Dick contentedly, "that you do only pretty well—considering—*well* for a woman; but it happens to be only a woman that I want. Do you see?" He had taken her into his arms and held her very gently, but close. Her tired little head rested without resistance on his shoulder.

"Dorothy does better—" she faintly protested.

"She does, sure!" Tenderly, almost gravely, he kissed her, adding with an upward flicker of boyish mischief: "But what's that to us? What on earth should we two care—you and I—how well they do—the kangaroos?"

TO HIM

By Ethel M. Kelley

You, whom mine eyes have never seen, are where?
  You are my own in God's most sacred sight.
  Your voice cries out to me across the night.
I feel your heart-throbs beating on the air.

The little white guest-chamber of my heart
  Is spread for you; you only have the key.
  It holdeth that which no man else may see—
A shrine to you, where pray I, far apart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life has not come to me in gracious guise,
  Nor fingered over oft the joyous chord
  Upon my soul strings, that for you, my lord,
Will sound to greet the laughter in your eyes.

It was to make me wise for loving you,
  And strong to struggle through your hours of woe;
  It was to make me wise to say, "I know,
I understand, for I have suffered too!"

Somewhere a pillow dimples to your cheek,
  To-night, somewhere, your breath falls on the air;
  Still must I wait till God reveal me where,
Still must my heart be silent till you speak.

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!
  The horror of your coming overlate
  Is strong within me—lest you find the gate
Spring shut, and, loitering, have lost the key;

Or should some careless morning on you shine,
  When life has donned a wanton gypsy guise,
  And love looks out from some fair woman's eyes
And wrests that from you that is mine, is mine!

I doubt you not, my lord, save as I doubt
  The manhood of the world; impatiently
  You men look out from eager eyes to see
The hour-glass sands drip slowly, slowly out.

And sometimes, maddened by the day's dull tale,
  You shred your destinies ere scarce the woof
  Is on the loom, and then, with loud reproof,
You blame your God who let your weaving fail.

But I can teach you patience. I must ask
  So many paths your hand to guide me through.
  But in the waiting times to sit with you
And guard you from yourself—this is my task.

And if you should not find me—not to know
  Your foot upon the stair, while I shall live,
  Not to bestow the gift I have to give—
I wonder if my heart could bear it so!

. . . . . .

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!
  I am a woman, I can only wait.
  Somewhere in God's great world you are my mate,
My lord, my king; you only have the key!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

II

THE APPROACH OF WAR

WAR being now immediately at hand, it becomes advisable, for the better appreciation of the course of events, the more accurate estimate of their historical and military value, to consider the relative conditions of the two opponents, the probable seats of warlike operations, and the methods which it was open to either to pursue.

Invasion of the British Islands, or of any transmarine possession of Great Britain—save Canada—was denied to the United States by the immeasurable inferiority of their navy. To cross the sea in force was impossible, even for short distances. For this reason, land operations were limited to the North American Continent. This fact, conjoined with the strong traditional desire, received from the old French wars and cherished in the War of Independence, to incorporate the Canadian colonies with the Union, determined an aggressive policy by the United States on the northern frontier. This was indeed the only distinctively offensive operation available to her upon the land; consequently it was imposed by reasons of both political and military expediency. On the other hand, the sea was open to American armed ships, though under certain very obvious restrictions; that is to say, subject to the primary difficulty of evading blockades of the coast, and of escaping subsequent capture by the very great number of British cruisers, which watched all seas where British commerce went and came, and most of the ports whence hostile ships might issue to prey upon it. The principal trammel which now rests upon the movements of vessels destined to cripple an enemy's commerce—the necessity to renew the motive power, coal, at frequent brief intervals—did not then exist. The wind, upon which motion depended, might at particular moments favor one of two antagonists relatively to the other; but in the long run it was substantially the same for all. All were in this respect on an equal footing; and the supply, if fickle at times, was practically inexhaustible. Barring accidents, vessels were able to keep the sea as long as their provisions and water lasted. This period may be reckoned as generally three months, while by watchful administration it might at times be protracted to six.

It is desirable to explain here what was, and is, the particular specific utility of operations directed toward the destruction of an enemy's commerce; what its bearing upon the issues of war; and how, also, it affects the relative interests of antagonists, unequally matched in the matter of sea power. Without attempting to determine precisely the relative importance of internal and external commerce, which varies with each country, and admitting that the length of transportation entails a distinct element of increased cost upon the articles transported, it is nevertheless safe to say that, to nations having free access to the sea, the export and import trade is a very large factor in national prosperity and comfort. To say the least, it increases by so much the aggregate of commercial transactions, while the ease and copiousness of water carriage go far to compensate for the increase of distance. Hence arises, therefore, a large source of wealth, of money; and money—ready money or substantial credit—is proverbially the sinews of war, as the War of 1812 was amply to demonstrate. Inconvertible assets, as every business man knows, are a very inefficacious form of wealth in tight times; and war is always a tight time for a country, a time in which its positive wealth, in the shape of every kind of produce, is of little use, unless by freedom of exchange it can be converted into cash for governmental expenses. To this sea-commerce greatly contributes, and the extreme embarrassment under which the United States as a nation labored in 1814 was mainly due to commercial exclusion from the sea. To

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attack the commerce of the enemy is therefore to cripple him, in the measure of success achieved, in the particular factor which is vital to the maintenance of war. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that, in the complicated conditions of mercantile activity. no one branch can be seriously injured without involving all others in embarrassment.

This may be called the financial and political effect of "commerce destroying," as the modern phrase runs. In military effect, it is strictly analogous to the impairing of an enemy's communications, of the line of supplies connecting an army with its base of operations, upon the maintenance of which the life of the army depends. Money, credit, is the life of war; lessen it, and vigor flags; destroy it, and resistance dies. No resource then remains except to "make war support war"; that is, to make the vanquished pay the bills for the maintenance of the army which has crushed him, or which is proceeding to crush whatever opposition is left alive. This, by the extraction of private money, and of supplies for the use of his troops, from the country in which he was fighting, was the method of Napoleon, than whom no man held more delicate views concerning the gross impropriety of capturing private property at sea, to which his power did not extend. Yet this, in effect, is simply another method of forcing the enemy to surrender a large part of his means, so weakening him, while transferring it to the victor for the better propagation of hostilities. The exaction of a pecuniary indemnity from the worsted party at the conclusion of a war, as is frequently done, differs from the seizure of property in transit afloat only in method, and as peace differs from war. In either case, money or money's worth is exacted; but when peace supervenes, the method of collection is left to the Government of the country, in pursuance of its powers of taxation, to distribute the burden among the people; whereas in war, the primary object being immediate injury to the enemy's fighting power, it is not only legitimate in principle, but particularly effective, to seek the disorganization of his financial system by a crushing attack upon one of its important factors because thus effort is concentrated on a readily accessible, fundamental element of his general prosperity. That the loss falls directly on individuals, or a class, instead of upon the whole community, is but an incident of war, just as some men are killed and others not. The whole community, and, what is more important, the organized government, are crippled; offensive powers impaired.

But while this is the absolute tendency of war against commerce, common to all cases, the relative value varies greatly with the countries having recourse to it. It is a species of hostilities easily extemporized by a great maritime nation; it therefore favors one whose policy is not to maintain a great naval establishment. It opens a field for a sea militia force, requiring little antecedent military training. Again, it is a logical military reply to commercial blockade, which is the most systematic, regularized, and extensive form of commerce-destruction known to war. Commercial blockade is not to be confounded with the military measure of confining a body of hostile ships of war to their harbor, by stationing before it a competent force. It is directed against merchant vessels, and is not a military operation in the narrowest sense, in that it does not necessarily involve fighting, nor propose the capture of the blockaded harbor. It is not usually directed against military ports, unless these happen to be also centres of commerce. Its object, which was the primary and great achievement of the United States Navy during the Civil War, and probably the most decisive blow inflicted upon the Confederacy, is the destruction of commerce by closing the ports of egress and ingress. Incidental to that, all ships, neutrals included, attempting to enter or depart, after public notification through customary channels, are captured and confiscated as remorselessly as could be done by the most greedy privateer. Thus constituted, the operation receives far wider scope than commerce destruction on the high seas; for this is confined to merchantmen of belligerents, while commercial blockade, by universal consent, subjects to capture neutrals who attempt to infringe it, because, by attempting to defeat the object of one belligerent, they make themselves parties to the war.

In fact commercial blockade, though most effective as a military measure in broad results, is so distinctly commerce-

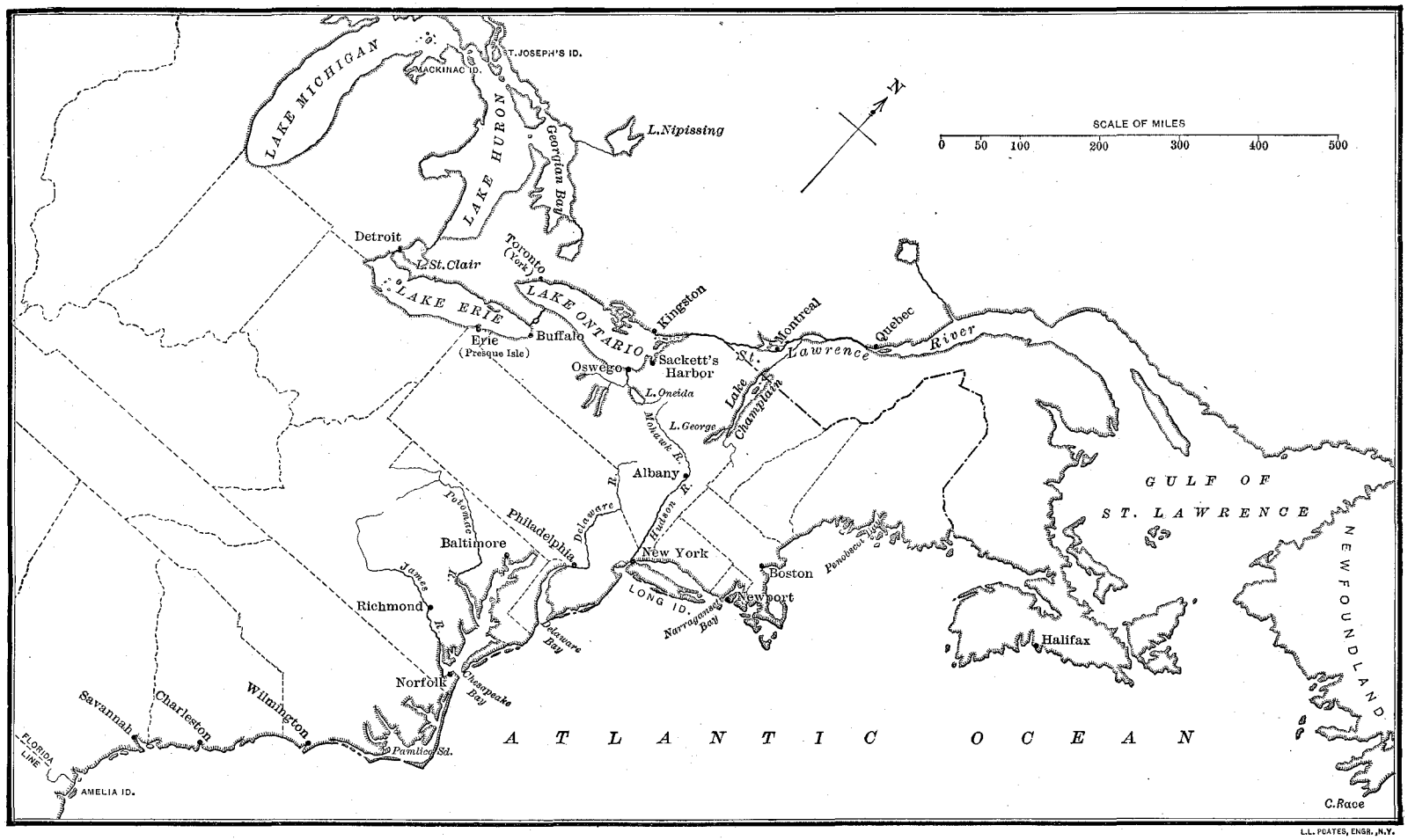
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

destructive in essence, that those who censure the one form must logically proceed to denounce the other. This Napoleon did. In his celebrated Berlin Decree, in 1806, he asserted that "the rights of war are the same on land and sea; that it [war] cannot be extended to any private property whatever, and that the right of blockade is restricted to *fortified* places, actually invested by competent forces." This he had the face to assert, at the very moment when he was compelling every vanquished state to extract, from the private means of its subjects, coin running up to hundreds of millions to replenish his military chest for further extension of hostilities. Had this dictum of his been accepted international law in 1861, the United States could not have closed the ports of the Confederacy, the commerce of which would have proceeded unmolested; and, hostile measures being consequently directed against men's persons instead of their trade, victory, if accomplished at all, would have cost three lives for every two actually lost.

It is apparent, immediately on statement, that against commerce-destruction by blockade, the recourse of the weaker maritime belligerent is commerce-destruction by cruisers on the high sea. Granting equal efficiency in the use of either measure, it is further plain that the latter is intrinsically far less efficacious. To cut off access to a city is much more certainly accomplished by holding the gates than by scouring the country in search of persons seeking to enter. Still, one can but do what one can. The Southern Confederacy, in 1861 to 1865, unable to shake off the death grip fastened on its throat, attempted counteraction by means of the *Alabama*, *Sumter*, and their less famous consorts, with what disastrous influence upon the navigation—the shipping—of the Union it is needless to insist. But while the shipping of the opposite belligerent was in this way not only crippled, but indirectly was swept from the seas, the Confederate cruisers, not being able to establish a blockade, could not prevent neutral vessels from carrying on the commerce of the Union. This consequently suffered no serious interruption; whereas the produce of the South, its inconvertible wealth—cotton chiefly—was practically useless to sustain the financial system and credit of the people. So, in 1812 and the two years following, the United States flooded the seas with privateers, producing an effect upon British commerce which, though inconclusive singly, doubtless coöperated powerfully with other motives to dispose the enemy to liberal terms of peace. It was the reply, and the only possible reply, to the commercial blockade, the grinding efficacy of which it will be a principal object of these pages to depict. The issue to us has been accurately characterized by Mr. Henry Adams, in the single word "Exhaustion."

Both parties to the War of 1812 being conspicuously maritime in disposition and occupation, while separated by three thousand miles of ocean, the sea and its navigable approaches became necessarily the most extensive scene of operations. There being between them great inequality of organized naval strength and of pecuniary resources, they inevitably resorted, according to their respective force, to one or the other form of maritime hostilities against commerce which have been indicated. To this procedure combats on the high seas were merely incidental. Tradition, professional pride, and the combative spirit inherent in both peoples, compelled fighting when armed vessels of nearly equal strength met; but such contests, though wholly laudable from the naval standpoint, which under ordinary circumstances cannot afford to encourage retreat from an equal foe, were indecisive of general results, however meritorious in particular execution. They had no effect upon the issue, except so far as they inspired moral enthusiasm and confidence. Still more, in the sequel they have had a distinctly injurious effect upon national opinion in the United States. In the brilliant exhibition of enterprise, professional skill, and usual success, by its naval officers and seamen, the country has forgotten the precedent neglect of several administrations to constitute the navy as strong in proportion to the means of the country as it was excellent through the spirit and acquirements of its officers. Sight also has been lost of the actual conditions of repression, confinement, and isolation, enforced upon our maritime frontier during the greater part of the war, with the misery and mortification thence ensuing. It has been widely inferred that the maritime conditions in general were highly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Atlantic and Lake Frontiers of the United States in War of 1812.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flattering to our national pride, and that we could confront a future emergency with the same supposed facility, and as little preparation, as we encountered, and are believed to have overcome, the odds of 1812. This mental impression, this picture, is false throughout, alike in its grouping of incidents, in its disregard of proportion, and in its ignoring of facts. The truth of this assertion will appear in due course of this narrative, and it will be seen that, although relieved by many brilliant incidents, indicative of the real spirit and capacity of the nation, the record upon the whole is one of gloom, disaster, and governmental incompetence, resulting from lack of national preparation, due to the obstinate and blind prepossessions of the Government, and, in part, of the people.

This was so even upon the water, despite the great names—for great they were in measure of their opportunities—of Decatur, Hull, Perry, McDonough, Morris, and a dozen others. On shore things were far worse; for while upon the ocean we had as leaders men still in the young prime of life, who were both seamen and officers,—none of those just named were then over forty,—for the army we had at the beginning only elderly men, who, if they ever had been soldiers in any truer sense than young fighting men,—soldiers by training and understanding,—had long since disacquired whatever knowledge and habit of the profession they had gained in the War of Independence, then more than thirty years past. "As far as American movements are concerned," said one of Wellington's trusted officers, sent to report upon the subject of Canadian defence, "the campaign of 1812 is almost beneath criticism." Instructed American opinion must sorrowfully admit the truth of the comment. That of 1813 was not much better, although some younger men—Brown, Scott, Gaines, Macomb, Ripley—were beginning to show their mettle, and we had by then placed at the head of the War Department a Secretary who at least had a reasoned understanding of the principles of warfare. With every material military advantage on our side, save the vital one of adequate preparation, it was found too late to prepare when war was already upon us; and after the old inefficients had been given a chance to demonstrate their incapacity, it was too late to utilize the young men.

Jefferson, with curious insanity of optimism, had once written, "We begin to broach the idea that we consider the whole Gulf Stream as of our waters, within which hostilities and cruising are to be frowned on for the present, and prohibited as soon as either consent or force will permit;" while at the same time, under an unbroken succession of maritime humiliations, he of purpose neglected all naval preparation save that of two hundred gunboats, which could not venture out of sight of land without putting their guns in the hold. With like blindness to the conditions to which his administration had reduced the nation, he now wrote: "The acquisition of Canada this year [1812], as far as the neighborhood of Quebec, will be a mere matter of marching." This would scarcely have been a misappreciation, had his care for the army and that of his successor given the country in 1812 an effective force of fifteen thousand regulars. Great Britain had but forty-five hundred in all Canada, from Quebec to St. Joseph's, near Mackinac; and our resources in militia were to hers as ten to one. But Jefferson and Madison, with their Secretary of the Treasury, had reduced the national debt between 1801 and 1812 from $80,000,000 to $45,000,000, concerning which a Virginia Senator remarked: "This difference has never been felt by society. It has produced no effect upon the common intercourse among men. For my part, I should never have known of the reduction but for the annual Treasury Report." We learned something about it, however, in the first year of the war, and we received the interest upon our savings at Detroit, on the Niagara frontier, in the Chesapeake and the Delaware.

The War of 1812 was very unpopular in certain sections of the United States and with certain parts of the community. By these, particular fault was found with the invasion of Canada. "You have declared war, it was said, for two principal alleged reasons: one, the general policy of the British Government, formulated in the successive Orders in Council, to the unjustifiable injury and violation of American commerce; the other, the impressment of seamen from American merchant ships. What have Canada and the Canadians to do with either? If war you must, carry on your war upon the ocean, the scene of your avowed wrongs,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the seat of your adversary's prosperity, and do not embroil these innocent regions and people in the common ruin which, without adequate cause, you are bringing upon your own countrymen, and upon the only nation that now upholds the freedom of mankind against that oppressor of our race, that incarnation of all despotism—Napoleon." So, not without some alloy of self-interest, the question presented itself to New England, and so New England presented it to the Government and the southern part of the Union; partly as a matter of honest conviction, partly as an incident of the factiousness inherent in all political opposition, which makes a point wherever it can, and then magnifies the point to the uttermost possible, often until the point itself disappears under its incrustations.

Logically, there may at first appear some reason in these arguments. We are bound to believe so, for we cannot entirely impeach the candor of our ancestors, who doubtless advanced them with some degree of conviction. The answer, of course, is, that when two nations go to war, all the citizens of one become internationally the enemies of the other. This is the accepted principle of International Law, the residuum of the concentrated wisdom of many generations of international legists. When war takes the place of peace, it annihilates all natural and conventional rights, all treaties and compacts, except those that appertain to the state of war itself. The warfare of modern civilization assures many rights to an enemy, by custom, by precedent, by compact; many treaties bear express stipulations that, should war arise between the parties, such and such methods of warfare are barred; but all these are merely guaranteed exceptions to the general rule that every individual of each nation is the enemy of those of the opposing belligerent.

Canada and the Canadians, being British subjects, became therefore, however involuntarily, the enemies of the United States, when the latter decided that the injuries received from Great Britain compelled recourse to the sword. Moreover, war, once determined, must be waged on the principles of war; and whatever greed of annexation may have entered into the motives of the Administration of the day, there can be no question that politically and militarily, as a war measure, the invasion of Canada was not only justifiable but imperative. "In case of war," wrote the United States Secretary of State, Monroe, a very few days* before the declaration, "it might be necessary to invade Canada; not as an object of the war, but as a means to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion." War now is never waged for the sake of mere fighting, simply to see who is the better at killing people. The warfare of civilized nations is for the purpose of accomplishing an object, obtaining a concession of alleged right from an enemy who has proved implacable to argument. He is to be made to yield to force what he has refused to reason; and to do that, hold is laid upon what is his, either by taking actual possession, or by preventing his utilizing what he still may retain. An attachment is issued, so to say, or an injunction laid, according to circumstances; as men in law do to enforce payment of a debt or abatement of an injury. If, in the attempt to do this, the other nation resists, as it probably will, then fighting ensues; but that fighting is only an incident of war. War, in substance, though not perhaps in form, began when the one nation resorted to force, quite irrespective of the resistance of the other.

Canada, conquered by the United States, would therefore have been a piece of British property attached; either in compensation for our claims, or as an asset in the bargaining which precedes a treaty of peace. Its retention even, as a permanent possession, would have been justified by the law of war, if our military position supported that course. This is a political consideration; militarily, the reasons were even stronger. The War of 1812 has worn to us historically the appearance of a maritime war. This is both natural and just; for, as a matter of fact, not only were the maritime operations more pleasing to our retrospect, but they also were as a whole, and on both sides, far more efficient, far more virile, than those on land. Under the relative conditions of the parties, however, it ought to have been a land war, because of our vastly superior advantages on shore; and such it would have been, doubtless, but for the amazing incompetency of most of the army leaders on both sides, after the fall of the British general, Brock,

*June 13, 1812.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost at the opening of hostilities. This incompetency, on the part of the United States, is directly attributable to the policy of Jefferson and Madison; for had proper attention and development been given to the army between 1801 and 1812, it could scarcely have failed that some indication of men's fitness or unfitness would have preceded and obviated the lamentable experience of the first two years, when every opportunity was on our side, only to be thrown away from lack of leadership. That even the defects of preparation, extreme and culpable as these were, could have been overcome, is evidenced by the history of the Lakes. The Governor-General, Prevost, reported to the home government in July and August, 1812, that the British still had the naval superiority on Erie and Ontario; but this condition was reversed by the energy and capacity of the American commanders, Chauncey, Perry, and McDonough, utilizing the undeniable superiority in available resources—mechanics and transportation—which our territory had over the Canadian, not for naval warfare only, but for land as well.

The general considerations that have been advanced are sufficient to indicate what should have been the general plan of the war on the part of the United States. Every war must be aggressive, or to use the technical term, offensive, in military character; for unless you injure the enemy, if you confine yourself, as some of the grumblers of that day would have it, to simple defence against his efforts, obviously he has no inducement to yield your contention. Incidentally, however, vital interests must be defended, otherwise the power of offence falls with them. Every war, therefore, has both a defensive and an offensive side, and in an effective plan of campaign each must receive due attention. Now, in 1812, so far as general natural conditions went, we were relatively weak on the sea frontier, and strong on the side of Canada. The seaboard might indeed, in the preceding ten years, have been given a development of force, by the creation of an adequate navy, which would have prevented war, by the obvious danger to British interests involved in hostilities. But this had not been done; and Jefferson, by his gunboat policy, building some two hundred of those vessels, worthless unless under cover of the land, proclaimed by act as by voice his adherence to a bare defensive. The sea frontier, therefore, became to us mainly a line of defence, the utility of which primarily was, or should have been, to maintain our communication with the outside world; to support our commerce, which in turn should sustain the financial potency that determines the issues of war.

The truth of this observation is shown by one single fact, which will receive recurrent mention from time to time in the narrative. Owing partly to the necessities of the British Government, and partly as a matter of favor, extended to the New England States on account of their antagonism to the war, the commercial blockade of our coast was for a long time—until April 25, 1814—limited to the part between Narragansett Bay and the boundary of Florida, then a Spanish colony. During this period, which Madison angrily called one of "invidious discrimination between different parts of the United States," New England was left open to neutral commerce, which the British, to supply their own wants, further encouraged by a system of licenses, exempting from capture the vessels engaged, even though American. Owing largely to this, though partly to the local development of manufactures caused by the previous policy of restriction upon foreign trade, which had diverted New England from maritime commerce to manufactures, that section became the distributing centre of the Union. In consequence, the remainder of the country was practically drained of specie, which set to the northward and eastward, the surplusage above strictly local needs finding its way to Canada, to ease the very severe necessities of the British military authorities there; for Great Britain, maintaining her own armies in the Spanish peninsula, and supporting in part the alliance against Napoleon on the Continent, could spare no coin to Canada. It could not go far south, because, the coasting trade being annihilated by the enemy's fleets, the south could not send forward its produce by land and obtain money in return. The deposits in New England banks increased from $2,671,619, in 1810, to $8,875,589, in 1814; while in the same years the specie held was respectively $1,561,034 and $6,393,718.*

*Niles Register. Vol. 7, p. 195.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was a day of small things, relatively to our present gigantic commercial enterprises; but an accumulation of cash in one quarter, coinciding with penury in another, proves defect in circulation consequent upon embarrassed communications. That flour in Boston sold for $12.00 the barrel, while at Baltimore and Richmond it stood at $6.50 and $4.50, tells the same tale of congestion and deficiency, due to interruption of water communication; the whole proving that, under the conditions of 1812, as our government had allowed them to become, through failure to foster a navy by which alone coast defence in the true sense can be effected, the coast frontier was essentially our weak point. There Great Britain could put forth her enormous naval strength with the most sensible and widespread injury to our national power, as represented in the financial stability which constitutes the sinews of war. We had men enough, and could have had seamen in sufficiency: there were 100,000 registered seamen belonging to the country; but in the preceding ten years the frigate force had decreased from thirteen of that nominal rate to nine, while the only additions to the service, except gunboats, were two sloops of war, two brigs, and four schooners. The construction of ships-of-the-line, for four of which provision had been made under the administration which expired in 1801, was abandoned immediately by its successor. There was no navy for defence.

Small vessels, under which denomination most frigates should be included, have their appropriate uses in a naval establishment, but in themselves are inadequate to the defence of a coast line, in the true sense of the word "defence". It is one of the first elements of intelligent warfare that true defence consists in imposing upon the enemy a wholesome fear of yourself. "The best protection against the enemy's fire," said Farragut, "is a rapid fire from our own guns." "No scheme of defence," said Napoleon, "can be considered efficient, that does not provide the means of attacking the enemy at an opportune moment. In the defence of a river, for instance," he continues, "you must not only be able to withstand its passage by the enemy, but must keep in your own hands means of crossing, so as to attack him, when occasion either offers, or can be contrived." In short, you must command either a bridge or a ford, and have a disposable force ready to utilize it by attack. The fact of such preparation fetters every movement of the enemy.

The War of 1812 gave at its outbreak an illustration of the working of this principle. Tiny as was the United States Navy, the opening of hostilities found it concentrated in a body of several frigates, with one or two sloops of war, which put to sea together. The energies of Great Britain being then concentrated upon the navy of Napoleon, her available force at Halifax and Bermuda was small, and the frigates, of which it was almost wholly composed, were compelled to keep together; for, if they attempted to scatter, in order to watch several of our commercial ports, they were exposed to capture singly by this relatively numerous body of American cruisers. The narrow escape of our own frigate *Constitution* from the British squadron at this moment, on her way from the Chesapeake to New York, which port she was unable to gain, exemplifies precisely the risk of dispersion that the British frigates did not dare to face while we were believed to be at hand in concentrated force. They being compelled thus to remain together, our ports were left open; and our merchant ships, of which a great number were then abroad, returned with comparative impunity, though certainly not entirely without losses.

This actual experience illustrates exactly the principle of coast defence by the power having relatively the weaker navy. It cannot, indeed, drive away a body numerically much stronger; but, if itself respectable in force, it can compel the enemy to keep united. Thereby is minimized the injury caused to a coast line by the dispersion of the enemy's force along it in security, such as was subsequently acquired by the British in 1813–14, and by the United States Navy during our Civil War. The enemy's fears defend the coast, and protect the nation, by securing the principal benefit of the coast line—maritime trade and the revenue thence proceeding. In order, however, to maintain this imposing attitude, the defending state must hold ready a concentrated force, of such size that the enemy cannot safely divide his own—a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force, for instance, such as that estimated by Gouverneur Morris, twenty years before 1812. "I believe," wrote then this practised man of affairs, "that we could now maintain twelve ships of the line, perhaps twenty, with a due proportion of frigates; and I am tolerably certain that, while the United States pursue a just and liberal conduct, *with twenty sail-of-the-line at sea*, no nation will dare to insult them. I believe also that, not to mention individual losses, five years of war would involve more national expense than the support of a navy for twenty years." The defendant fleet must, further, be able to put to sea at a moment inconvenient to the enemy; must have the bridge or ford Napoleon required for his army. Such the United States had in her seaports, which with moderate protection an enemy could not safely approach, and from which escape was possible under conditions exceedingly dangerous for the detached hostile divisions; but although these bridge heads leading to the enemy's position were in our hands, we had no force to issue from them. In those eleven precious years during which Great Britain by our official returns had captured 917 American ships, a large proportion of them in defiance of International Law, as we claimed, and had impressed from American vessels 6,257 seamen, asserted by us to be mostly American citizens, we had built two sloops of 18 guns, and two brigs of 16; and out of twelve frigates had permitted three to rot at their moorings. To build ships-of-the-line had not even been attempted. Consequently, except when weather drove them off, puny divisions of British ships gripped each commercial port by the throat with perfect safety; and those weather occasions, which constitute the opportunity of the defendant sea power, could not be improved by military action.

Such in general was the condition of that frontier, upon which we were inevitably thrown upon the defensive. With the passing comment that, had we been able to defend as suggested, Great Britain would never have forced us into war, let us now consider conditions on the Canadian line, where circumstances eminently favored us for the offensive; for this war should not be regarded simply as a land war or a naval war, nor yet as a war of offence and again one of defence, but as being continuously and at all times both offensive and defensive, both land and sea, mutually influencing each other.

Disregarding, as militarily unimportant, the artificial boundary then, as now, dividing Canada from New York, Vermont, and the eastern parts of the Union, the frontier separating the land positions of the two belligerents was the Great Lakes and the River St. Lawrence. This presented certain characteristic and unusual features. That it was a water line was a condition not uncommon; but it was exceptionally marked by those broad expanses, which constitute inland seas of great size and depth, navigable by vessels of the largest sea-going dimensions. This water system, being continuous and in continual progress, is best conceived by applying to the whole, from Lake Superior to the ocean, the name of the great river, the St. Lawrence, which on the one hand unites it to the sea, and on the other divides the inner waters from the outer by a barrier of rapids, impassable to ships that otherwise could navigate freely both lakes and ocean.

The importance of the lakes to military operations must always be great, but it was much enhanced in 1812 by the undeveloped condition of land communications. With the roads in the state they then were, the movement of men, and still more of supplies, was vastly more rapid by water than by land. Except in winter, when iron-bound snow covered the ground, the routes of Upper Canada were well-nigh impassable; in spring and in autumn rains, wholly so to heavy vehicles. The mail from Montreal to York,—now Toronto,—three hundred miles, took a month in transit. In October, 1814, when the war was virtually over, the British General at Niagara lamented to the Commander-in-Chief that, owing to the refusal of the navy to carry troops, an important detachment was left "to struggle through the dreadful roads from Kingston to York." "Should reinforcements and provisions not arrive, the naval commander would," in his opinion, "have much to answer for." The Commander-in-Chief himself wrote: "The command of the lakes enables the enemy to perform in two days what it takes the troops from Kingston sixteen to twenty days of severe marching. Their men arrive fresh; ours fatigued, and with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exhausted equipment. The distance from Kingston to the Niagara frontier exceeds 250 miles, and part of the way is impracticable for supplies." On the United States side, road conditions were similar, but much less disadvantageous. The water route by Ontario was greatly preferred as a means of transportation, and in parts and at certain seasons was indispensable. Stores for Sackett's Harbor, for instance, had in summer to be brought to Oswego, and thence coasted along to their destination, in security or in peril, according to the momentary predominance of one party or the other on the lake. In like manner, it was more convenient to move between the Niagara frontier and the east end of the lake by water; but in case of necessity, men could march. An English traveller in 1818 says: "I accomplished the journey from Albany to Buffalo in October in six days with ease and comfort, whereas in May it took ten of great difficulty and distress." In the farther west, the American armies advanced, with difficulty yet securely, through Ohio and Indiana to the shores of Lake Erie, and there maintained themselves in supplies sent over-country; whereas the British at the western end of the lake, opposite Detroit, depended wholly upon the water, although no hostile force threatened the land line between them and Ontario. The battle of Lake Erie, so disastrous to their cause, was forced upon them purely by failure of food, owing to the appearance of Perry's squadron.

From Lake Superior to the head of the first rapid of the St. Lawrence, therefore, the control of the water was the decisive factor in the general military situation. Both on the upper lakes, where water communication from Sault Sainte Marie to Niagara was unbroken, and on Ontario, separated from the others by the falls of Niagara, the British had at the outset a slight superiority, but not beyond the power of the United States to overtake and outpass. Throughout the rapids, to Montreal, military conditions resembled those which confront a general charged with the passage of any great river. If undertaken at all, such an enterprise requires the deceiving of the opponent as to the place and time when the attempt will be made, the careful provision of means and disposition of men for instant execution, and finally the prompt and decisive seizure of opportunity, to transfer and secure on the opposite shore a small body, capable of maintaining itself until the bulk of the army can cross to its support. Nothing of the sort was attempted here, or needed to be undertaken in this war. Naval superiority determined the ability to cross above the rapids, and there was no occasion to consider the question of crossing between them. Immediately below the last lay Montreal, accessible to sea-going vessels from the ocean. To that point, therefore, the sea power of Great Britain reached, and there it ended.

The United States Government was conscious of its great potential superiority over Canada, in men and in available resources. So evident, indeed, was the disparity, that the prevalent feeling was not one of reasonable self-reliance, but of vain-glorious self-confidence; of dependence upon mere bulk and weight to crush an opponent, quite irrespective of preparation or skill, and disregardful of the factor of military efficiency. Jefferson's words have already been quoted. Calhoun, then a youthful member of Congress, and a foremost advocate of the war, said in March, 1812: "So far from being unprepared, Sir, I believe that in four weeks from the time a declaration of war is heard on our frontier, the whole of Upper Canada"—half way down the St. Lawrence—"and a part of Lower Canada will be in our power." Granting due preparation on our part, such might indeed readily have been the result of a well-designed, active, offensive campaign. Little hope of any other result was held by the British officials, and what little they had was based upon our known want of efficiency. Brock, by far the ablest among them, in February declared his "full conviction that unless Detroit and Michilimackinac be both in our possession at the commencement of hostilities, not only Amherstburg"—on the Detroit River, nearly opposite Detroit—"but most probably the whole country, must be evacuated as far as Kingston." This place is at the foot of Ontario, close to the entrance to the St. Lawrence. Having a good and defensible harbor, it had been selected for the naval station on the lake. If successful in holding it, there would be a base of opera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions for attempting recovery of the water, and ultimately of the upper country. Failing there, of course the British must fall back upon the sea, touch with which they would regain at Montreal, resting there upon the navy of their nation, just as Wellington, by the same dependence, had maintained himself at Lisbon unshaken by the whole power of Napoleon.

There was, however, no certainty that the Lisbon of Canada would be found at Montreal. Though secure on the water side, there were there no lines of Torres Vedras; and it was well within the fears of the governors of Canada that under energetic attack their forces would not be able to make a stand short of Quebec, against the overwhelming numbers which might be brought against them. In December, 1807, Governor-General Craig, a soldier of tried experience and reputation, had written: "Defective as it is, Quebec is the only post that can be considered tenable for a moment. If the Americans should turn their attention to Lower Canada, which is most probable, I have no hopes that the forces here can accomplish more than to check them for a short time. They will eventually be compelled to take refuge in Quebec, and operations must terminate in a siege." Consequent upon this report of a most competent soldier, much had been done to strengthen the works; but pressed by the drain of the Peninsular War, heaviest in the years 1809 to 1812, when France elsewhere was at peace, little in the way of troops had been sent. As late as November 16, 1812, the Secretary for War, in London, notified Governor-General Prevost that he could as yet give no hopes of reinforcements. Napoleon had begun his retreat from Moscow three weeks before, but the full effects of the impending disaster were not yet forecast. Another three weeks, and the Secretary wrote that a moderate detachment would be sent to Bermuda, to await there the opening of the St. Lawrence in the spring. But already the United States had lost Mackinac and Detroit, and Canada had gained time to breathe.

Brock's remark, expanded as has here been done, defines the decisive military points upon the long frontier from Lake Superior to Montreal. Mackinac, Detroit, Kingston, Montreal—these four places, together with adequate development of naval strength on the lakes—constituted the essential elements of the military situation at the opening of hostilities. Why? Mackinac and Detroit because, being situated upon extremely narrow parts of the vital chain of water communication, their possession controlled decisively all transit. Held in force, they commanded the one great and feasible access to the northwestern country. Upon them turned, therefore, the movement of what was then its chief industry, the fur trade; but more important still, the tenure of those points so affected the interests of the Indians of that region as to throw them necessarily on the side of the party in possession. It is difficult for us to realize how heavily this consideration weighed at that day with both nations, but especially with the British; because, besides being locally the weaker, they knew that under existing conditions in Europe—Napoleon still in the height of his power, never yet vanquished, and about to undertake the invasion of Russia—they had nothing to hope from the mother-country. Yet the leaders, largely professional soldiers, faced the situation with soldierly instinct. "If we could destroy the American posts at Detroit and Michilimackinac," wrote Lieutenant-Governor Gore of Upper Canada, to Craig, in 1808, "many Indians would declare for us;" and he agrees with Craig that, "if not for us, they will surely be against us."

It was Gore's successor, Brock, that wrested from the Americans at once the two places named, with the effect upon the Indians which had been anticipated. The dependence of these upon this water-line communication was greatly increased by various punitive expeditions by the United States troops in the northwest, under General Harrison, in the autumn and winter of 1812–13. To secure further the safety of the whites in the outer settlements, the villages and corn of the hostile natives were laid waste for a considerable surrounding distance. They were thus forced to remove, and seek shelter in the northwest. This increase of population in that quarter, relatively to a store of food never too abundant, made it the more urgent for them to remain friends of those with whom it rested to permit the water traffic, by which supplies could come forward and the ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

change of commodities go on. The fall of Michilimackinac therefore determined their side, to which the existing British naval command of the upper lakes also contributed; and these causes were alleged by Hull in justification of his precipitate surrender at Detroit, which completed and secured the enemy's grip throughout the northwestern frontier. This accession of strength to the British was not without very serious drawbacks. Shortly before the battle of Lake Erie the British commissaries were feeding fourteen thousand Indians—men, women, and children. What proportion of these were warriors it is hard to say, and harder still how many could be counted on to take the field when wanted; but it is probable that the exhaustion of supplies due to this cause more than compensated for any service received from them in war. When Barclay sailed to fight Perry, there remained in store but one day's flour, and the crews of his ships had been for some days on half allowance of many articles.

The opinion of competent soldiers on the spot, such as Craig and Brock, in full possession of all the contemporary facts, may be accepted explicitly as confirming the inferences which in any event might have been drawn from the natural features of the situation. Upon Mackinac and Detroit depended the control and quiet of the northwestern country, because they commanded vital points on its line of communication. Upon Kingston and Montreal, by their position and intrinsic advantages, rested the communication of all Canada, along and above the St. Lawrence, with the sea power of Great Britain, whence alone could be drawn the constant support without which ultimate defeat should have been inevitable. Naval power, sustained upon the Great Lakes, controlled the great line of communication between the east and west, and also conferred upon the party possessing it the strategic advantage of interior lines; that is, of shorter distances, both in length and time, to move from point to point of the lake shores, close to which lay the scenes of operations. It followed that Detroit and Michilimackinac, being at the beginning in the possession of the United States, should have been fortified, garrisoned, provisioned, in readiness for siege, and placed in close communication with home, as soon as war was seen to be imminent, which it was in December, 1811, at latest. Having in that quarter everything to lose, and comparatively little to gain, the country was thrown on the defensive. On the east, the possession of Montreal or Kingston would cut off all Canada above from support by the sea, which would be equivalent to insuring its fall. "I shall continue to exert myself to the utmost to overcome every difficulty," wrote Brock, who gave such emphatic proof of energetic and sagacious exertion in his subsequent course. "Should, however, the communication between Montreal and Kingston be cut off, the fate of the troops in this part of the province will be decided." * "The Montreal frontier," said the officer selected by the Duke of Wellington to report on the defences of Canada, "is the most important, and at present [1826] confessedly most vulnerable and accessible part of Canada." † There, then, was the direction for offensive operations by the United States; preferably against Montreal, for if successful a much larger region was isolated and reduced. Montreal gone, Kingston could receive no help from without; and, even if capable of temporary resistance, its surrender would be but a question of time. Coincidently with this military advance, naval development for the control of the lakes should have proceeded, as a prudent precaution; although after the fall of Kingston and Montreal, there would have been little use of an inland navy, for the British local resources would then have been inadequate to maintain an opposing force.

Considered apart from the question of military readiness, in which the United States was so lamentably deficient, the natural advantages in her possession for the invasion of Canada were very great. The Hudson River, Lake George, and Lake Champlain furnished a line of water communication, for men and supplies, from the very heart of the resources of the country, centring about New York. This was not indeed continuous; but it was consecutive, and well developed. Almost the whole of it lay within United States territory; and when the boundary line on Champlain was reached, Montreal was but

*Life, p. 193.
†Sir J. Carmichael Smyth, Précis of the Wars in Canada, p. 167.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forty miles distant. Toward Kingston, also, there was a similar line, by way of the Mohawk River and Lake Oneida to Oswego, whence a short voyage on Ontario reached the American naval station at Sackett's Harbor, thirty miles from Kingston. As had been pointed out six months before the war began, by General Armstrong, who became the United States Secretary of War in January, 1813, when the most favorable conditions for initiative had already been lost, these two lines were identical as far as Albany. "This should be the place of rendezvous; because, besides other recommendations, it is here that all the roads leading from the central portion of the United States to the Canadas diverge—a circumstance which, while it keeps up your enemy's doubts as to your real point of attack, cannot fail to keep his means of defence in a state of division." The perplexity of an army, thus uncertain upon which extreme of a line one hundred and fifty miles long a blow will fall, is most distressing; and trebly so when, as in this case, the means of communication from end to end are both scanty and slow. "The conquest of Lower Canada," Sir James Craig had written, "must still be effected by way of Lake Champlain;" but while this was true, and dictated to the officer charged with the defence the necessity of keeping the greater part of his force in that quarter, it would be impossible wholly to neglect the exposure of the upper section. This requirement was reflected in the disposition of the British forces when war began; two-thirds being below Montreal, chiefly at Quebec, the remainder dispersed through Upper Canada. To add to these advantages of the United States, trivial as was the naval force of either party on Champlain, the preponderance at this moment, and throughout the first year, was in her hands; while, as on the other lakes, she was here better situated to enlarge her squadron, because nearer the heart of her power.

Circumstances having therefore determined that, in general plan, the seaboard represented the defensive scene of campaign for the United States, while the land frontier should be that of offensive action, it will be seen, with particular reference to the latter, that the character of the front of operations prescribed the offensive in great and concentrated force toward the St. Lawrence, with preparations and demonstrations framed to keep the enemy doubtful to the last possible moment as to where the blow should fall; while on the western frontier, from Michilimackinac to Niagara, the defensive should have been maintained, qualifying this term, however, by the already-quoted maxim of Napoleon, that no offensive disposition is complete which does not keep in view, and provide for, offensive action, if opportunity offer. Such readiness, if it leads to no more, at least compels the opponent to retain near by a degree of force that weakens by so much his resistance in the other quarter, against which the real offensive campaign is directed.

Similarly, the seaboard, defensive in general relation to the national plan as a whole, must have its own particular sphere of offensive action, without which its defensive function is enfeebled, if not paralyzed. Having failed to create before the war a competent navy, capable of seizing opportunity when it offered, to act against hostile divisions throughout the world, it was not possible afterward to retrieve this mistake. Under the circumstances existing in 1812, the previous decade having been allowed by the country to pass in absolute naval indifference, such offensive measures were necessarily confined to the injury of the enemy's commerce. Had a proper force existed, abundant opportunity was sure to occur. The characteristics of parts of our coast prevented close blockade, especially in winter; and the same violent winds which forced an enemy's ships off, facilitated the egress of our own under circumstances favoring evasion, causing escape to the illimitable ocean to depend at worst upon speed. In this respect the British encountered conditions opposite to those familiar to them before the French Atlantic ports, where the wind which drove the blockaders away, prevented the blockaded from leaving. This was the case at Boston, which Commodore Bainbridge before the war predicted could not be effectually blockaded; also at Narragansett, recommended for the same reason by Commodore John Rodgers; and in measure at New York, though there the more difficult and shoaler bar involved danger and delay to the passage of heavy frigates. Once out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and away, a squadron of respectable force would be at liberty to seek and strike one of the minor divisions of the enemy, imposing caution as to how he dispersed his ships in face of such a chance. To the south, both the Delaware and Chesapeake could be almost hermetically sealed by a navy so superior as was that of Great Britain; for the sheltered anchorage within enabled the enemy's fleet to lie with almost perfect safety across the path of all vessels attempting to go out or in. South of this again, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah, though useful commercial harbors, had not the facilities, natural or acquired, for sustaining a military navy. They were not maritime centres; the commerce of the South, even of Baltimore with its famous schooners, being in peace carried on by New England or foreign shipping. The necessities of a number of armed ships could not there be supplied, and furthermore the comparatively moderate weather made the coast at once more easy and less dangerous for an enemy to approach.

For these reasons the northern portion of the coast, with its rugged shores and tempestuous weather, was the base of such offensive operations as the diminutive size of the United States Navy permitted. To it the national ships sought to return, for they could both enter with greater security, and had better prospects of again getting out when they wished. In the Delaware, the Chesapeake, and on the southern coast, the efforts of the United States were limited to action strictly, and even narrowly, defensive in scope. Occasionally, a very small enemy's cruiser might be attacked; but for the most part people were content merely to resist aggression, if attempted. The harrying of the Chesapeake, and to a less extent of the Delaware, are familiar stories; the total destruction of the coasting trade and the consequent wide-spread distress are less known, or less remembered. What is not at all appreciated is the deterrent effect upon the perfect liberty enjoyed by the enemy to do as they pleased, which would have been exercised by a respectable fighting navy; by a force equal to and ready for the offensive, in our Northern ports, at the time that Great Britain was so grievously preoccupied by the numerous fleet which Napoleon had succeeded in equipping, from Antwerp round to Venice. Of course, after his abdication in 1814, and the release of the British navy and army, there was nothing for our country to do, in the then military strength of the two nations, save to make peace on the best terms attainable. Having allowed to pass away, unresented and unimproved, years of insult, injury, and opportunity, during which the gigantic power of Napoleon would have been a substantial, if inert, support to its own efforts at redress, it was the mishap of the United States Government to take up arms at the very moment when the great burden which her enemy had been bearing for years was about to fall from his shoulders forever.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO BARINE

(HORACE, CARM. II, VIII)

By John Paul Bocock

BARINE, if your loveliness
Were by one perjury the less,
  If your white hand or rosy smile
  Betrayed one blemish for your guile,

I'd trust you. But alas! instead,
Once you've forsworn your pretty head,
  With charms that still the brighter burn,
  The heads of all our youth you turn.

Fair perjurer, would you be more fair,
Your mother's ashes quick forswear;
  Mock heaven, night's silent pageant, aye,
  The deathless gods enthroned on high.

Venus will jeer, the Nymphs applaud,
While Cupid, laughing at your fraud,
  Still fiercely whets his burning darts
  With blood from faithful lovers' hearts.

And still young wooers throng in droves,
New slaves! Not even your cast-off loves
  Can bear to quit your faithless door,
  Though threatening oft to come no more.

The mothers fear you for their boys;
Age dreads you! Cold amid their joys,
  The young wives shudder lest your spell
  Bewitch their lords who love them well.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The old model.

CHARLES KEENE AS AN ETCHER

By M. H. Spielmann

IN most countries where the arts are practised and loved for themselves—loved, that is to say, for the quality that is in them rather than for the subjects represented by their aid—a draughtsman in black-and-white has appeared who stands head and shoulders above his compeers. Such an artist is great not only through the excellence of the work as such, but through the individuality and originality he displays, through the independence of his manner, through his invention allied with mastery. Such men are Whistler, Rico, Vierge, Forain (who, by the way, has based his style on the pen drawings of the Dutchman Brauwer—a fact apparently not heretofore recognized); such, too, are von Menzel, Abbey, Caran d'Ache (on a lower plane), Phil May, and Charles Keene.

As a draughtsman in pen-and-ink Charles Keene occupies the first place among English draughtsmen. That position has always been conceded to him unreservedly by men of taste and knowledge, not in Great Britain alone, but in the Continent of Europe and in America. With the general

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public, it was different, for the "man in the street"—that is to say, the average man, who being "average" is therefore necessarily and etymologically the mediocre man of mediocre taste—naturally failed to appreciate the commanding artistic quality in the work, and resented the frequent absence from it of the smaller graces that attracted him to draughtsmen whose talents appealed more strongly to his every-day sense of beauty. In the pages of *Punch* Leech and Tenniel, more direct though less æsthetically inspired, were more readily understood, and du Maurier was delighted in for his charm and elegance, while Keene was popular mainly for the jokes he illustrated—jokes, it may be added, that were rarely of his own invention. Yet du Maurier himself declared that his drawing was to Keene's what the ballad is to the fugue, or the romance to the symphony, or Herrick to Shakespeare. For du Maurier sat at the feet of Keene, whom he admired as von Menzel admired him. He was well aware that no elegancies and prettiness could stand against the power, freedom, magic expressiveness, and facility of suggestion which have assured to Keene a place among the immortals who have maintained the position of pure draughtsmanship in black-and-white among the great living arts of the day. In short, Keene's work is great because of its own noble qualities of style and mastery apart from "subject." A mere sketch by him of a figure, a note of landscape, or a bit of still life compels admiration for the quality of line, the economy of means, the exquisiteness of tone. This admiration is quite independent of the matter of composition, of which he was so admirable a master, or of the idea illustrated, for which the draughtsmanship was the fine vehicle of realization.

The extraordinary excellence of Keene's pen-and-ink work, then, has come to be accepted and acknowledged, and is now a tenet of artistic faith even among those who have agreed to take the opinion on trust. But how many have been aware that Keene was also an Etcher—an etcher, it is true, whose *œuvre* is but modest in extent—who has achieved a technical perfection in some of his plates that has aroused the enthusiasm of the leading artists of the day? That he should have accomplished this is surprising enough in the circumstances; but more surprising still is it that he was quite unconscious of the importance of his performance and that he proved his indifference by one or two characteristic demonstrations of nonchalance. Two examples may be given, the one passive and the other active. When the late M. Henri Béraldi was engaged on his great work, "Les Graveurs du XIXe. Siècle"—a veritable monument of research and appreciation—he discovered in a collector's possession a series, more or less complete, of Keene's proofs, and he wrote to the artist for information and assistance. Keene was startled at the notice with which Béraldi proposed to honor him, and instead of replying direct to the critic, he wrote to Mrs. Edwin Edwards (wife of his intimate friend, the etcher) to explain how unimportant was his work in this direction and how few his plates, concluding his self-depreciation with an urgent appeal to her to "try and choke the French biographer off." The lady had long been one of the most skilful printers of etchings in England—(they were few enough five-and-twenty years ago)—and, although an amateur, she knew pretty well all there is to know of the art she practised for her husband, for Charles Keene, and for one or two other friends. So she knew better than Keene the importance of his work; she was aware, too, that his plates numbered considerably more than he imagined. Nevertheless, she respected his wishes and the biographer was as far as possible "choked off." Notwithstanding this discouragement, Béraldi described twenty of Keene's best plates in the eighth volume of his *catalogue raisonné*.

Keene had left in the charge of Mrs. Edwards twenty-four coppers which she had printed for him. One of these coppers had been etched on both sides: on one side of the plate was a book-illustration which had already been published, and on the other, the brilliant but under-bitten "Old Man in an Arm Chair," which is one of the finest pieces of character and draughtsmanship Keene ever produced. There were two portraits of Mr. Edwin Edwards, and one of his wife: these he presented to his friend, and in her hands they remain. As to the other twenty-one plates, on the alleged ground that they were unimportant experiments, executed for a definite pur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Gamekeeper

Second study of head on the same plate.

pose and that purpose not publication, and, further, that they had never been subjected to revision, but were all of them practically in a "first state," he directed Mrs. Edwin Edwards, so she tells me, to destroy them. Happily, as it turned out, Mrs. Edwards was in the throes of house-moving; the plates were mislaid, and for twenty years were lost, so that their existence escaped her memory, or were thought of only as works which had, she thought, ceased to exist. Lately, however, the packet came to light, and being the property of the artist's executors they were in due course delivered to their rightful owners. When Mr. Henry Keene, Charles Keene's brother, saw how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good they were, and in what fine condition; and when every connoisseur who examined them proclaimed them of such intrinsic merit that the withholding of them would be unfair to the public and contrary to the interests of the artist's reputation, he determined upon placing them within the reach of the collector. Keene, it must be remembered, had not actually placed upon record his desire that his work should be destroyed; even if he had, supposing such a behest had escaped him, as is likely, in a moment of depression, such an instruction could hardly have been acted upon by any person of judgment.

Artists are notoriously poor judges of their own work as to what is their best and what is not. We know that the loss to art by the deliberate destruction by Mr. Alfred Gilbert of many of his sketches and models is incalculable; but at least the sculptor used his own ruthless hands, and no one could claim the right to step in between him and his determination. In the case of Keene it was different, and no surviving representative could be held guiltless of the grossest vandalism who would annul the little masterpieces of the dead artist. Their duty to the world was clear, and Mr. Henry Keene determined to issue a few sets to such as love and understand them, through Mr. Curtis of the Astolat Press. Independent critics have all applauded his decision.

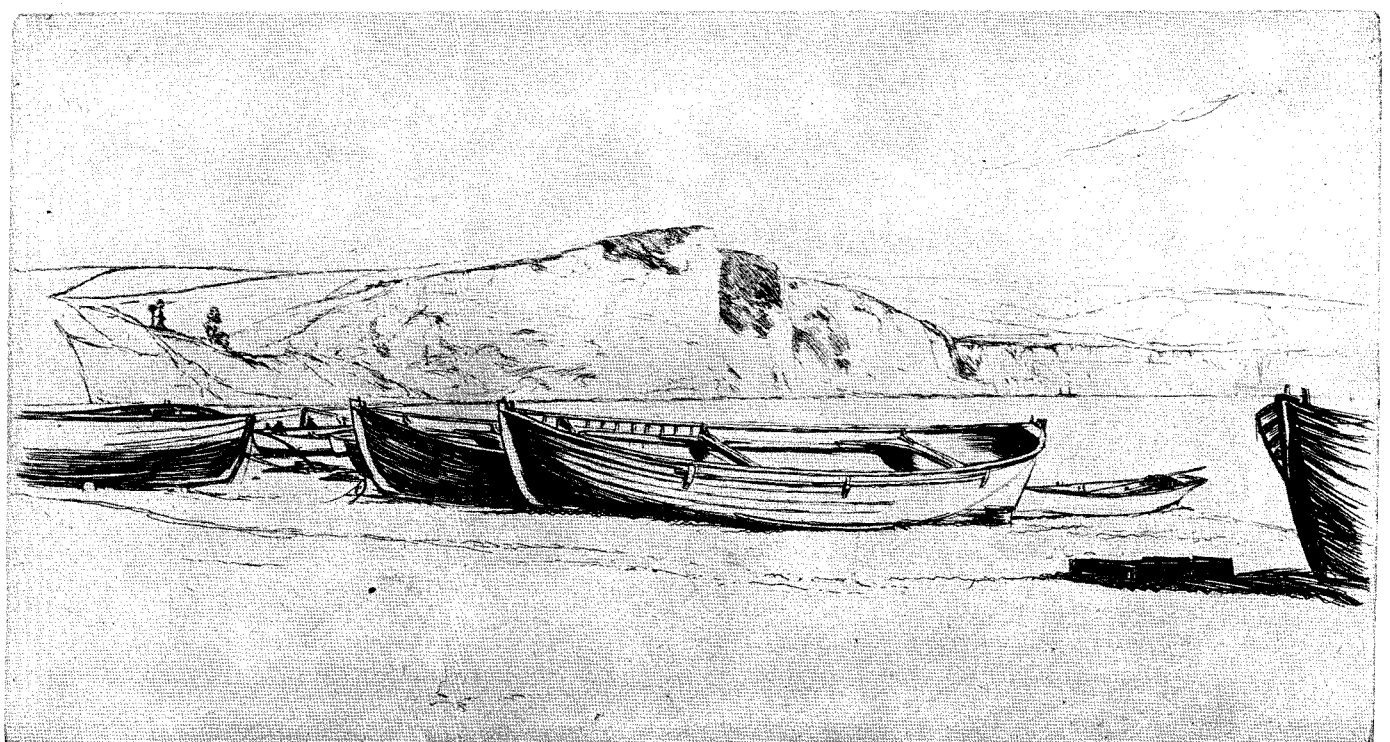
From this series of twenty-one plates I have selected four, which are here reproduced with the consent of the gentlemen named, so that Keene's ability with the etching-needle and his "variousness" of handling and versatility of treatment might be seen by those who appreciate the somewhat eclectic art of pure etching—wholly, as I have said, for its own technical qualities, and not at all for its subjects.

These etchings, it must be borne in mind, were never done for sale—not even for exhibition. The mere fact that Keene etched at all has been known to comparatively few, and certain authoritative books, such as Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers," give no hint whatever of the master who was among us. Keene's biographer, Mr. G. S. Layard, did not omit to mention his subject's etching, but he scarcely weighed upon its artistic importance. Not until Mr. Pennell and Mr. Chesson united the weight of their testimony was the public entirely aware that Keene's etching consisted of anything more than the eleven frontispieces he made for Punch's "Pocket Books" (from the years 1865 to 1875 inclusive), with the exquisite "Southwold Harbour," which, executed in 1867, was published in "The Etcher" in 1881 in a limited number.

When Keene was a youth he had joined the Artists' Society in Clipstone Street in London, which in a few years was to blossom forth into the Langham Sketching Club, the most famous body of its kind in England. He was modest and retiring, rather avoiding than inviting notice, and during the evening sittings he would draw from the model with pen or pencil as the humor took him, and make no fuss about it. Of these studies of the costumed model and of the nude figure I have seen many; they all show the extraordinary ability of the man, an ability which his fellow-workers would oftentimes applaud. But he worked on quietly, undisturbed by any praise, which, if anything, was distasteful to him. So genuine was this sentiment that he never exhibited at the Royal Academy nor at the International Exhibitions. In course of time he desired to increase the vigor of his self-discipline with the point. So the pencil, to which so much correction and emendation was possible, gave way in favor of the greater limitations of the pen; and finally the etching needle, which is remorseless and in its way ascetic, permitting of no self-indulgence, of no correction, allowing no concealment (unless such be deliberately arranged), was adopted as the *ultima ratio* of the draughtsman's training. Then the Junior Etching Club was started as an offshoot from the Society, and in its two publications, "Passages from the Poems of Thomas Hood" (1858) and "Passages from Modern English Poets" (1862), appeared two of the four or five etchings Keene ever made for ordinary book illustrations.

But it is in his life studies at the Langham, and in the landscape studies from nature, that we see the master at his best. The plates from the life were usually two-hour studies, sometimes, though by no means always, worked up at home and, of course, always bitten there. The artist's friend, Mr. J. P. Heseltine, a distinguished ama-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Coast Scene, Devon: Boats in Foreground.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Lady Reading a Book: Mid-Victorian Period.

teur etcher, the well-known collector and Trustee of the National Gallery of London, was Keene's frequent companion, and helped him to prove nearly all his plates of that period, printing them on an old wooden Dutch press that even now does duty for its present owner as efficaciously as the prettiest little iron French press that modern ingenuity has devised. They were always printed "naked"—that is, without that "tone" left on the plate to "form the pictures" which is here seen through the skilful professional printing of Mr. Goulding.

The first of these studies, in which the early influence of Millais is clearly noticeable, is the plate simply called "A Lady Reading a Book: Mid-Victorian period,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

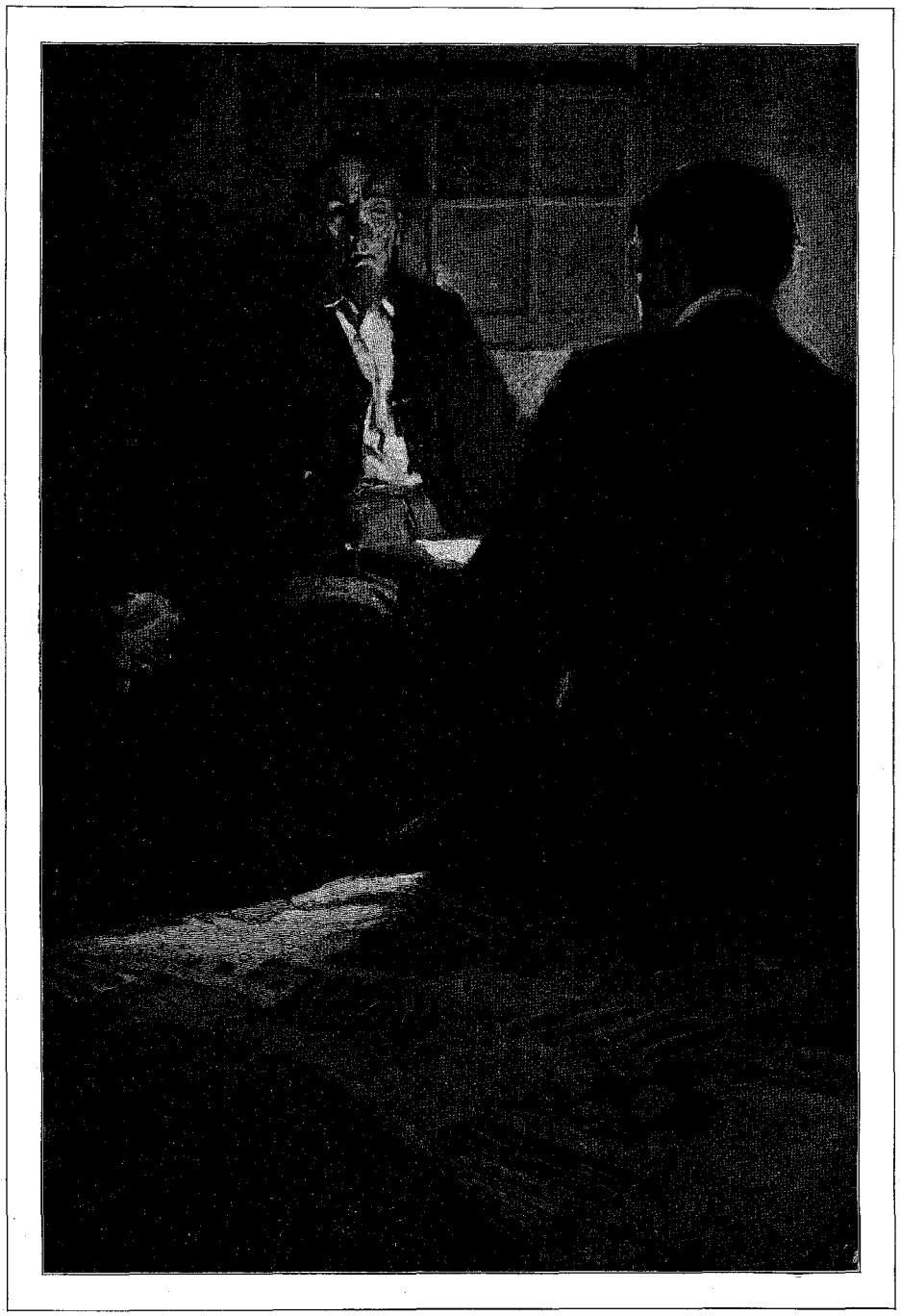
done at the Langham in 1860 or thereabouts. It is of extraordinary technical merit and aroused the enthusiasm of one of the finest etchers now living, who, when he saw it, declared it to be "one of the most interesting etchings in the world, almost unsurpassed for economy of line, assurance of execution, and brilliancy of effect." In striking contrast with this rather heavily bitten plate, with its full drawing and rich shadows, is the study of the old model at the Club. The record of the bitings appears in the copper itself as in the previous plate—a sufficient proof, if one were needed, that the artist was thinking only of self-instruction and that the possibility of public intrusion on his artistic privacy was never present to his mind. The plate gives us an example of Keene's most perfect and simple point-work, in which the economy of line is such that it could scarcely be carried further. The artist, we see, is now perfectly familiar with his method, and has cared to introduce no "effects" or artistic device whatever. His aim has been solely for line and character. He comes here close to Whistler, of whose etching he was a profound admirer. But he is closer still in the finely realized "Gamekeeper." Indeed, I believe that never did Whistler, with all his mastery and keen and delicate appreciation of the surface of things, show such grip of character as is to be seen in this fine plate, in which the man, standing with such splendid and firm vitality, so completely lives and breathes, and impresses the spectator with his sturdy personality. It extorted an exclamation, "It is as good as Rembrandt!" from another etcher of world-wide fame, who, startled into admiration, is not wont to be fired easily into enthusiasm.

The "Coast Scene, Devon"—a view on the shore at Seaton, beloved of Keene—though the simplest and least obtrusive, is the most perfect of the artist's landscape studies. It was "scratched" out in the open, the delicate lines of the leaning boats—the most difficult thing in all the world to draw—being put in on the spot with unhesitating ease and correctness; and the unsurpassable accuracy of the firm yet fine and tender lines that render the furthest distance, is a joy to the connoisseur of etching, not only for the nicety of their faintness, but for their quality as well. Technically, this must be recognized as a perfect plate.

Yet even as I write I ask myself if the "general reader" will listen with patience to criticism of this special sort; whether he will care for these subjects which of necessity lack sadly in interest for those who look for what is entertaining in illustrations rather than for the artistic quality alone. If so, he is no lover of the higher achievements of the etching-needle, and, as du Maurier would have put it, he prefers the ballad and the romance to the fugue and the symphony. Such indeed must be the preference of most; but the few who care will be thankful that the plates of Keene have been saved and given to the world, and that the portfolio of the amateur is to open once more to welcome the entry of a new master.*

* The illustrations are reproduced with the consent of Mr. Henry Keene, and Mr. Curtis of the Astolat Press, Guilford, England.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Denman Fink.

He stopped suddenly with a wide sweeping gesture of the hands.—Page 220.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE HONOR OF A MAN

By William R. Lighton

THE winter had been long and hard, and the spring was "backward." According to the general rule governing Western prairie winters, the snow-fall had been patchy, desultory, and wholly inadequate to the protection of the soil, so that the bitter cold had dug its way deep into the bared earth; thus entrenched, it offered stubborn resistance to the advance of the new season. In March the spring had thrown forward a scattering skirmish-line of clear days; but the skirmishers were weak and poorly armed with watery sunlight; their efforts availed nothing beyond thin mid-day thawings upon the very surface of the ground, which inexorably froze again at early nightfall. April was more than half gone ere the hardiest farmer ventured to set ploughshare into earth. It was discouraging. The preceding summer had been hot and dry; crops had been an almost total failure. No one pretended to say how this year would turn out; foreboding, rather than prophecy, was the prevalent mental tendency among the farmers of the region.

So far as his stolid habit of mind would allow, William Meitzler was filled with this foreboding one noonday in late April, as he bent his heavy form above the tin wash-basin which stood upon a bench just outside the kitchen-door. His two farm-hands lounged near by, awaiting their turns at the basin; but Meitzler's progress was slow, painfully slow. The skin upon his face had been roughened and chapped by the chill winds; his hands bore long raw cracks, in which the black soil clung tenaciously; the use of the coarse yellow soap was acute torture, and as he rubbed the lather back and forth his face was puckered with an expression of his suffering. But he was very hungry after the morning's labor, and within the kitchen his wife and the girls were busy with a clattering preparation of dinner; he was borne up by the sound.

"There's someone comin' in," one of the waiting men remarked. Meitzler was loath to straighten his aching back until he was done with his washing; but by twisting his head he could get a view of the driveway leading to the main road. A horse stood in the road, sniffing in search of stray blades of grass; its rider had dismounted and was fumbling with the unfamiliar latch of the gate. He got it open at last and led his horse up the driveway toward the house, feeling in his inner coat-pocket as he came. The curiosity of the farmer is of the dumb order; none of the men spoke until the stranger came up to them, holding a bundle of folded papers in his hand.

"Meitzler?" he asked, briefly.

"Yes," Meitzler answered with equal brevity, and keeping his bent pose above the basin.

"William Meitzler?"

"Yes; that's me."

The stranger separated one of the papers from its fellows. "My name's Murdock. I'm the deputy sheriff," he said. "This is for you I reckon."

Meitzler stiffly straightened himself and his face clouded. The soapy water still covered his hands and clung to his face and beard; the towel hung within the kitchen. "What is it?" he asked, guardedly.

"Can you read?" the deputy asked. "If you can't, I'll read it to you."

"Yes, I can read," Meitzler answered, stolidly. He took the proffered paper in his clumsy fingers. The dripping water made a hopeless smear of the ink; but he held the sheet before his eyes for a long time, staring at the maze of words. "What is it?" he asked again.

"Summons for jury service," Murdock explained. "May term; begins a week from to-morrow. Keep the copy, so you won't forget."

"Heh?" Meitzler questioned, dully. "Is that for me, sure? I guess not."

"Yes," the officer answered. "You were drawn with the rest."

Meitzler deliberated heavily. "Well, I guess I can't go," he said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The deputy indulged himself in a patient smile. "Durn the Dutch farmers!" he thought. "You'll have to come," he said aloud; "you've been drawn, like the rest. There's no way out of it."

"I guess there is," Meitzler returned with inert persistence. "I ain't got no time. I'm ploughin'. Next week I've laid out to plough the lower forty. I'm much obliged, but I can't come."

Murdock laughed in subdued fashion, then waived the point for the time being. "Can I get dinner here?" he asked.

"Yes; sure," Meitzler answered. He became at once the farmer-host, with a personal interest in his guest. "Want to wash up? Here you take next turn; the boys 'll wait on you." He refilled the basin and stood by, flirting the water from his hands and wringing it from his beard while Murdock made himself clean; that done, Meitzler led the way into the kitchen and to the corner where hung a coarse roller-towel.

"Another plate, Sarey," Meitzler addressed one of the hurrying girls; then he went to the door. "Take that horse to the barn and give him a feed of grain," he said to one of the men. "Better water him at the house-pump; it'll save time. Hurry up. We've got to save all the time we can," he explained to his guest, "the way spring is this year—cold, and then rains. Ploughin's terrible back; we won't get corn in for a blanked while yet." His big, fresh-air voice gave hearty emphasis to the one tabooed word. The deputy was not used to swearing in the presence of women; involuntarily he glanced at those in the kitchen to see how they would take it; but they gave no heed.

"I know," Murdock agreed. "That's what everybody says. I struck half a dozen this morning, with summonses, that said the same thing. It's pretty hard." He stood awkwardly by, half expectant of a presentation to the buxom matron, and perhaps also to the rosy girls; but none came.

"Dinner's ready," Meitzler said. "Sit down. Better sit over here; that's Jim's place." He heaped his own plate with stewed meat and vegetables, then turned the handle of the ladle toward his guest. "Help yourself," he said, briefly.

It was a robust dinner, according to the German habit; it was well cooked, and the morning ride in the sharp spring air had given Murdock a ravening appetite. The other men came in after a time and took their places. The women did not sit down, but devoted themselves to keeping the dishes filled from a seemingly unfailing supply in the deep kettles upon the stove. There was no attempt at speech while the meal went forward. Meitzler, deftly ambidextrous, careless of gentle ways with knife and fork, finished before the others; then leaned back in his chair, glancing anxiously out of the window.

"Cloudin' up some," he said, adding another oath with the same catholic breadth of expression. It meant nothing more than emphasis. "I swear, it does beat all!" He got up from his chair and walked to the door, where he stood staring gloomily out. "Rain, sure, before night — or snow, maybe; or hail—God knows. Bound to do somethin' to stop plantin'. Won't get corn in before dog-days," he wound up with a deep growl of pessimistic exaggeration.

The deputy followed to the door. "Too bad," he said, trying to make the words carry sympathy. "Mebbe it's just as well you've got a job at two dollars a day for a while." Meitzler looked around inquiringly. "On the jury, you know," the other suggested.

The spirit of April had entered into Meitzler; quick clouds seemed to gather lowering over the blue of his eyes. "Chury!" he exploded, angrily. "I toldt you I vould n't ko to no chury!" There is no naturalization of the Teuton so complete as to forefend those excited lapses of speech. "I aind't kot no time for no churies. I von't talk no more apout it."

Murdock was tempted to return sharp words; but crumbs of the hospitable dinner were in his teeth, and he forebore. "I'm sorry, Mr. Meitzler; but there's no way out of it. You'll have to come on the day term opens—week from to-morrow. There's lots of others as bad off as you are; but they'll all have to come."

Again Meitzler pondered heavily. "What if I don't?" he asked.

"Fine for contempt," the other answered, succinctly. "The judge would send me out to get you. That wouldn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be healthy. Costs too much. It's hard, I know; but it's part of the price we have to pay for living in a free country. Where did the boys put my horse?"

They walked together toward the barn, and both were silent while the horse was made ready for mounting.

"How much for my dinner, Mr. Meitzler?" Murdock asked from his saddle, holding a few coins in his hand. Meitzler stared stupidly for a moment.

"Nothin'," he growled. The deputy was inclined to take this as a tribute to his office; but Meitzler dispelled the illusion; "I don't charge nobody nothin' for dinner in my house."

"Well, but——"

"Oh, put your money away. That's part of the price you've got to pay for living in a free country, too." Rather awkwardly Murdock returned the coins to his pocket.

"Well, good-by," he said as he gathered up his bridle-rein. "I'll likely see you next week."

"Come out whenever you feel like it," Meitzler returned, doggedly. "I'll be right here on the farm till corn's all in, if it's all summer."

Murdock laughed with another essay at tolerance of such an affront to the dignity of Justice's machinery and methods. "You don't believe me, do you? Better talk about it with some of your neighbors; they'll tell you the same as I have. Makes no difference to me, you know; but I'd hate to see you get in trouble." His horse was picking its way down the lane; Murdock had to turn in his saddle and raise his voice to call back the last words. "Good-by!" he shouted. "Much obliged, too." But Meitzler answered nothing. He stood idly for a moment in the barn doorway, his eyes ruminant; then he turned upon his heel and stamped into the barn.

The term opened as terms always open. The county court-house was a red brick structure, its corridors dark, its rooms dingy. Darkness and dinginess appear to be inevitable accompaniments of the administration of justice more than of any other public affair. The assembled lawyers were of a part and piece with the general aspect. They did not affect the sombre conventional dress of more staid tribunals farther East; their dress was miscellaneous and generally shabby. Some wore clean linen; more did not. They bore all sorts of faces; some intelligent and alert, others merely cunning, with shifty eyes; some carried the palpable marks of dissipation. The bar of a country court is usually a priceless collection of curiosities. The litigants of the term were hardly less motley in appearance, coming as they did from all grades of life. The jury panel was the most homogeneous part of the assemblage; its members were farmers, for the most part, and dressed as such, in coarse work-clothing and rough boots, with a uniform brown dye upon their cheeks. The lawyers and a few of their clients were gathered within the bar; the jurors sat in a compact group beyond the rail, where they muttered complaints in one another's ears pending the opening of the court. Theirs was a common grievance.

A door swung open at the side of the judge's bench, and the sheriff, watchful for that sign, arose. In lieu of a more fitting emblem of his office he drew forth his heavy jack-knife and with it rapped loudly upon the bar-rail.

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye!" he called, awkwardly. "The honorable the Circuit Court for the County of Cooper is now in session." The judge entered, stepping with conscious dignity, and took his seat. The buzz of conversation and laughter ceased. The lawyers did not rise; those who still wore their hats took them off; those who were smoking laid aside their unfinished cigars, to resume them later. Such is the etiquette of the Western court.

After a time, and in the usual order of formalities of opening term, the judge announced: "If there are any jurors on the panel who wish to be excused, they will come up and give their reasons." Almost as one man the panel arose and stood before the bench. The judge's fat face wrinkled with amusement.

"Well," he permitted himself to say, with an unbending of solemn decorum; "you're a cheerful lot of public servants, aren't you?" His eyes glanced over the group of anxious faces. He picked upon one which seemed to express the general feeling. "You want to be excused, do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you? What reasons? What's your name?"

"Meitzler," the man answered. "This is what I say: I can't stay. My ploughin's only half done; I've got to finish it this week. That's all."

"Have you no men on your farm?" the judge asked.

"Two," Meitzler answered; "but just young fools. They don't know nothin', without me there. I've got to get back this afternoon." Some of the lawyers were laughing over such ingenuousness, and the judge's eyes were rebellious.

"I'm afraid you'll have to stay, Mr. — Mr. — if you have no other reason for asking to be excused. The business of the court can't be stopped by purely personal interests. Is that all?"

"But koot Kot!" Meitzler spluttered, filled with sudden anger. "I'm a poor man; I aindt kot notting but what I raiss efery year. I'fe kot to geep my family. I tondt haf notting to do mit gourts; what you think I care apout te gourts? I pay my tebdts, so——"

The judge rapped sharply upon his desk. "That will do!" he cried. His face had grown purple with offence, and hot words hung upon his tongue; but that was a farming district; he had been elected by the votes of farmers, and he had to think of future campaigns. "I'm sorry," he said, cooling from offended dignity to propitiation. "I know it's hard, gentlemen; but you can see for yourselves—it's impossible to excuse you for such reasons. If you were called upon to perform military service you wouldn't think of pleading your own interests, would you? Jury duty is equally a debt that every citizen owes to the country and its institutions; it's a sacred duty. We can't carry on the business of the courts without juries; we can't let a corn-crop stand in the way to interfere."

"But, Judge," Meitzler insisted; "our corn crop's a big thing to us; it's all we've got. I like to know how the courts in this State could go on if it wasn't for the corn-crop. They couldn't. There's plenty of men for juries, besides farmers, just when plantin's so behind." He was roused from his habitual lethargy of mind and tongue, and spoke impetuously. "Besides, I've *got* to raise a crop this year. I've got to finish payin' for my land to the railroad. I got behind last year, when the crop failed. The railroad 'll foreclose on me if I don't pay up this year."

But the judge shook his head inexorably. "You'll have to stay," he said. "Are there any others who have excuses?" Meitzler had apparently voiced the general plea; the men turned away together and reluctantly ambled back to their seats. The lawyers were not much affected, save one close-faced young man who sat against the rail, his eyes drooping but his ears awake. He heard Meitzler's last item of plaint and he stored it away in the back of his head. There was a possibility of that item proving useful.

On the third day the judge ran over his docket and announced: "The next case is Stratton against Overland Railroad Company. For trial. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

The case was in readiness for hearing. The lawyers upon either side took their places at the main baize-covered table. The clerk called the names of twelve jurors, who filed into the box. Meitzler was one of them. His jaw was set grimly, his eyes lowered. Those three days had been fair, and he was thinking of his "young fools" and their ploughing.

Every one knows the process of empanelling a jury for an important trial. It is dull work, with no element of relieving excitement. This case was no exception. Each juror was critically examined concerning his residence, his social and political affiliations and pedigree; one after another was challenged, and the vacancies were filled from the reserve. The close-faced young lawyer sat in the place of junior counsel for the railroad company. He said nothing to his associates above a whisper; even his whisperings were rare, but they were to the point. He was recognized as a man of acute parts, well skilled in picking a jury. Without appearing to take any interest in the proceedings, he saw everything, while he sat chewing upon a cigar and whittling at his pencil. Meitzler was somehow retained in the box. When questioned, he was dull, monosyllabic. He was the unconscious subject of one of the young lawyer's whispered communications to his associates. Stratton, the plaintiff, sat with his counsel at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side of the table nearest the jury, where his stump-leg—the cause of the litigation—was kept within range of potential sympathetic inspection.

When the jury was chosen and sworn, the afternoon was gone to the hour of adjournment. The judge formally cautioned the jury concerning its conduct and the dull room was emptied for the day. Weller, the young whisperer, went directly to the telegraph office at the railway station and wrote a cipher dispatch in which the name "Meitzler" had a place. When the dispatch was sent, he paced back and forth upon the station platform, smoking, waiting. A wire ran to the head-quarters-building of the railroad company in the neighboring city; an answer would be prompt. When the answer came, also in cipher, he read it hastily, then put it in his pocket and went to the hotel for supper.

After supper the railroad lawyers met in Weller's room. There were two besides Weller — Blumenthal, hoary and spectacled, the vigorous veteran of many hard fights, and Carpenter, a younger and stronger man, with a gift of court-room oratory. They had as yet held no consultation upon the case, save as concerned some perfunctory preliminaries. But now the jury was empanelled and there was need for concert of understanding.

"Well?" Blumenthal questioned, tersely, when they were seated. "What have you boys got to say? Carpenter, you've got the run of the evidence; how is it?"

"Oh, about as it always is," Carpenter answered. "Dead against us. What difference does it make, any way? There's the man with his leg off; there's no disputing that. The jury will see nothing else. They won't bother themselves with evidence."

"Oh, of course," Blumenthal acquiesced; "that's so. If the evidence is clean against us, we'll have to think. I didn't know but there might be enough in our favor to give us some chance of getting the case away from the jury. How about the judge? I don't remember him. Do we carry—is he——"

"We helped him." Carpenter supplied the information for which Blumenthal hinted a desire. "He owes us something—a great deal, in fact. But I'm afraid this isn't a case where we can use him—or not to any direct advantage. It's not much use to try it; the other side 's too full of fight. They won't quit in this court."

"Have you talked compromise?" Blumenthal asked.

"It's no good. Stratton isn't in the humor for it now—or his counsel aren't. He's too sharp to talk himself; he refers us to them, and they won't listen to any offer under five thousand. I've sounded them on that. We'll have to wear him out first. I've thought—We need delay; that's our only hope, so far as I can see, so as to tire him out and make him come down in his demands. I'll tell you what I've thought: Suppose I have a talk with the judge. I can probably fix it easy enough so that if the case goes against us with the jury—and of course it will—there'll be enough error in the record to give us a new trial. That would take the case over to another term; that 'd give us six months more in this court, anyway. The judge 'll do that much for us; he can do it without any possibility of compromising himself. It isn't much to ask, considering what we've done for him. What do you think?"

Blumenthal sat in silence for a few moments, turning the matter over in his thoughts. The plan appeared effective, with no great attending risk. He pursed his smooth-shaven lips and blew out a long breath, drumming with his fingers upon the chair-arm. By and by his glance strayed to Weller's alert face. Weller lacked experience as a counsellor, but the senior was quick to recognize the young man's native shrewdness. "Well, Tom?" he questioned. "Say what you think."

"I think you'd better not pull strings on the judge," Weller answered. "I'd keep them for use later, in some bigger case, maybe. He might think if he helped us out this time that he'd paid his debt; he might be intractable another time. I'd be inclined, rather, to try hanging the jury. I think it can be done." He drew from his pocket the dispatch received in answer to his own. "There's that fellow Meitzler—the fellow with a red beard that sits in the back row; remember him? Don't you remember, I advised against challenging him? He's got a contract for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eighty acres of our land that isn't paid for. He's delinquent a year in his payments. He's sober, and a hard worker, and the land department has been holding off on foreclosure. But there's no reason—the department don't have to wait indefinitely; understand? I'd advise getting them to write him a stiff letter right away, for a starter. If I were in charge of the case, I'd telegraph the department to-night, with instructions. He'd get the letter to-morrow, some time. That would pave the way for a little confidential conversation. That would be my plan. I've been thinking about it."

Blumenthal's brow contracted and he scanned the young face closely. Carpenter laughed.

"Well, you're fond of excitement, aren't you?" he said. "Lord, Tom; that's too risky! That would be the last thing I'd ever like to try—fixing a juror. It's dangerous. You never can tell how those fellows will jump. There's absolutely no calculating on the processes of those elemental minds."

"Yes, that's true, generally," Weller agreed. "But this fellow's different. I can read him like a book. He's no talker. If he's skilfully worked, he'll never say a word. I shouldn't have a bit of fear of that. He's no ordinary loose-tongued gabbler; he'd keep his mouth shut, no matter what else he'd do. He'd do that from pride. You can see he's altogether honest. That would be my strongest hold on him. It's perfectly easy to work an honest man, if you can touch him right—I mean one of those chaps who're just thoughtlessly honest, you might say—unconsciously, innocently honest. They're easy."

Little by little Blumenthal's features joined in a cumulative smile, and that passed into a broad laugh. "Tom, you'll be in Congress some day," he crowed.

"He'll serve a term or two in the penitentiary first," Carpenter grinned.

"Oh, no," Weller said in modest deprecation of the double compliment. "You two judge by appearances. It's not so hard as it looks. I'd like to try it. It's only my funeral, if I lose, and there'd be time enough afterward to try something else, if this failed."

When they had talked for a time, swinging the pendulum of probabilities back and forth, Weller went out triumphant to send his second dispatch. Translated, this read: "Re land contract William Meitzler delinquent write emphatic letter immediately insisting payment threatening foreclosure advise me by letter same mail." When the message was on the wire, Weller returned to join his associates, and they whiled the time until midnight over a spirited game of draw poker.

Nowhere is important business transacted with greater celerity than in the head-quarters of a railroad—that is, when celerity is deemed expedient. Weller's second telegram reached its destination at eight o'clock in the evening; before nine, the letter which he suggested had been written to Meitzler and carried by a clerk to the mail-train soon to leave for the West. With it went a letter of advice to Weller, enclosing a copy of the other. Weller got his letter from the post-office before the opening of court on the following morning. When he took his place at the table, as the jurors filed into the box, he watched Meitzler furtively. Meitzler's was not an ordinary tell-tale face; but Weller saw lines of trouble drawn upon it; he saw also that as the trial progressed through the morning, Meitzler was not always attentive to the evidence, but sat for a great part of the time with his chin fallen upon his breast, his lips working, his hard fingers knotted together. There was no throb of compunction in the lawyer's heart; he was trained to look upon such matters impersonally; he kept his conscience for use in his own affairs, in which he had a clean name for honorable conduct. In his capacity as counsellor in this case he was only the lawyer—a wheel in the administrative machinery of the corporation which paid him his salary and made it possible for him to indulge his finer feelings in private life. So strangely do we contradict ourselves sometimes, under the stress of affairs!

Weller was in no hurry to follow up that first stroke; he thought it better to allow Meitzler to brood for a time in solitary anxiety. As the day passed the bearing of the poor dull German became for Weller the single interest in the court-room; he paid no attention to the shifting current of the trial; he was busied with watching

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the least new sign which Meitzler might give; his deft mind let no smallest gesture or expression escape, for each was a token of import concerning the mental and spiritual attitude of the man with whom he would soon have to deal. He was pleased to see that as the hour of evening adjournment approached, Meitzler's manner sank from nervous perturbation to apparent apathy; for that comported quite well with his reading of the man's character. He wanted to have his victim in apathetic mood before essaying the execution of his own immediate part in the plan.

None of the jurors lodged at the hotel; they had scattered through the town, seeking the cheapest possible bed and board. Meitzler had found shelter in a private house, where a bare room was to let for a pittance; he took his meals hap-hazard where he could get them for the least money, and measured to the exigencies of his appetite. On this day he had saved the cost of two meals; for after the receipt of his letter in the morning he could not eat. That harsh, formal letter was to him a thing of vast significance; it threatened homelessness, it meant despair; his plodding mind could see in it only instant ruin. He knew nothing of the law's processes, for he had always lived honestly and at peace with his fellows; that manner of life precludes acquaintance with many forms of knowledge. He gave his own simple interpretation to the letter's phrase, "proceedings will be immediately instituted in foreclosure;" — that must of necessity mean to-day or to-morrow. In his fierce anxiety he wondered whether eviction might not have taken place and his family been turned adrift in his absence. What would they do? They might find a temporary home with a neighbor; yes, of course they would; he knew the temper of his lowly neighbors. But he could not dissipate his craving, anxious fears; he longed to be at home, there to take his due place as the fighting, protecting head of his little household. If the interests of Stratton, the one-legged plaintiff, had depended upon him that day for their conservation, Stratton must have suffered considerably, for Meitzler's brain was in a dizzy whirl. He could with difficulty sit through the dreary hours of unwilling service on the jury; he was glad when five o'clock came, with release from duty, so that he could be alone.

When he left the court-house he did not linger with his fellow-jurors for the usual discussion of the season's affairs; he left them at once and walked quickly up the street toward his lodging-house. The walk was not long, for the town was small; it was an easy matter for Weller, following upon the opposite side of the street, with what aimlessness he could assume, to keep him within sight. When he had noted the place of Meitzler's lodgement, he went by another route to the hotel, where he ate a substantial supper.

With slow steps Meitzler climbed the darkening stairway to his room; there he sat down by the window and drew the company's letter from his pocket. It was badly crumpled from several previous readings; but he spread it out, smoothing it over his knee, and held it up for another reading. He carefully observed every word, to be sure that he had not misunderstood. No, he had not misunderstood. The letter was short and to the point; he could not misunderstand it if he would. When he had finished reading, with attention absorbed to the last brisk curve of the pen-stroke in the signature, he returned the letter to his pocket and sat motionless, staring out of the window. He was hardly thinking; he hardly knew how to think; he was only perplexed and fearful.

It was almost dark when he was aroused by a sharp rap upon the outer house-door. He heard that someone opened the door and that there was a brief parley in the hall-way; then steps ascended the stairs and the incisive rap was repeated upon his own door.

"Come in," he said, inertly, and a dim figure entered. Daylight was too far gone to allow of his seeing the visitor's face clearly; but he did not much care to see it. "Who's that?" he asked.

"My name is Weller," was the answer. "Is this Mr. Meitzler?"

"Yes," Meitzler returned. He did not know the name. He did not rise from his chair, nor offer any sign of hospitality; he waited indifferently for his visitor to declare himself. But that was not to be thought of. Weller had no intention of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groping in literal darkness; figurative darkness might be trying enough.

"I'd like to speak with you for a moment," Weller said, "if you'll not object to giving me a little of your time."

"All right," Meitzler agreed, still motionless.

"Can we—can we have a light, please?" Without answer, Meitzler got up and lit an evil-smelling kerosene lamp that stood upon his table; that done, he resumed his seat. There was no other chair in the room. After a glance around, Weller sat down upon the edge of the narrow bed, bestowing an easy smile upon the German. Meitzler recognized him with no show of concern; the presence of the lawyer meant nothing to him. Through all his day-long brooding, he had not identified the defendant in the suit with the company which was his own creditor; he was so dull, so slow!

"Mr. Meitzler," Weller began, "didn't you say, when you were examined the other day, that you live in Phenix Precinct?"

"Phenix Township," Meitzler corrected.

"Township—yes, of course. Is that township like most of the others in the State, six miles square?"

"Yes, I guess it is."

"Well, that's a good deal of territory. I don't know what part of the township you live in," Weller said, with an easy lie; "but our company—the railroad, you know—has some large interests out there, along its right of way. Its land-grant lands have been sold to settlers, under contract, and the company's interested, of course, in kind of keeping the run of affairs and seeing how the settlers are getting along. Part of my business here on this trip is to find out the condition of things, so far as I can. That's why I came to see you—hearing you say that you live out in that direction. Do you know any of the farmers on the railroad lands?"

"Yes," Meitzler answered, simply.

"I suppose you sort of neighbor together a good deal, even over a whole township. Six miles doesn't mean very much, in the country. How are the farmers along the road getting on? What sort of a crop had they last year; do you know?"

Meitzler's eyes narrowed a little as he listened; very slowly he was grasping the facts of identity. He waited for a little time before answering. "Oh, not much," he said. "Poor, crops was, last year."

"Yes; that's what we understood. At least, there were a good many delinquencies under our contracts last fall. Maybe you know our lands have been sold mostly on annual instalments. Last fall quite a lot of purchasers defaulted. They said it was because of crop shortage; but I was instructed to look into the matter a little, if I had time. I'm glad to find that you know something about it; it may save me a trip out there." He was merely talking against time now, offering to the other man a chance for speech when he chose to speak.

"Yes; I know about it," Meitzler said, by and by. Acting upon impulse, he drew from his pocket the fateful letter and silently handed it to Weller, who looked at it with a show of surprise.

"What's this?" he asked. "From our road? Do you want me to read it?" Meitzler answered nothing, and Weller opened the letter, which he read with every expression of lively interest. "Well," he said, with an effort at semblance of sincerity; "that's too bad, Meitzler. I'd no idea that you were one of the delinquents. That's too bad." He slowly returned the letter to its envelope and gave it into Meitzler's hand. "But you have no idea how general this delinquency has been all over the State the past two or three years. Ordinarily the land department wouldn't object to a little indulgence toward honest men who're trying to do their best; but when delinquency gets to be the rule and not the exception, of course that's another proposition; the company's got to stiffen up with everyone. It won't do to show preferences, you know. It don't make it any easier for the men to know that others are in the same boat; but the company simply couldn't let things go on that way; it's out of the question."

"Yes," Meitzler agreed again; then, after another pause: "My Kot, it is hardt! I tondt know what I'm koin' to do. Last year dry, dry, dry; hodt, hodt, hodt; und tis year wedt, wedt, wedt, und coldt, coldt, coldt! Und ten tis tam chury——" He stopped suddenly, with a wide, sweeping

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gesture of the hands, and his chin dropped upon his breast. Weller, keenly watchful, felt a pleasurable thrill of excitement and satisfaction; his path was opening of itself before him. He must not be precipitate. He kept unmoved silence, waiting, watching for the next sign from his victim. Meitzler was slow to give another sign; he sat in his dejected attitude until the dead silence grew oppressive. At last he raised his head, plunging his hands deep into his trousers pockets.

"Oh, well; I don't care," he said, wearily. "I can't pay up now. I reckon I'll have to get out and start over again somewheres else. I ain't so very old."

"Oh, I wouldn't feel that way about it, just yet," Weller said, warily. "Maybe it isn't quite so hopeless as that. Maybe your contract could be fixed up some way." He paused discreetly, determined to compel a question from Meitzler. The question came faintly, after a moment:

"Fixed up? I don't see how. I ain't got nothing to fix it up with."

"No; I don't mean you could pay it at once. To borrow money on the security of the land is probably out of the question; nobody likes to lend money on a contract for a deed. And money's so tight now it would be hard to borrow on personal security. I wasn't thinking of immediate payment. There may be some other way that would be satisfactory to both sides."

Meitzler knew no tricks of the eyes; he had never used his eyes save in honest straightforwardness. There was something very child-like in his unabashed stare; it made Weller feel curiously uncomfortable and his own eyes dodged the meeting. He felt a certain dissatisfaction, almost disgust, over the ease of his part in the conference. He had hoped that some artful manœuvring might be necessary; in fact there was no demand for anything but artlessness.

"What do you mean?" Meitzler questioned.

"Well, Mr. Meitzler," Weller returned, with an assumption of hearty brusquerie; "you're a plain business man; I guess I can say at once what I mean, without any beating about the bush. Of course you'll understand that mum's the word. You won't say anything about what I'm going to propose? It wouldn't do to have it talked about, you understand. I'd like to have you promise that you'll keep it to yourself, no matter how it strikes you."

"All right," Meitzler promised.

"Well, then, it's just here: You can do the company a good turn, if you will, without costing you anything and without hurting yourself a bit. Our company appreciates favors from its friends, and I've no doubt—in fact, I'll undertake to guarantee that if you'll do what you can for us, your delinquency won't bother you until you have plenty of time to take care of it. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes; that's what I want," Meitzler answered. His wits were groping. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you're on the Stratton jury. Stratton's going to get his money out of us, sooner or later—we can't help it. But we want a little time to turn around and come to some understanding with him. He's been pushing us to trial; he's excited over the loss of his leg. I don't blame him very much; but he's been unduly hasty. The delay won't keep him from getting his money; we haven't any intention of doing that. He's lost his leg, all right, and he deserves to get something for it. He's been unreasonable, that's all, or we'd have been able to settle long ago." He paused again, to give Meitzler's slow brain time for absorbing the suggestions and putting them in sequence.

"Well?" Meitzler prompted. "I don't see——"

"It's nothing very much that we'd ask you to do. When the case goes to the jury, we'd take it as a great favor if you could see that there's a disagreement as to the verdict; that's all. You can do that easy enough, without compromising yourself or injuring Stratton. We expect the jury to go against us; they can't help it, very well, with the evidence that Stratton's offered. We don't ask you to vote against him; you couldn't do that, probably, with a clear conscience. Vote any way you please, only so you—so the others don't vote just as you do. We don't want the jury to agree on the amount of its verdict. That's easy enough, isn't it? That will take the case over to another term, and in the meantime we can fix up a settlement with Stratton. That's what we mean to do, any way; but we want to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find him in a reasonable frame of mind, which he hasn't been yet."

He had spoken deliberately, one slow sentence following upon another, with long pauses. Meitzler had kept his unwavering gaze upon the clear-featured face, intent that he should follow. But, though his eyes were steadfast, his wits were hopelessly entangled. Never before in his simple life had he been confronted with a course of conduct wherein he could choose any but the way of straight, blunt, candid integrity. He was now getting to be almost an old man. As he sat staring at Weller, his thoughts were not with his farm nor with his household; they were wholly in that barren room with its stinking lamp and this other foul thing borne in Weller's words. Through his life he had cherished an innocent faith in his kind; for among his own people he had found honor to be held sacred. He had heard tales of dishonor; he had chosen to regard them as nothing more than idle tales; he would not believe in them. He did not like to think any man capable of baseness. Far less had he thought that dishonor could ever be presented to himself for deliberate choice. He must have been puzzled to trace the mental process which led him to recognize dishonor in Weller's words, and to recoil; nevertheless his recoil was distinct, definitive. As the silence lengthened, Weller wished with all his heart that the man would say something; but his lips were dumb.

"As I say, the company would regard that as a great favor, and they'd be willing to do you a favor in return, and everything could be fixed up all right. I'll guarantee that you'd be able to keep your place."

Swiftly Meitzler's thoughts flew to his home, and for an instant dull despair was upon him; then he came back to the present.

"That would be an easy thing for you to do, wouldn't it?" Weller asked.

After a few throbbing seconds Meitzler aroused himself, drawing a deep sighing breath. "Yes; that would be easy," he said.

Weller arose briskly and picked up his hat. "Well, then, there's no need to say anything more now. Just keep the matter in mind, however, and I'll see you again in a day or two. There's no hurry; I suppose the trial will drag along for a week yet. These damage cases are always slow. I'll see you again pretty soon, and maybe I can give you a suggestion or two that will make the matter easier for you. I'm glad you look at it the way you do; it helps us both out. Good-night to you." He put on his hat and started for the door, leaving Meitzler sitting in his chair, his hands still buried in his pockets. Weller was groping in the dark hall, his foot feeling for the topmost stair.

"Say!" Meitzler called, and Weller looked back into the room. "Come in here," Meitzler said; "I ain't done talkin' yet." A little perplexed, but hiding his perplexity beneath a smile, Weller came in, closing the door. Meitzler had risen from his chair.

"You sit down," he said. Brusquely he crowded the lawyer into the vacant seat, then stood before him, his shoulders raised from their habitual stoop, his big blue eyes kindling with a new light. When blue eyes light with just anger, their threat is formidable. Before another word was spoken, the lawyer was vaguely wishing himself away; but he could not get away; he was effectually fenced into his corner by the farmer's spreading strength. Meitzler's lips worked convulsively for a time, while he struggled to control them.

"Say!" he exploded at last. "You ko to —— mit you!" His gigantic toil-marked right hand he had drawn from its sheltering pocket, and its gnarled forefinger was pointed into the lawyer's face. Flushing with quick anger, then paling with quick fear, Weller tried to rise; but Meitzler stood over him, palpitating with readiness for instant action, and he wisely kept his seat. He tried to form a propitiating smile; but the smile was conceived in weakness and died in birth.

"Why, Mr. Meitzler; what's the matter?" he managed to say.

"Tondt talk to me!" Meitzler thundered. "You tefil's pup! You say anoder vordt to me, I'll chuck you oudt te winder. I'm koin' to talk now!" But he was a long time in finding words for going on; he stood shaking with rage, while Weller sat in helpless silence. "Oh, I tell you; I wish you wass pig, like me! You know whadt?—you or me vouldt ket

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

killdt!" With a gesture of disgust he jerked back his menacing hand and turned away, striding back and forth across the little room, knotting his hands together and biting upon his lips.

"Mr. Meitzler, you've got to let me say something," Weller said, gathering a little courage as the other man's tongue lay impotent. "Look here; I didn't mean that you should take this the way you have." Which was a speech ludicrously true. Meitzler was not looking for the ludicrous.

"You lie!" he roared. "Tondt I know what you meandt? You meandt to pribe me; tat's what you meandt!" He continued in his lion-like walk across the room. Little by little the fire died down in his eyes until they showed only the ashes of his passion. He sat down upon the bed, looking into Weller's face intently, almost with pleading. "I'd like to know," he said, his speech once more normal; "I'd like to know why men have got to be so hard on each other. I don't see the use of it." Then, after a long pause: "I've never been hard on anybody, like this—like you are to me."

Weller's glance was downcast. He was suffering the chagrin of hurt professional pride—a suffering always keen in the breast of a young man. For the first time in his experience his acute instincts had led him astray. There was something wofully incongruous in it—he, the trained man of affairs, winning already a more than local repute for brilliant achievements and still more brilliant promise—he to suffer the ignominy of scorned defeat by this poor, stupid, chaotic intelligence. He did not stop to think that this was not the shame of intellectual defeat, but the shame which must always come when even the least shade of dishonor meets face to face with unbending integrity; he was too much abashed and disturbed to admit of discernment of the fact; he did not yet see that his defeat was personal, not professional.

"I won't do it, Mister," Meitzler said. "I can't. I was brought up different. My father was honest, and his father was honest. Where I came from, people knew that if a man named Meitzler said anything, it was the truth. I was trained up that way, and when I had a son—if he had lived—Well, it don't matter about that. I won't do it. The company will have to foreclose; that's all; and they'd better do it right away, too." He stood up, shaking himself as though to cast off something which lay heavy upon his shoulders. "Now you better get out of this, quick. I don't want you to stay here."

Weller did not look up. He felt that he was slinking rather than walking toward the door. He shut himself into the dark hall, glad to have the closed door between himself and his anomalous vanquisher. Then a qualm of fear came upon him, and he returned.

"Mr. Meitzler," he said, "I hope you aren't going to say anything about this. You know you promised——" But Meitzler stopped him with an imperious gesture.

"Don't you be afraid. I'd be ashamed to tell anything about it—that anybody had tried to bribe me." Still Weller lingered. In some strange way he had been lifted out of his office of counsellor into his private capacity, wherein he was something of a man.

"Mr. Meitzler, I've played a poor part, I'm afraid. I've been mistaken in you. I came here with an evil purpose; you've found it out. I haven't any excuse to offer; I suppose there isn't any that would be good. But I'd like to say before I go that you needn't worry about your contract. You won't be foreclosed." He made bold to offer his hand. Meitzler looked at the hand dully; then his own hands sought the refuge of his pockets.

"The company can do as it damn pleases," he said. "I'm goin' to move off as soon as I get back. I won't stay. It ain't too late yet to stand somewhere else on another place. I don't want nothin' more to do with it, after this."

Out of doors, Weller walked the quiet streets for a long time, trying to compose himself. The sharp chill of the air was grateful to his flushed cheeks. After a half hour he felt enough like himself to venture to return to the hotel. He went at once to Blumenthal's room, where he found his two associates smoking.

"Well?" Blumenthal asked.

Weller laughed. "I'm done up," he said: "A primeval cave-man, that Dutchman is. I reckon Carpenter had better tackle the judge."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CENTENARY OF ALFIERI AT ASTI

By T. R. Sullivan

ITALY holds her poets in grateful remembrance. And since by tradition her poets are active patriots as well, they leave behind them a double claim upon her memory which is always nobly recognized. Not only in her Valhalla of Santa Croce, at Florence, has she recorded their woes and their triumphs in splendid monuments of marble; but also in the lesser provincial cities their statues are set up, to mark some accident of birth or fortune. Wherever their wandering feet once strayed, the association is revived to-day in lasting memorials. The Italians have the gift of emphatic terseness in inscriptions. And the foreign traveller, coming unexpectedly upon one of these in some grass-grown square or empty street, reads the sculptured words with reverence, and recalls anew the long, patient struggle which led to the conquest of Italian liberty.

It was inevitable that the close of the first century following the death of Vittorio Alfieri—one of the "four minds, which, like the elements, might furnish forth creation"—whom Mazzini called the first modern Italian, should be marked by some fitting ceremonial; and the city of his birth, Asti, in Piedmont, naturally claimed the right to its observance. The date fixed was the hundredth anniversary of his death, October 8, 1903. For months preceding it the authorities spared no pains of preparation for their festivity. Asti, a prosperous community of 40,000 inhabitants, flourishing amid its famous wine-growing district, stands picturesquely in the wide valley of the Tanaro, encircled by vine-clad hills. The ancient Asta, it was once a fortified stronghold; and though it has outgrown the old walls, portions of them remain, as well as some of the gates, which with many sturdy towers of fine proportion—the ornaments and landmarks of its intricate thoroughfares—give the city a mediæval look, remote and distinctive. It is, however, to-day alert, thriving; a garrison town still, with fluttering *bersaglieri*, who march briskly from barracks and parade to a very lively bugle quickstep; and its later distinction, born with Alfieri, has never been allowed to slumber. The long, busy Corso, winding from the Turin to the Alessandria gate, bears the poet's name; so does the vast, central, heart-shaped Piazza, midway in which stands his marble

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statue. The well-built theatre is, of course, the Teatro Alfieri. On the market-place near by, the stir of small trade seems coupled with intelligent interest in literature. Good books are displayed in the shop-windows. Everywhere, too, are signs of enlightened public spirit. There are no beggars in the streets; the poor are well considered; the schools and hospitals are modern buildings of good architectural effect; and, finally, the leading citizens manifest an open-handed munificence, broadly emulative, not only ready, but likewise eager, for prompt action in time of need.

To one such citizen, Count Leonetto Ottolenghi, is due the external renovation of Alfieri's birthplace, a handsome eighteenth-century palace at a turn of the Corso, above mentioned. The poet's parents, as he writes in the opening sentence of his autobiography, were noble, upright, and well to do. Their stately apartments, carefully tended, have been kept intact, with all mural decorations, pictures, mirrors, furniture, even to that of the chamber where the son, Vittorio, was born—anno 1749, as recorded on a marble tablet in the wall above the bed. Nothing is changed within. But without, one end of the palace was formerly encumbered with unimportant, shabby buildings that now are swept away, to make room for the beautiful little Piazza Umberto I, which an old sycamore tree overshadows; and there, during the last six months, the house was given a new façade, conforming with the old one. The scheme, thoughtfully planned, is justified by the results, all in admirable taste. On the Piazza side have been inserted two inscriptions supplementing an older record upon the Corso. One of these is a remarkable quotation from Alfieri's ninety-second sonnet, written near the close of his life, wherein he predicts the gratitude of future generations. "Already," he declares, "I hear them say:

> *"'O Vate nostro in pravi*
> *Secoli nato, eppur create hai queste*
> *Sublimi età che profetando andavi.'"**

The implication of sublimity for the present moment in the choice of these ringing lines would be somewhat startling, perhaps, were it not that the entire sonnet, well known to Alfieri's countrymen, deals with the regeneration of Italy, then but a forlorn hope, now fortunately realized. The second inscription, unveiled during the festal week, proclaims that these prophetic words of the poet are gratefully reiterated by a free, united people, one hundred years after his death. With this illuminating commentary, the unusual tribute seems felicitous and just.

The date of the festival happily coincided this year with that of Asti's movable autumnal feast, the vintage. Grapes and foaming must are her chief commercial resources; as the crop goes, so goes Asti, according to a local by-word; and since the latest crop, though of meagre quantity, proved excellent in quality, cheerfulness prevailed. The harvesting was in progress when the memorable week of cloudless skies began; and those who followed its details for the first time found them an unfailing source of pleasure. Daily, from dawn to dusk, a continuous procession of white oxen, bulls, or cows, yoked in pairs, circled round the great square, dragging loads of purple grapes along the Corso and its tributaries to every court-yard in the town. The carts, of uniform construction, resemble huge sarcophagi, and the load is heavy. A high wooden yoke, strapped to the horns of the animals, aids them in its draught. They are patient, gentle, slow, and need no urging; but fix watchful eyes a few paces in advance upon the boy who guides them, generally by signs alone. When the load is hauled, they are unyoked to chew the cud in a corner of the court; while a peasant, bare-footed and bare-legged, climbs into the cart, to begin the laborious treading process, working his way down through the heap and occasionally refreshing himself with one of its topmost bunches as he goes. Soon his legs and feet are stained crimson by the juice, which pours out from the bottom of the cart through a wooden pipe into a tub placed to receive it. When the pipe runs dry, the crushed mass within is removed for further extraction in a wine-press; and it is commonly subjected to a third pressure for the thin wine of the contadini, called *vinello*.

That is the primitive labor, which, during the first week of October, goes on in

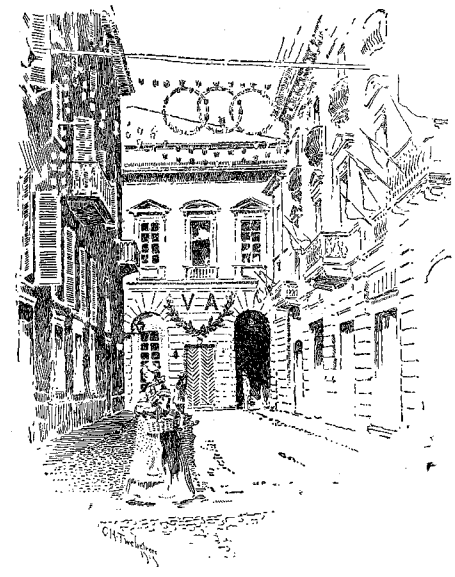
*Or, roughly translated into English blank verse:
O bard of ours, in the days
Of darkness born, thou didst indeed create
This age sublime that well thy verse foretold!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Asti's courts, making a series of *genre* pictures, irresistible to the stranger within her gates. The sunlight streams over red-tiled roofs and vine-covered walls upon the merry, trampling servitor and his attendants, upon the mild-eyed oxen and the bubbling wine-vat. All is cheer, friendliness, and courtesy. He who stops to look is urged to stay, to try the fresh grapes or a glass of last year's wine; even to visit the cellar and the household. If the stranger is American, it will be assumed that Spanish is his native language. For the North American is so rare a bird, that no one can remember when he last checked his hurried flight at Asti.

With this animated background of exceptional interest and beauty, the Alfieri feast was introduced, three days before its time, by another important ceremony, viz.: the unveiling of an equestrian statue of the late King, Umberto—the first put up in Italy—in the new square which perpetuates his name. The bronze group, heroic in size, is a spirited work of the Piedmontese sculptor, Tabacchi; facing it was a royal pavilion of crimson and gold, where in full general's uniform stood the Duke of Aosta, nephew of Umberto and first cousin to the present king; surrounding him were the city dignitaries, the Syndic of Asti, Commendatore Bocca, the sculptor, and other distinguished guests. Two smaller pavilions, crowded with ladies gayly dressed, flanked the statue. The Italian colors flickered everywhere in the morning sunshine; and at the appointed hour troops of military and civic societies, bearing wreaths and banners, filed into the square to group themselves in order about the pedestal. After presentations and addresses, happily short, the veil was withdrawn, the band struck up the royal march, the Duke, attended, moved slowly round the statue, inspecting it on all sides, stopping now and then for a word with some veteran standard-bearer; then drove off to breakfast down the decorated Corso. The populace retired for a time. But all that day and evening the contadini thronged in from the hills; until, after sunset, when the general illumination of the city began, the square and its adjacent streets became almost impassable, yet with no sign of disorder. The crowd, which included many women and small children, was well-behaved; reverent, even, in its expression of patriotic enthusiasm.

A Contadino.



The theatre (Teatro Alfieri), Asti.

For three days more the vintage proceeded without interruption. Then on the morning of the 8th, the birthplace was thrown open to visitors. The ground floor of the palace contains a small museum, and a library with some of the poet's manuscripts. But the true goal of pilgrimage lies in the series of rooms above, running the whole length of the *piano nobile*, especially in the chamber where Alfieri first saw the light. There hangs the portrait, painted for his sister, in 1798, by his friend, Saverio Fabre. This fine picture, in fine condition, is a three-quarters' length of the poet's figure, seated, with a red cloak draped about him and a beautiful intaglio set in a ring upon his hand. The pose is unconstrained, the expression thoughtful, dignified, sympathetic. More than any other existing likeness it presents

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lofty ambition and intellectual power of the man—that, too, most vividly and attractively. So one would have him look, so one feels that he must have looked in the serenity of his later years. It is a genuine work of art, singularly refined and pleasing, from the hand of a painter otherwise little known. Alfieri's original letter to his sister, which accompanied the picture, is framed upon the wall beside it. And on the back of the canvas he wrote his translation of two lines from Pindar, expressing life's evanescence, since man at his best is but a shadow and a dream.

Aside from these rooms the traces of Alfieri at Asti are few and far between. That is easily explained by the fact that he left his native city when he was only nine years old—as it happened, never to return. The early chapters of the autobiography deal with his childhood there, its mishaps, its small failings, its punishments; dwelling upon one of the last, which consisted in forcing him to wear his nightcap to church—once to the small, unfrequented Carmine near his home, and again to the larger church of San Martino in the heart of the town. The penalty seems by no means harsh, yet it so distressed him that it was never again repeated. These two churches still remain, probably much as they were in Alfieri's time. There is also a sunny house with a walled garden, to which his mother removed after his father's death—a house which the boy must have known. Certain of the surrounding streets undoubtedly retain the aspect familiar to him. Otherwise, the Mecca of the birthplace and its Kaaba, the birth-chamber, stand alone.

On the evening of the 8th the city was again illuminated; this time, in Alfieri's honor. Slender, graceful arches spanned the Corso at short intervals. These, adorned with the city arms, wreathed with pine, laurel, and clusters of palm-leaves, were so treated as to be decorative even by day. By night, aglow with thousands of tiny lamps in red, white, and green, the national colors—some following the lines of the arch, others hanging from it in full, grape-like clusters—they produced an effect which was the triumph of good taste in the employment of simple means. The public buildings and private palaces blazed with light and color. Long festoons of lamps gleamed in the great Piazza, where the usual gas-jets were embellished with ornamental burners, and the statue stood out against a fiery arch, grander than all the rest, inscribed with the titles of the poet's tragedies. The view, either from the crowded pavement or from some upper window commanding square and Corso, was a wonder of fantastic gayety. Yet in its way nothing could have been less elaborate. Candles and colored glass, that was all! But all was so well disposed as to

Birthplace of Alfieri, Asti.

give a definite impression of artistic skill, with no sense of overdoing.

That night, the key-note of the commemoration was struck in the performance of "Saul" at the Teatro Alfieri. This tragedy is conceded to be the poet's masterwork—his battle-charger, as the Italians say; and the conditions of its recital were wholly favorable. The theatre is airy and well arranged; graceful in its lines, of imposing size, yet not too large for comfort. Its five tiers were filled not only with the flower of Asti, but with visitors of note from all parts of Italy. Every tier bore a row of medallions descriptive of Alfieri's work. And the curtain, by some local scene-painter, represented his apotheosis, with Fame blowing her trumpet before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him, and his tragic heroes and heroines grouped below in appropriate attitudes.

Like most of Alfieri's plays, "Saul" holds strictly to the "unities," and has but one scene for its five acts: the camp of the Israelites at Gilboa on the last day of the king's life. The cast was a strong one. There are only six parts, three of these being comparatively unimportant; but all were well played. The *Saul* was Salvini; the *David*, his oldest son, Gustavo—an actor of long experience and the best possible training—who has become a favorite with the Italian public, and is now famous at home and abroad.

Saul does not appear in the first act, of which *David* is the dominant figure. It was seen at once that the son, apart from professional facility, has inherited many of the father's natural gifts. He is tall, handsome, graceful; with a strong, full voice, perfectly controlled. The act, purely introductory, makes few emotional demands. But the part is a new one to him, and its unfolding aroused keen interest. At the close, he was heartily recalled.

With *Saul's* entrance at the opening of the second act the strong scenes of the play begin, and thenceforward the interest advances in dramatic crescendo. The old king, haunted by dreams of his approaching fate, passes swiftly from gentle melancholy to black despair, which is relieved by gleams of tenderness and hope's most flattering illusions. In one moment he is proud of his valorous son-in-law, *David*, the people's champion, and submits the conduct of the battle to his hands. In the next, he finds treachery in his nearest and dearest, in every friend an enemy; and, jealous of *David's* prowess, turns upon him with blind, doting fury—only to recall him to his arms. He bids *David* play upon his harp, to stir him with a war-song, to soothe him with a song of peace. Then, at a word, his fitful jealousy breaks forth once more, and he threatens the champion's life with drawn sword.

In the fourth act the lightning of *Saul's* rage is launched against the priesthood. He condemns the high-priest, *Achimelech*, in the fiercest terms, to a lingering death, and orders a general massacre of the people. Then his mind, giving way, is darkened by dreadful visions of the wrath to come. The victorious Philistine trumpet renews his present woes and restores his reason. But his sons are slain; he dismisses his daughter and her attendants to a place of safety. And in the final moment, left alone, he falls upon his sword as the conquering host swarms into the camp, where *Saul* lies dead upon the field—to the last, royal.

It need hardly be said that Salvini finds in this varied conflict of the passions a part worthy of his genius, whereof all the exacting requirements seem amply fulfilled. In his crimson and gold garments, with crown, mantle, and jewelled girdle, his is a superb presence, kingly, oriental, barbaric; vigorous, yet restrained, through all its shifting phases, and always intensely human. The range of his unequalled voice was never more apparent. In a word, the part, as he plays it, can only be compared with his own Shakespearian impersonations—the *Lear*, the *Macbeth*, the *Othello*. It has long held its own with these in Italy. If its appeal to a cosmopolitan public is less direct, that is only because he has Alfieri behind him in it, and not Shakespeare.

In his autobiography Alfieri described *Saul* as his favorite character, comprising every conceivable emotion; but complained that he had never seen it properly interpreted. During his Florentine life, occasionally he played the part himself, at his own house, before select audiences, in dilettante fashion; and, painfully aware of his shortcomings, regretted that he was not an actor, since none then living could do it justice. The *Saul* of Asti, with all Italy in attendance, brought home, literally, the contrast between his day and ours. And it also brought to mind some lines of a later poet, Calamati, which may be aptly quoted here, even in a halting English paraphrase. They were addressed to the writer's brother, from Marseilles, in 1886.

> Torquato, all in vain your love demands
> A labored tribute, at an exile's hands,
> To him whose gentle presence oversways
> The prostrate soul, and stills the note of praise.
> Salvini! Glory of the art that blends
> All arts in one, and makes all nations friends!
> Nor lips, nor hand, nor trembling pen of mine
> Shall speak for him whose speech is half divine;
> Demand for that a more than mortal strain;
> Bring Alfieri back to life again!

Throughout the trying scenes of the second and third acts, Salvini the father

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Piazza Umberto I, Asti.

was ably seconded by the son as the mystical *David*, of whom *Saul* bitterly inquires why he so often affronts his king with the name of God. The part, though sympathetic, presents formidable dangers of exaggeration on the heroic side, on the sentimental one of mawkishness; between which Scylla and Charybdis the younger Salvini held his course with unerring skill. The righteous indignation of his appeal for justice was manly and impressive, without a trace of rant. And the long, difficult passage of the songs, recited, as ordered by Alfieri, to a harp accompaniment, was splendidly sustained. A modern spirit of realism, idealized and governed by fine traditions of the past, warranted his national fame as the leading tragic actor of his day and generation. After the third act, his place, before the curtain and behind it, was at his father's side.

On the following morning a dramatic convention met in a small hall of the old Municipal Palace. All persons interested were asked to attend it without formality, and the room was well filled by a representative company of authors, actors, and officers of various literary societies. The elder Salvini was chosen president by acclamation. He opened the convention with a paper on a proposed popular theatre, to consist of four companies qualified to perform the masterpieces of dramatic literature, new and old, in the larger Italian cities, the theatre to receive a State subsidy, and to be directed by a competent commission; in its scope to be artistic and educational, with all performances at moderate prices. The paper ended in a consideration of the matter on its practical side. The ambitious project was loudly applauded, and speeches in favor of it were made by Count Angelo De Gubernatis, of Rome, and Professor Molineri, of Milan; the latter going so far as to suggest, then and there, a number of names for the com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mission. The suggestions, however, were not adopted, the convention contenting itself with a general approval.

All this had a sound pathetically familiar to American ears. We, too, long for a theatre conforming to canons of taste, from which all question of money-making shall be excluded—have longed for it, indeed, these many years. We meet in a limited circle to applaud, discuss, and pass good resolutions. But the scheme, undeveloped, germ-like, is still in its earliest stages. A general approval of the few is all that has been attained.

Statue of Alfieri by Vini.

At the afternoon session the convention listened to interesting discourses on theatrical subjects from Professor Molineri and others. Then, after a complimentary telegram to the retired tragic actress, Ristori, it adjourned to a City banquet, where the players of the night before were welcomed by the Syndic. This was followed, in the theatre, by the reading of "Sylla," an unfinished play of the late Pietro Cossa, whose "Nero" and other historical tragedies earned for him the title of the modern Alfieri. The reader, Cossa's friend, Angelo Pasetti, held his audience for two hours with this fragment; a notable feat, considering the Italian temperament, within walls that had last echoed the voice of Salvini. So closed the second day, an off-day comparatively, yet full of new interest to the looker-on in Asti.

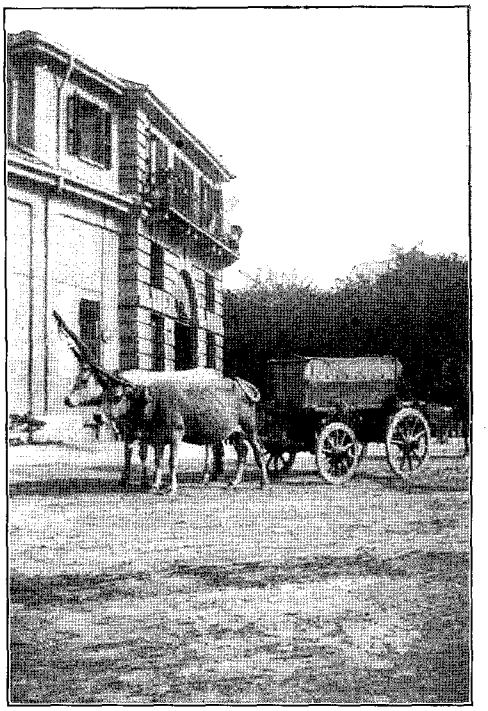
The third day began with the unveiling, in the public garden, of a monument to a native philanthropist, Secondo Boschiero, which drew out a long procession of working men and women. Later, the Syndic received the delegates from Montpellier, in France, where are preserved certain of Alfieri's books, manuscripts, and other memorials. These passed by the poet's will to his friend, the painter Fabre, who transferred them in due course to Montpellier, his own native city. The collection is there treasured religiously. The delegates brought an album of photographic specimens from it, and a complete catalogue to Asti. And Asti returned the compliment with a bronze medallion, cast in honor of the event; then feasted and toasted the French guests ceremoniously, escorting them afterward to the theatre, for the performance of "Filippo."

This early work, dealing with an episode in the life of Philip II of Spain, seems deficient in action, verbose, dry and dull to the casual reader. But Alfieri wrote for the stage, not the closet; and the play gained so much in performance as to cause agreeable surprise. Some of its scenes moved with a swift intensity, suggesting the modern French drama of intrigue; and though the final act, with dagger and poison bowl both dragged to the front, became excessive in its gloom, the production as a whole proved extremely interesting. Unity of place was discarded in it for a series of rich interiors, which, neither tawdry nor overcrowded, were a lesson in scene-painting; and it was splendidly costumed. The cast had no great names. But the chief actor, De Sanctis, if not divinely gifted, is able and intelligent; heavily weighted with the part of Filippo, a strong study in jealous egotism, he bore his burden manfully; and the supporting players at least did not offend. The audience, clearly, could not forget "Saul"; yet, willing to give encouragement, it was well dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed and never bored, generous in its applause to the end.

The last day of the festival opened with a civic reception to the Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Nasi, who represented the Italian Government. And at half-past ten all invited guests assembled in the theatre for the commemorative oration of Tommaso Villa. The scene was brilliant. Celebrities and officials occupied the stage, where on one side stood a bust of Alfieri, crowned with laurel; on the other, the speaker's desk; and the auditorium was crowded to the doors. The Minister, Nasi, in an introductory address of welcome, declared that the honors to Alfieri were accorded not alone on literary and academic grounds, but had a deeper national significance, as demonstrated by the character of the audience. The presence of the delegates from Montpellier suggested a happy reference to the cordial relations between his own country and France, which, at the moment, was preparing to receive the Italian sovereigns. He then introduced the orator, whose discourse was a rapid survey of Alfieri's life, character, and work, simple and forcible in its delivery. He reviewed the plays in detail, not attempting to disguise their faults, but dwelling upon their political import, always foremost in the mind of Alfieri, who was an apostle of freedom. And in this underlying motive he found the source of their strength and their defects. The oration was appreciative, yet finely critical—admirably human, as was said by one of the audience afterward. It stirred the assembly to an interest as genuine and unaffected as the discourse itself.



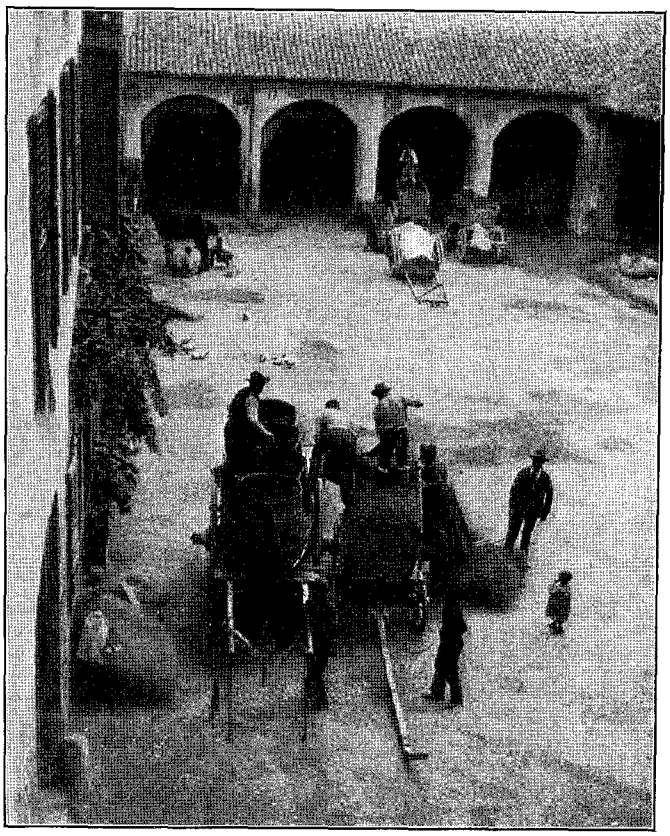
Grape cart.

Corso Vittorio Alfieri and Church of Santa Caterina, Asti.

In the afternoon the Minister was received at the birthplace by Count Ottolenghi and the Syndic; and he proceeded thence to the formal opening of a new asylum for poor children, named in honor of Queen Margherita, the widow of Umberto. In his inaugural address he paid Asti well-merited compliments upon the conduct of her charities and her wisdom in providing amply for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

education of the poor. Then came the customary banquet, at which the indefatigable Syndic presided. This time the invitations included all visiting strangers; and in the large hall of the Albergo Reale all the wines of Asti flowed continuously. There were speeches by the Syndic, the Minister; a salutation from Florence; a response from Montpellier. The proceedings closed with the sending of telegraphic messages to Ristori and the poet Carducci; after which, along the illuminated Corso, all hurried to the theatre for the last time.



Courtyard in Asti.
Grape-pressing and horse-shoeing.

The play was "Orestes," with the younger Salvini in the title-part; Salvini the elder, as *Pylades;* and an actress of note, Giacinta Pezzana, especially engaged for *Clytemnestra;* the strongest cast, in short, which Italy could furnish.

The tragedy stands next to "Saul" among Alfieri's works in popular estimation. Oftener played than that, it is the better known of the two. Yet there is a wide gap between them. In "Orestes" the author challenges comparison with the masterpieces of Greek tragedy, and the test is too severe. It is a play of fine passages, with a very effective last act, monotonous and slow of action in the earlier scenes; for the leading part, brilliant and heroic as it is, lacks the quick variety of "Saul." None the less, the performance must always be interesting in good hands, and at Asti it moved the audience profoundly.

Pylades, throughout, is a secondary figure, far too slight for Salvini. He made the most of his opportunities, yet these were so few as to keep him always in the background. But what a background! His speechless horror over *Clytemnestra's* death at the hand of *Orestes* had a world of ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pouring grape juice after pressing.

pression in it; and the last line of the tragedy—

Oh, hard
Is cruel fate's inevitable law!

on his lips, was awful in its solemnity.

Gustavo Salvini found in *Orestes* a harder task than in *David*. If not infused with the highest imagination, it is still a most exacting part; its deficiencies are difficulties. More, therefore, was required, and more accomplished. In form and bearing the actor seemed an ideal presentment of the Greek hero. As the play advanced, the impression, made before, of his artistic resources, natural and acquired, was confirmed. In the final scene he surpassed himself. His agonized reiteration of "I, a parricide?" stirred the heart, and the accompanying look of terror, as if the Furies were already at his back, was a stroke of genius. No further proof of his rare gift is needed.

The city gave laurel wreaths to both players, who were recalled again and again. Then the great audience slowly dispersed, under the dying lamps of the last illumination. The festival at Asti was over. But vibrations from it spread throughout Italy in widening circles. At Turin, in the following week, "Saul" was played again at the Carignano Theatre; a bronze bust of Alfieri was unveiled on the theatre façade by the Duke of Aosta; there was a commemorative address by Panzacchi. At Florence, delegates from Asti decorated Alfieri's tomb, in Santa Croce, and the house where he died, on the Lungarno, with due ceremony. At Florence, too, occurred a final performance of "Saul," after an oration by Del Lungo. Even at the date of this writing, a month afterward, these vibrations have hardly died away.

Alfieri, in a mournful mood, reminded Asti once that she had given him a cradle; and though a grave could not be hers to give, since fate had called him forth, he bade her take his lessons to her heart. She has done her best to obey him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Rest" at Salvini's country-seat.

SALVINI

By Norman Hapgood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETTORE TITO

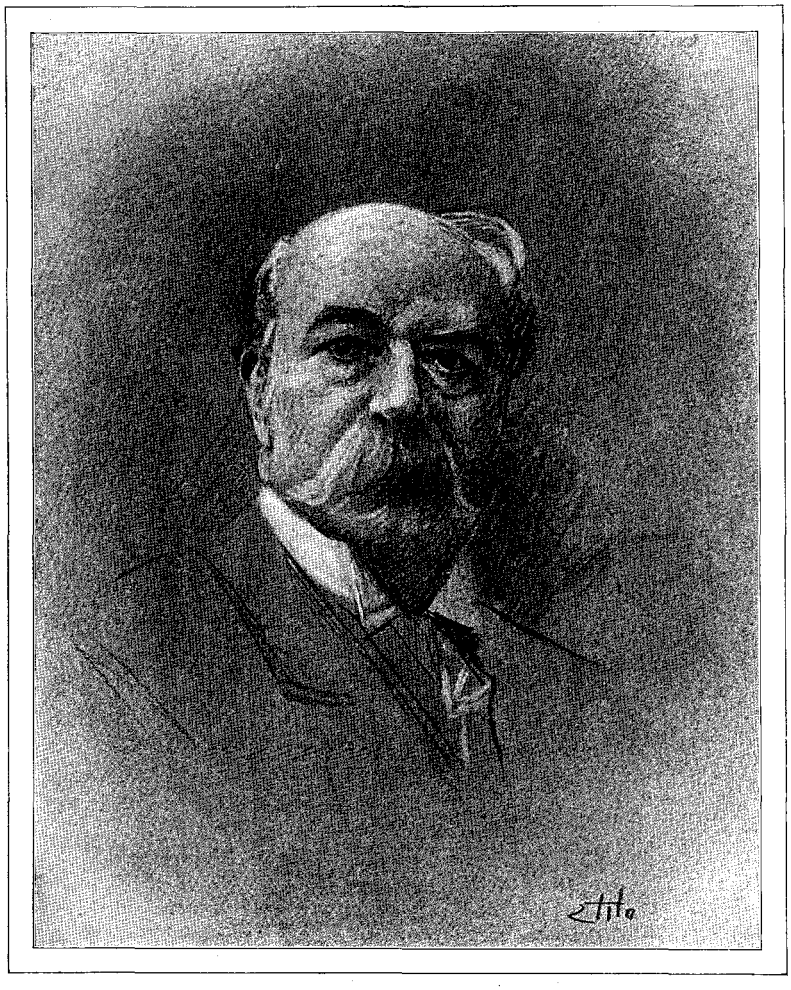
FOR the world at large, Tommaso Salvini reached the end of his career a number of years ago. Although still leading a many-sided life as a private individual, he has become, as an artist, part of dramatic history. He has reached that stage where judgment of him is no longer impeded by the complicated interests that enter into the estimate of all players who are still actively carrying on their profession. What the world thinks of Sir Henry Irving or of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is by no means so clear as what it thinks of Salvini. The actor's place in history is determined almost as soon as his career is ended; for unlike the author or the painter, the composer or the architect, he is judged only by the impression he has left on his contemporaries.

It has been said that Salvini stands as surely first among all actors of his day as Garrick did among all actors of his. Personally, I do not feel sure that he will have a larger name a hundred years hence than the wonderful French technician whose powers seem as fresh to-day as they did a dozen years ago; but the first place will hardly be disputed by anyone else, high as Duse, Irving, Booth, and several others of our time will stand in dramatic annals.

Retired though he is from active work, the last time I saw Salvini was on the stage, in March, 1903, in Naples. The audience filled one of the most enormous playhouses in the world. It whistled and stamped and shouted with a constancy and energy that made the warmest Northern audiences seem cold. After the play was over, the whole multitude stayed to clamor their approval, and when, after some twenty recalls, I went away, the tumult was at its height, not another soul having thought of deserting, although it was close to one o'clock.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course Salvini was not alone. He no longer plays for himself. On the rare occasions when he appears in public it is almost always for the purpose, as he expresses it himself, with his habitual frankness, of lending more glory to the appearances of his son. Salvini to-day is first of all a father. The son who is best known in this country, Alexander, is dead, and the father's warm nature is largely centred in Gustavo. Endeavor to talk to Salvini about himself, his views, his past, and in a few moments you will find yourself landed by paternal pride and affection at Gustavo. Talk with him about his experiences in America, and you will soon find that America, if it desires to see a truly great actor, should procure a tour from Gustavo. Talk dramatic art, and you will find judicious praise and criticism of leading contemporaries, but the basic principle is that tragedy requires, first of all, a fine presence and a strong, sonorous voice, like those of Gustavo. Well, it was to lend glamour to the performances of this apple of his eye that the father, now a number of years past three score and ten, gave three performances at Naples, of which I saw one, the



Tommaso Salvini.
(Drawn from life.)

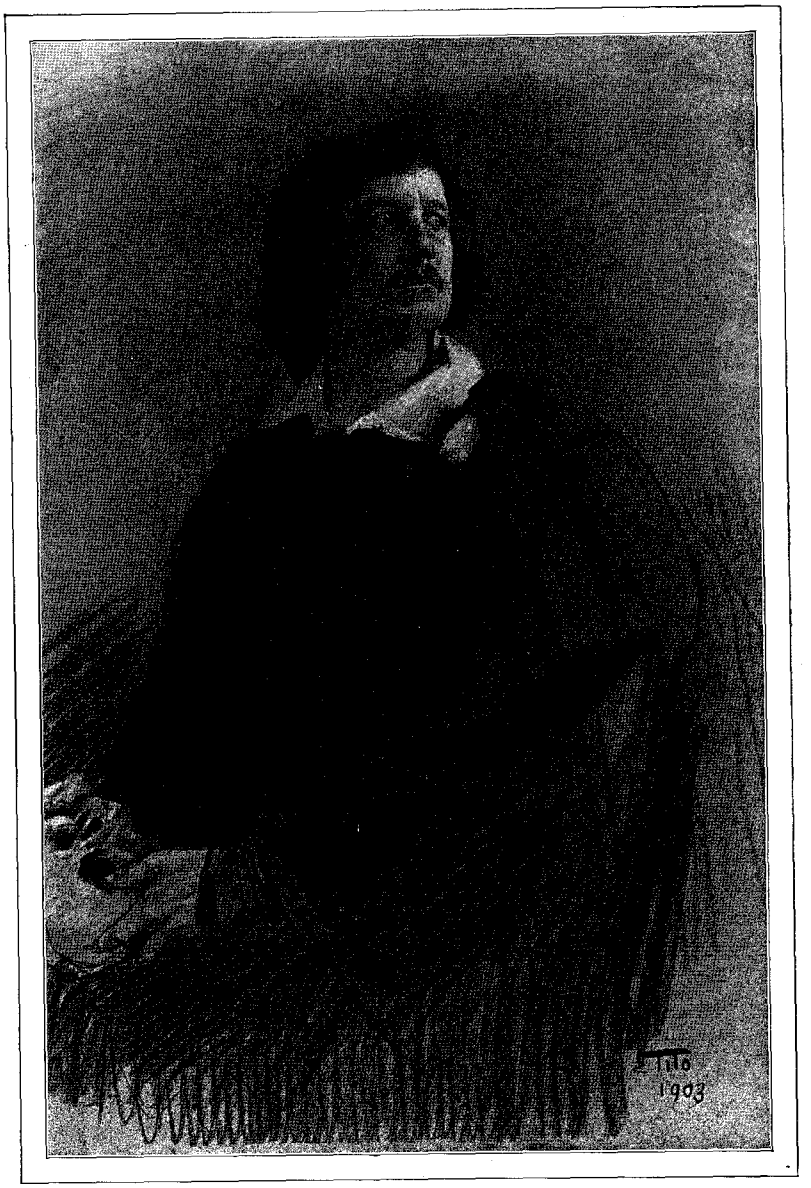
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Orestes" of Alfieri. Salvini, instead of playing the leading rôle of Orestes, in which he first appeared more than half a century ago, merely supported his son, taking the part which, as he put it, was more suited to his years—the old friend and councillor, Pylades. The ancient fire burned undimmed, and Salvini seemed to me as great as he was when I saw him first: as full of passion, so real and large that the actor's task was to let it out in moderation; as full of beauty and dignity in speech, gesture, and station; as fitted by natural gifts and sympathies to inspire those exalted thrills of fearful satisfaction which mark the tragic. Whether or not he is the greatest actor of our day, that he is the greatest tragedian there can be no doubt. Seeing the son, after hearing the father talk about him, lent a touch of the pathetic. An exceptional actor he is, with an excellent voice and bearing, the signs of much study, and the ability to work up strong effects in critical situations: but in the class where his father places him, he does not belong at all; and this absorbed belief in the greatness of his son is the keynote of Salvini's life to-day.

He has three living children, an enormous family of relatives, and much of his time is spent with the little children, who are profuse in the tribe of Salvini. Devotion to his relatives of all sizes fills up a large part of the day for Salvini. His visits, most of them to his kin, begin at two o'clock, and social intercourse lasts until time for dinner. The morning, from eight o'clock, is taken up by reading and writing letters, which have to do with personal matters, with the business of his three estates, or with the appeals from members of his profession, to which he is so open that he reads large numbers of plays, to tell actors and authors what he thinks of them, and goes to the theatre now and then to see some actor or some play, although he does this reluctantly. With all these calls upon his time, he thinks he feels less free and less happy than when all his time was given to work, although he seems a happy man. In the evening come the hours of irresponsible pleasure. During the winter months, which he spends at Florence, where, in his own words, he is as well known as the monuments of the town, he goes almost every evening to the Casino Borghese to play billiards. A billiard hall in the Italian cities is often a place where the leading professional men or artists of the city may be seen, like a club in London, and Salvini is said to be one of the best players of this billiard-loving nation. About the first of June, when it begins to be hot in Florence, the old actor closes his house, at No. 17 Via Gino Capponi, and goes to the Villa Salvini, a few miles out of Florence, where he stays until the end of July, when he goes to spend three months on the considerable estate which he owns near Sienna. The peasants cheat him, and the cares of the estate are a worry as well as a resource, but he loves the Tuscan country so intensely that these rural months are the happiest of the year. Salvini's contempt and dislike for the peasants on his estate is characteristic of his country, for one seldom hears the superior Italian speak with enthusiasm of the lower orders of his people.

Salvini does not look or talk like an extremely old man. He is heavy and stout, and moves with slow power, but he has the bright eyes, the sensitive and sweet expression, the open and interested manner, the confidence and modesty of other days. Youth often stays late with men whose lives have been full and whose interests have been keen. He cares about things, and that makes him seem more like sixty than like seventy-five. He talks willingly about dramatic literature, and, although his knowledge of it is not extensive, his opinions have the weight and simplicity of his personality. He is very serious now, as he was when, a mere child, he used to ask for permission to go to bed on those nights when his father's troupe happened to give a comedy. No such permission was requested on the nights of tragedy. His spirit has been single in its devotion through life, from before he made his first appearance, at the age of fourteen, in 1842, with "Honest Beppo," his father, down to the present day. Most great actors have spent their lives from early childhood on the stage, and Salvini's intellectual horizon is that of one whose long experience has been focussed on the theatre. To have had a boyish love for Ristori, to have had a great success in tragedy at nineteen, to play superbly with his son at seventy-five, to have fought with Mazzini and Garibaldi,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Gustavo Salvini as "Hamlet."

to have been made a corporal for bravery, and now, in old age, to be so much sought by little descendants and by admiring countrymen that the hours of the day seem too few, and the beloved freedom of nature the happiest resource, is, perhaps, to have lived as satisfactorily as the human lot allows.

Fragmentary views of a great artist are always worth recording. Salvini is not clever in conversation, as the leading French actors are almost sure to be, but he has qualities more fitting than cleverness would be. He is simple and sincere. About America he speaks most ardently of the actresses, the American woman thus gaining her usual triumphs with the foreigner, somewhat at the expense of the American man. Dash, vitality, and "go,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salvini walking in the grounds of his villa near Florence.

make our women players very attractive to him. Of the men, the one of whom he speaks most enthusiastically is Joseph Jefferson, whose "Rip Van Winkle" he deems a perfect work of art. German acting he likes for the study shown in it, for the intelligence of the whole; "But," he explained last winter to me, "they lack genius." Then, leaning forward and tapping me confidentially on the knee, as his honest patriotism swelled quietly into his eyes, he added, "*We* have it." Duse's method he thinks is perfect, although he misses in her certain gifts of nature, especially in voice and appearance (of which the shining example is Gustavo). With the oratorical method, represented, for instance, by Mounet-Sully, he has no sympathy. He is out of accord with Paris in general, and with dramatic criticism there in particular. Indeed, the country next to his own, of which he speaks with most enthusiasm, is the United States. He has prepared his own leaden casket, and he remembers that he may be very near the end. One of his dreams is to see, before he dies, his son Gustavo earning money and the fame of greatness here in America, where Tommaso Salvini himself has made no less than seven tours.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIFT OF THE GODS

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

WHEN the great wanderers came up that way,
  The cloud that hid their godhead round them throwing,
The roses ran like fire before their feet,
  And sweet the gales of heaven about them blowing.

There Baucis and Philemon, hand in hand,
  Like old cicalas that the long days wither,
Sat in the doorway, taking what was their's
  Of fragrant winds blown hither and blown thither.

He knew nor cared that on her placid face
  The weary years had made their cruel tally;
She held him still as strong and straight as when,
  Fluting, he led their first flocks from the valley.

And swift they rose and served their shining guests,
  Brought them cool water, broke their bread before them,
And gave them honey of their hives, and wine
  Long from the vine that drooped its bunches o'er them.

Then, when refreshed, the gods would journey on,
  The air pulsating round them with strange brightenings,
One gift of all the world they promised, poised
  With wingèd feet, with veiled and quivering lightnings.

Withered—asked these of earth for youth again?
  Old—for long basking in sweet sunny weather?
Poor—for the riches of the East? They asked
  The gods that they might only die together!

Love, when the flickering vine shields you and me,
  Like old cicalas touched by frosty weather,
What happier than this shall we implore,
  Gift of the gods, that we may die together!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

"It's Queenie!—why, it's Queenie to the very life!"—Page 246.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CAT AND THE PAINTER

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

"ME-OW—W!"

It was a plaintive wail that came from behind the ash barrel in the alley-way.

A small boy across the street turned his head and looked over inquiringly. The forlorn little furry heap by the ash barrel crouched lower and slunk back into the shadows. The kitten's knowledge of small boys was just two hours old—but it was sufficient.

A chill wind whistled around the corner, and she tucked her tiny paws beneath her—a little shivering bunch of misery out in the fast-gathering twilight.

It had been so delightful to scurry out the hall door when Miss Dorothy was not looking—out into the bright sunshine, where the red and yellow leaves were chasing each other down the smooth walk in front of the house. She had rolled and tumbled among those leaves in a delirious whirl of freedom, and had given frantic chase to one particularly tantalizing bit of scarlet that had sailed along just ahead of her nose.

Then there came a time when the sunshine fled and the leaves lay quiet, refusing to play, even when she poked them with her little insistent paw. She had run far down the street, and everything was new and strange to her. A big dog bounced around the corner, and she was obliged to scramble up a tree to escape his horrid gaping jaws.

She had but just accomplished her fearsome descent from this disquieting elevation when a group of small boys hailed her appearance with yells of delight. Then to her tail—her beautiful fluffy tail, of which Miss Dorothy was so plainly proud—they had tied a cruel cord with a jangling tin can at the end. Down the street she had wildly fled, around corners, through back alleys, followed always by that deafening rattle, dangling at the tip of her tail.

The shouts of the boys grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. It was then that she had stopped, and tugged and bit at the knotted cord until at last she could switch her tail from side to side—free from its hated burden.

She had been trembling and shivering in that alley-way now for many a long minute. There was no soft basket-bed, no warm milk, no Miss Dorothy's white hand to pat and stroke her fur. The small boy across the street stayed quietly listening for a time, then he turned and walked off whistling. A minute later the kitten rose to her feet and stealthily slipped out into the open.

"Me-ow—w!"

"Whew! little cat, is it so bad as all that?"

He was tall, wore a soft black hat, and carried a cane, which he playfully twirled over the kitten's head as he spoke. A moment more, and he had passed along.

The kitten's tail came upright instantly, waving an appreciative welcome to the kindly tones. She looked wistfully after the retreating figure, hesitated, then fell into a brisk trot, her softly cushioned feet giving no sign of her presence even when close at his heels.

Two blocks down the street, the man turned the corner and ran up the steps of a substantial-looking house bearing the unmistakable hall-mark of old-time gentility. His latchkey was in his hand before he spied the kitten. She had sprung lightly to the topmost step, and was now facing him, her agitated little body and upraised tail plainly expressing her assurance of a welcome.

"Why—pussy!"

"Meow!"

The plaintiveness was gone; the cry told only her eagerness to enter the house.

Mechanically the man obeyed the obvious command, unlocked the door, and pushed it open. The kitten was inside the hall with a bound, beginning at once, after the fashion of her kind, a tour of inspection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man was gazing helplessly at the restless little creature when his landlady came out of the parlor.

"Oh, what a beauty, Mr. Heywood! Where did you get it?"

"That's just the trouble, Mrs. Merriam; I didn't get it at all—it came!" Heywood's forehead was crossed with perplexed lines, and he followed the cat's motions with dubious eyes.

"Came to you? How perfectly lovely! The very best sign of good luck that you could possibly have!" And Mrs. Merriam clapped her plump hands together softly. "There's not a bit of doubt now, Mr. Heywood—your picture will be a certain success. It's almost an Angora, too—just look at that tail!" she continued ecstatically, mixing pictures and cats with serene indiscrimination. "Here, pussy, pretty pussy—come here!"

The kitten stopped and eyed the coaxing hand with a calmly critical gaze. She was warm—she was comfortable—the outstretched hand contained no tempting dainty;—she could see no reason for immediate capitulation. Very slowly she settled back on her tiny haunches, winking and blinking solemnly.

"Provoking thing—cats are so independent!" murmured Mrs. Merriam, drawing back her hand.

"But what am I going to do with it?" asked Heywood.

"Do with it? Why, you're going to keep it, of course—if you can," she added, after a pause. "You probably won't have any such luck, though—some one will claim it."

"Well, if it was a dog, now; but a cat—!" He dropped into the chair just behind him, and meditatively stroked his chin.

At his sudden move, the kitten turned. With a run and a spring she was in his lap, purring and rubbing against his hands and coat; in another moment she was on his shoulders, curled around his neck like a boa—a position Miss Dorothy had taught her with much labor and pains.

"Wonderful! Just see how she takes to you!" exclaimed Mrs. Merriam with a shade of envy in her voice. "If signs count for anything, Mr. Heywood, you're a lucky man."

"Yes, I suppose so," he acquiesced with a short laugh, playfully tweaking a silky ear that brushed against his cheek. And the kitten purred content.

In two day's time, a yellow ball of fur, set with two bead-like eyes of turquoise blue, frisked and frolicked from cellar to garret of number thirty-four Union Avenue. But although the entire house was hers for the asking, the one spot most dear to her heart was the studio up one flight. Here her capers were the merriest, her songs the loudest, her slumbers the soundest.

On that first morning after her arrival, she had settled herself in the artist's favorite seat, and at his gentle poke of mild protest, she had but opened a sleepy eye, stretched with a sigh of content, and sung the louder.

"Well, by Jove!" murmured the man, the old helplessness coming into his face. Then he sheepishly crossed the room and took another chair—a proceeding that was repeated for exactly three mornings. After that, the small tyrant was left in possession of the coveted seat without so much as an instant's protest.

The kitten had arrived with a bedraggled ribbon of what had once been lustrous white satin around her neck. This forlorn bit of finery Heywood at once consigned to the wastebasket, substituting a band of blue cut from a roll of ribbon which he had promptly bought, after a careful scrutiny of his guest's eyes to obtain just the proper shade.

He surveyed with much satisfaction the result of his artistic combination of colors; but the roll of ribbon soon began to show signs of a rapid disappearance, so frequently was the necklet renewed. This was owing to the fact that the kitten's usual companions, during her waking hours, were Heywood's tubes of paint.

The first time she had jumped upon his low stand and poked her inquisitive nose into his paint box, he had looked on in dumb dismay. A skirmish, a sweep of a yellow paw—and a tube of Rose Madder leaped from the box and scurried across the floor with the kitten in full pursuit.

It was then that Heywood had caught up his crayon and drawn hurried lines on the canvas before him; and it was that rough sketch that became the first study for his famous picture "The Kitten's Playground."

After that he used every device in his power to interest the kitten in that paint box—and successfully, too, for she never rested until she had emptied the box and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

batted and rolled the last tube to some obscure corner under table or chair. Then, while his model slept, the artist gathered the spoils and patiently worked at his easel, so that in time his walls were hung with yellow kittens portrayed in every conceivable position.

From the very first the little stranger had not lacked for a name. She was always referred to as "Her Majesty," and right royally she ruled the household. Once only did her independent wilfulness receive a check. It was when, from her position on Heywood's shoulder, she had struck with her far-reaching paw the end of Heywood's brush as he painted.

There was an ominous silence while the artist's eyes were fixed on the splash of emerald green straight in the middle of his carefully blended sunset sky. Very quietly he laid down his palette and brush, and with determined hands reached for the cat on his shoulder. Without a word he crossed the room with the culprit, dropped her on the hall floor, and shut the door hard—that door which never before was closed to Her Majesty.

An hour later, in passing through the hall, Heywood came upon a disconsolate ball of yellow fur crouching in the farthermost corner.

"Well, madam!"

There was a rush of cushioned feet, a frantic waving of a yellow tail, and the kitten was rubbing in abject adoration against his trousers.

The corners of his mouth twitched, then he laughed outright.

"I'll accept your apology," he said, as he stooped to bestow forgiveness; "but I'll see that you don't have a chance to offer me another one, young lady," he added, grimly.

It was two weeks before Her Majesty's new surroundings palled upon her and she longed for other worlds to conquer. Coincident with this longing came the open back-yard gate. A wild scamper, and she was free—out in the wide, wide world!

Through the alley and across the lot another open gate tempted her. A strangely familiar something came to her nostrils, a half-forgotten sound, to her ears. Two maids were in the yard, their backs turned toward her. Up the steps, through the kitchen door and on into the dining-room pattered the little yellow feet.

"Why, Queenie!—you darling!" and she was in Miss Dorothy's arms.

"Where have you been?" the girl demanded, after the first ecstasy of welcome was over. "You little dear—you're as plump as a partridge, anyway! Some one has appreciated you," she added, with another hug. "But they've taken off your pretty white ribbon and put on a horrid blue one. We'll go and change it right away, sweetheart. I never did like blue!" And Miss Dorothy, with her restored treasure in her arms, went up-stairs to the parlor.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the square at thirty-four Union Avenue something very like consternation reigned.

"Where's Her Majesty?"—Heywood was the most patient of men save only where his art was concerned. Just now the curve of an ear, or the shade of a bit of fur was baffling him. He wanted his model, and his voice was sharp with command.

"I don't know, but I'll hunt her up," responded Mrs. Merriam with the alacrity she always showed when Heywood spoke that way.

Five minutes later she came back with a troubled face.

"She's gone, Mr. Heywood. Bridget says she saw her run out the back-yard gate."

"*Saw* her run?—why in the dickens didn't she stop her then? My picture isn't half done—I tell you I must have that cat!"

"Well, I'll look again," murmured Mrs. Merriam, hurriedly—she had never seen Heywood quite like this before. "Maybe the little thing's in the lot—I'll see," and the woman backed toward the door.

Heywood climbed the stairs with a wrathful emphasis on each step. In his studio his face brightened, and he looked around eagerly—perhaps she was there asleep. How quiet everything was! Even the clock had ceased to tick; he had forgotten to wind it the night before. The tubes of paint in his box were pathetic in their quiet order. He poked them gently with his finger, then shook himself with a frown. His favorite chair was conveniently empty now, but he walked all around the room before he finally marched up to it with resolute step and sat down determinedly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Such a fool—and over a cat, too!" he muttered between his teeth.

Perhaps the kitten missed her box of pigment playthings, or perhaps she longed for the masculine homage she did not find at home; at any rate, three days later, when she heard a familiar call from across the open lot, she slipped through the back-yard gate, and hurried in the direction of Mrs. Merriam's voice.

It had been one of Mrs. Merriam's self-imposed duties during all those days to stand often at her gate and call for the lost kitten; and it was with a heart swelling with triumphant pleasure that she car ied the visible reward of her faithful search up to Heywood's studio.

"I've got her," she announced breathlessly, "but I guess she's found her home, Mr. Heywood. I don't know's we ought to keep her—you see her ribbon's changed."

"Yes; I see it is," the man acknowledged with a grim smile. "But that's easily remedied. I shan't paint her in a white one," he concluded, fumbling at the knot.

"But—shall we keep her?" asked Mrs. Merriam, timidly.

Heywood pulled at the ribbon impatiently.

"We'll try to—until the picture is done, anyway," he said with decision, reaching for the roll of blue ribbon.

Mrs. Merriam noticed that he wrote something on a scrap of paper, and tied it in with the knot as he fastened the ribbon about the yellow throat.

"What ever in the world are you doing?" she demanded, with the freedom of a privileged character.

"Merely giving a bit of advice over against the time it may be needed," retorted Heywood with a short laugh, going back to his easel.

Answered, but not enlightened, Mrs. Merriam left him to his work.

When the kitten had first come to the house, Heywood had been engaged upon an elaborate landscape, which he had intended to finish and present to the judges of a forthcoming Art Exhibition wherein he hoped to win honor and fame. But since the first study of "Her Majesty," his interest in the landscape had waned. Abandoning his original plan, he was now hard at work on "The Kittens' Playground," determined to exhibit that or nothing.

The Art Exhibition was now but a month distant, and the frequent presence of Her Majesty in the artist's studio was most necessary. For a week she was closely guarded and the picture grew apace; then one day she disappeared. High and low they searched, but all in vain. Her Majesty was gone.

Across the square Miss Dorothy was tenderly caressing an animated ball of yellow fur.

"Queenie, Queenie, what does this mean? What am I to think when you run away from me so? Who are your new friends that insist on tying these odious blue ribbons around your neck?"

The kitten rolled over on her back and winked her blue eyes wickedly.

"Here, just let me take off the horrid thing and—why, what is this!" she exclaimed, interrupting herself in amazement as a tiny crumpled paper dropped into her hand.

"Kindly leave the blue ribbon on. I like it better—it's more artistic," she read.

"Well, really—impertinent creature!" she commented aloud, with reddening cheeks and an ominous flash in her eyes. Then she laughed, caught up a pencil, and wrote on the back of the paper:

"So sorry—but I prefer white!"

This she deftly tied in with the big white bow at the top, and let the kitten go. Strange to say, she did not guard the gates and doors so closely now, nor did she seem disturbed when, before the day was gone, Queenie was not to be found.

When the small yellow cat and the big white bow appeared before Heywood that night, he laughed outright at the aggressiveness expressed in each loop and end of that bow. With careful fingers he undid the knot, and then he laughed again.

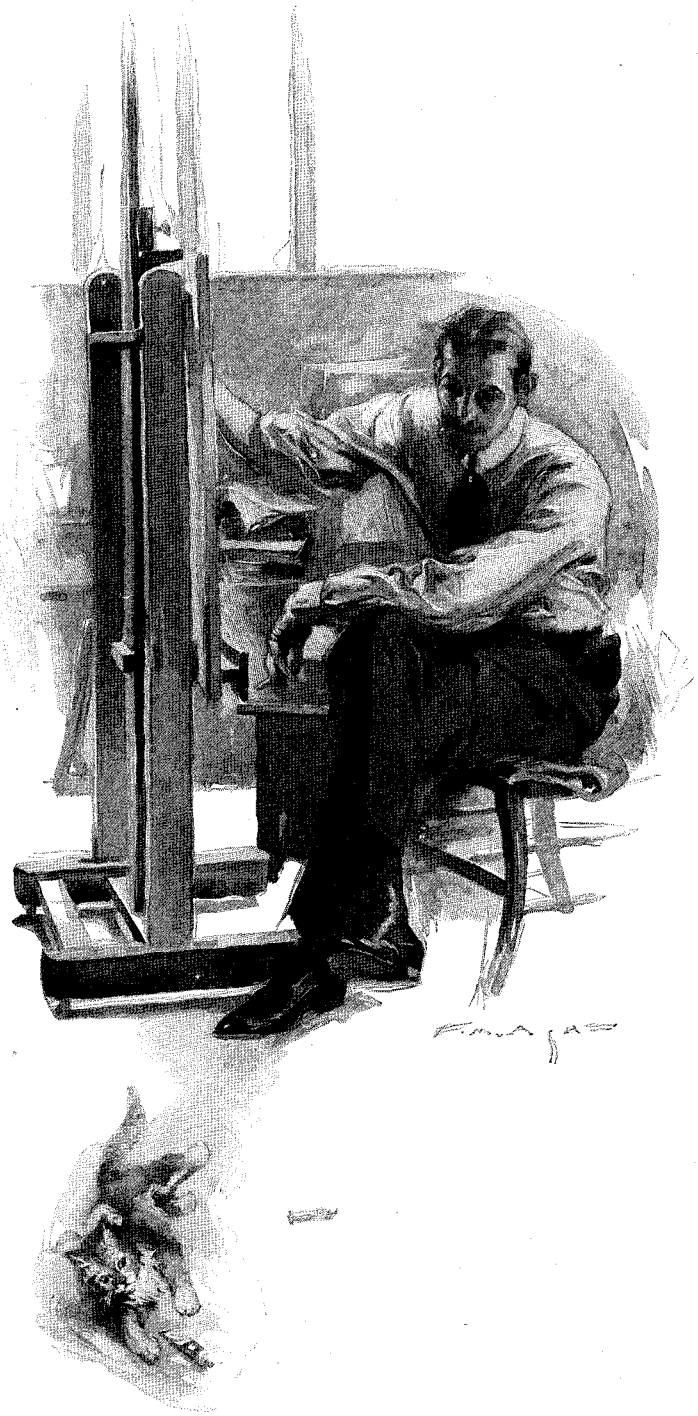
"As I expected," he murmured, critically examining the writing—"graceful, in spite of disadvantages."

When the blue again adorned the kitten's neck, it bore with it this message:

"I regret to be obliged a second time to call your attention to the fact that blue is the only possible ribbon for this cat. Look at her eyes!"

The picture was nearly done now. Her Majesty came and went much at her own sweet will, and it was not two days before another huge white bow appeared on her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

The kitten's usual companions were tubes of paints.—Page 242.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neck to mock Heywood's gaze. His fingers shook a little as he untied the knot and freed the tiny crumpled paper.

"I regret to be obliged a second time to call your attention to the fact that I prefer white. Look at her—whiskers!" he read.

Heywood chuckled. For an irresolute moment he drew the bit of white satin meditatively through his fingers, his longing eyes fixed on the roll of blue across the room; then a shame-faced smile curved his lips and a faint red showed on his forehead. Very slowly he tied the white ribbon again about the kitten's neck, and stuffed the tiny note into his pocket.

Her Majesty did not leave the house that night, nor the next day, nor yet the next. She stayed on and on, with every indication of making that her permanent abiding-place.

The time of the Exhibition arrived and Heywood had thoughts for but one thing. At last his picture was hung, and so attractive did it prove to be that it bid fair to realize his dearest hopes.

It represented the interior of an artist's studio, and the rich hangings, statuary, and old armor had given Heywood an opportunity for a particularly fine bit of work. The whole was but the setting for four yellow kittens—the cleverest, most fascinating yellow kittens in the world, peeping from behind curtains, tumbling among the rugs, rolling over tubes of paint—life-like, bewitching, and altogether perfection.

It was on the third day of the Exhibition that a tall girl in drooping feathers and rich furs stopped before the picture with an exclamation of delight.

"It's Queenie!—why, it's Queenie to the very life! 'C. R. Heywood. Not for sale,' she read disappointedly from her catalogue; then she sought the manager at his desk.

"This 'Kittens' Playground'—it is not for sale?" she asked.

"No, madam."

"But the artist, Heywood—does he live in the city? Can you give me his address?"

"Thirty-four Union Avenue, madam," replied the man, consulting the book on his desk.

"Thank you. The very next street below us!" she added under her breath, as she turned away.

Dorothy Marsh was not a young woman who dallied. Once determined on a course action quickly followed. Her mother, always gentle and pleasantly acquiescent, was hurried into the carriage and the order, "Thirty-four Union Avenue," given to the coachman.

Upon their arrival at the house, the two ladies were shown into the studio, and in a moment Heywood appeared.

The girl was in the middle of the floor, turning round and round in amazement.

"Why, they're all Queenie—every last one of them!" she exclaimed.

The man bowed, and a peculiar smile flickered across his face.

"They are, indeed, all—'Her Majesty.'"

He had not time to say more, for at the first tones of the girl's voice, there was the crash of a falling vase and the scampering of little feet from an inner room. Then with a spring and a bound a small yellow kitten landed in Miss Dorothy's outstretched arms.

There was a moment's awkward silence. Mrs. Marsh unconsciously came to the rescue.

"Why, it is our kitten, isn't it? This must be where she goes so often, daughter."

The color deepened in the girl's cheeks and she threw a quick glance at Heywood.

"It evidently is, mother," she laughed, her fingers nervously toying with the white ribbon about the kitten's neck.

Heywood's approving eyes dropped from the girl's face to the kitten, and even the hated white ribbon appeared lovely to him, so glorified was it by the slim gray-gloved fingers slipping in and out of the loops.

Mrs. Marsh turned to the artist.

"My daughter has taken a great fancy to your kitten picture at the Exhibition, Mr. Heywood. We—er—I see that the catalogue states that it is not for sale, but my daughter would not be satisfied until we had learned from you that such was really the case and that you could not be induced to part with it."

Not part with it?—to Heywood it suddenly seemed that there was nothing he would not part with if the slender young woman in the big picture-hat but so much as turned a longing eye upon it; and then there was the kitten—her kitten.

"Indeed, madam, it *was* my intention to keep the picture," he began, speaking to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

She had struck with her far-reaching paw the end of Heywood's brush.—Page 243.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

"They've taken off your pretty white ribbon and put on a horrid blue one."—Page 243.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mother, though looking at the daughter, "but——"—the kitten jumped from the girl's arms to the floor and began playing with a tube of paint—"Well, there are circumstances," he continued, then paused again.

"Yes, there are circumstances," repeated the girl softly, her eyes on the kitten.

"Yes, circumstances which—which alter determinations," he suddenly concluded, following her gaze with his eyes.

Dorothy was strangely silent through the rest of the interview, leaving to her mother and Heywood the task of making all necessary arrangements for the purchase of the picture when the Exhibition should be concluded. Perhaps she was seized with a sudden distrust of her own powers of persuasion; or perhaps the fact that the kitten had abandoned her playing and had ensconced her fickle little self on Heywood's shoulder, there to wink and blink her turquoise eyes just beneath Heywood's ear, had something to do with it.

It was when the ladies were leaving that the artist lifted Her Majesty from his shoulder and placed her in Dorothy's arms. His hand rested in a momentary caress on the round yellow head, then his fingers just touched the white bow at the neck.

"The ribbon in the picture, Miss Marsh," he began, closely studying the girl's face, "shall I change it to—er—white?"

"Thank you, no. I—I prefer the blue," she answered, with a sudden flash from her eyes and a dazzling smile.

"No, indeed; certainly not—it is quite satisfactory as it is, sir; no change is necessary," murmured Mrs. Marsh complacently, leading the way to the carriage.

Her Majesty is older now. She is plump, sleek, and of stately dignity, and her eyes—once turquoise—gleam with shifting amber lights. Her present realm is a certain mansion in Belgrave Square. Incidentally, it is also the home of the artist, Heywood, and of his wife, Dorothy.

THE POINT OF VIEW

EFFICIENCY or productiveness, the distinguishing mark of success in modern life—what more damning condemnation of a person or enterprise, as of a machine, than the verdict "inefficient" or "unproductive"?—means the "perfection of system" in living, the familiar phrase so often used to explain a particular person's exceptional power of accomplishment. The ideal of such a life is some "wonderful machine" whose perfection depends on the exactitude with which it constantly duplicates certain processes. Some of us accept this ideal under protest as apparently inevitable with modern conditions what they are, while more count it a sign of the superiority of the age, naming it the ideal of the "strenuous life." Few of us stop to take into account the physical penalty exacted by inexorable nature owing to the nerves which distinguish the human from the inanimate machine.

The effect on nerves of the systematic life, more especially in its minor, even trivial, details, was strikingly pictured in a paper by Dr. O. T. Osborne of the Yale Medical School faculty, read at the last meeting in Washington of the American Therapeutic Society. Stated technically the penalty is "nervous disturbances of the heart and debility of the heart muscle, hastening a degeneration of the circulatory system that comes normally only late in life." The unremitting persistency of effort to be "on time" throughout the working, if not the waking hours, rising, breakfasting, reading the newspaper, reaching the office, keeping a series of engagements, each within an allotted minimum, or doing the daily stint of routine work, all "according to schedule," means an uneased strain on the human machine. The effect, accustomed to it as we are, is not recognized until brought home by some unexpected outbreak of irritation, often entirely disproportionate to the cause. Again,

The Penalty of the Systematic Life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as Dr. Osborne points out, we carry the same spirit of strenuousness into our recreations, largely, in the case of many of us, because we can give only so much time to recreation, playing games competitively, and finding small satisfaction in the wheel or automobile unless it is driven at top speed. In the crowded streets of a city, the mere act of guiding wheel or automobile is in itself a continuance of the strain, while a narrow escape from accident is a case of the jar which throws out or wrecks the delicate, highly geared machine, pushed to the limit of its capacity. A natural result, completing the work of nerve deterioration, is with men an excessive use of tobacco and stimulants. With women, whose nerves are more actively irritable, it is often a resort to "coal tar" preparations to relieve sleeplessness, headache, and neuralgia—perhaps more injurious than the tobacco and stimulants.

Worthy of special note is Dr. Osborne's omission of the burdens and worries of large business responsibilities, so often and truly instanced as the cause of "nervous breakdown," for these, necessarily, are confined to the comparatively few. Such an omission obviously gives a far wider application to the protest against excess of system and strain in living. The question raised is not one to be lightly dismissed as the "fad" of a scientific expert, since it concerns the maintenance of national physique. Official appreciation of its importance in this aspect is evidenced in England by the Duke of Devonshire's promise, made for the government, to grant a state investigation of the national physique after preliminary inquiry of leading physicians. The redistribution of population, by which cities and towns have gained so enormously at the expense of the country, is recognized as imposing a new tax on nerve-power and brain-power, a tax felt the more injuriously because of the steadier, more systematic "grind" of work in cities and towns, and the fewer hours of sleep which are a part of it.

Despite the now popular emphasis we lay on the value of health and the new place of honor to which we exalt the athlete, the physical penalty would be one difficult to be taken seriously, each of us trusting to the chance of making an individual escape, if the systematic life brought a return in satisfaction. But we all of us at times feel, even when in full command of our nerves, how little it is worth to substitute excitement for charm. At such times we applaud the Bedouin philosopher who, so the story goes, after spending five years at Heidelberg and Oxford, turned his back on European civilization for the comparative savagery of the desert. "Your civilization," he said in explanation, "is a marvel of ingenuity. But you do not make a machine because it will be a wonderful piece of mechanism; you make it to do something. Your greatest machine, civilization, is different. Its processes are wonderful, no doubt, but it serves no useful purpose. It is a colossal waste of effort and cleverness." It was with this same thought in mind, of the lack of end—though with him, as always, the ethical side was uppermost—that Emerson, as President Eliot noted in his memorial address, anticipated a development which in his day was only a tendency. "In our large cities," wrote Emerson, "the population is godless, materialized—no bond, no fellow-feeling, no enthusiasm. These are not men, but hungers, thirsts, fevers and appetites walking. How is it people manage to live on, so aimless as they are? . . . There is faith in chemistry, in meat and wine, in wealth, in machinery, in the steam-engine, galvanic battery, turbine wheels, sewing-machines, and in public opinion, but not in divine causes."

The New Feeling for Nature

PERSONS with no more feeling for flowers and animals than that the first are good to look at and the second good to "have around," have doubtless wondered in the last few years of nature-cult, of garden books and manifold studies of beasts, wild and tame, what it was all about. Taking a less superficial view, others have still looked upon what has been called our American nature-renaissance as a fad, transitory, and, so far as it was apt really to open up people's minds and to soften and poetize them, likely not seriously to avail. It happens, however, that all this literary and often dilettante interest in nature coincides with an agricultural renascence as well, and that fact is food for reflection. "Advanced" farming and the "scientific" understanding of arboriculture, horticulture, and the rest, do not usually mean much to the average layman, but if he chances to get a notion of such outlooks over these matters as Secretary Wilson has outlined on occa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion, in defining the higher possibilities of the Agricultural Department, he receives a new illumination. Above all, he begins to think sundry new thoughts when it is borne in upon him that women are being urged to take a practical interest in these possibilities, and that they show many signs of doing so.

Those who followed attentively the proceedings of the International Congress of Women, held in Paris in the summer of 1900, are aware of the many measures that were already then afoot to equip such wage-earning members of the sex as might desire with a good working training in agricultural affairs. To know how to raise produce and market it is very useful knowledge in France, where the land is parcelled off in so many small individual holdings; useful for women as well as men. And from our own West we are now hearing of women-farmers on the larger scale, whose efforts appear to be successful. Statistics are probably not as yet to be had to show just what percentage of women have proved themselves capable of making a living in such ventures, but it is certainly to be hoped that, when such information comes, it may be calculated to encourage further endeavor on the same line. For the theory, at least, of agricultural occupations (of whatever kind) for women is one that commends itself forcibly to those who feel that all is not as right as it might be with the desk-ridden, office-haunted existence that we lead nowadays, and our pace in leading it.

Nature is the old cure, the only cure, for the dessication that follows upon too mechanical and too material a life. She brings us nearer to the sources of things; and certainly it is of especial importance that women should be near to those sources. We have grown accustomed to the fact that the modern sister, mother, wife, should be as over-cerebralized as her males; but the first moment of "return upon one's self" brings back the sense that half of our feminine clerking and professionalizing is of the nature of a sheer perversion of function. It has had to be, in order to establish certain balances; but we can have too much of it. There will probably be no reaction from the stand that women have taken as to self-support; but if they can be self-supporting by following an order of vocations that keeps them in touch with the basic and primal conditions of existence, instead of those that are artificial and derived, how great the gain may be to all of us!

Agriculture is destined, sooner or later, to be no longer the crass, circumscribed, bucolic occupation of other days, but a liberal profession, embracing a knowledge of the physiology of the earth and of the products that grow out of it, and a philosophy of economics that understands the necessities of demand and supply by which these products are kept moving over the surface of the globe. The nervous intensity, the push and the drive, that have been developed in the life of cities will not stop entirely, as they have done in the past, at the farmer's threshold. Facilities of transportation will bridge over the gap between the urban and the rural existence, and other causes will bring about an ever-greater equalization of condition between the two modes of life. This is inevitable. Meantime we might get something of the same result, on a smaller scale, by having women, to whom we still look obstinately for much of the spiritualization of the race, constitute themselves more and more the custodians of the benignant influences that come from the soil. In the new interest that has sprung up in nature-study the softer sex has borne a prominent part. But mankind is so constituted that what it works in affects it more than what it plays with. Much of the present feeling for natural things is play. A life of practical concern with what nature produces and can be made to yield in hard money cannot be play. And there are women in whom it might have unexpected results—results of more account to the world at large than the consequences of much feminine work at desks and in offices.

Staff and Scrip

IN his article on Emile Zola, Mr. Henry James expresses his amazement at the adventurous spirit which in one breath could acknowledge an acquaintance with Italy limited to a few days once spent at Genoa, and in the next plan a picture on a grand scale of monumental Rome. Yet he reflects that one has to choose; that you cannot "at once sit firm at your job and wander through space inviting initiations." And sitting firm at his job was Zola's surpassing quality. As a result, naturally enough, his world is an improvised sphere, smelling strongly of the lamp by which he consulted his Baedeker and his blue books.

Unfortunately for literature, the ninety and nine readers are content with precisely

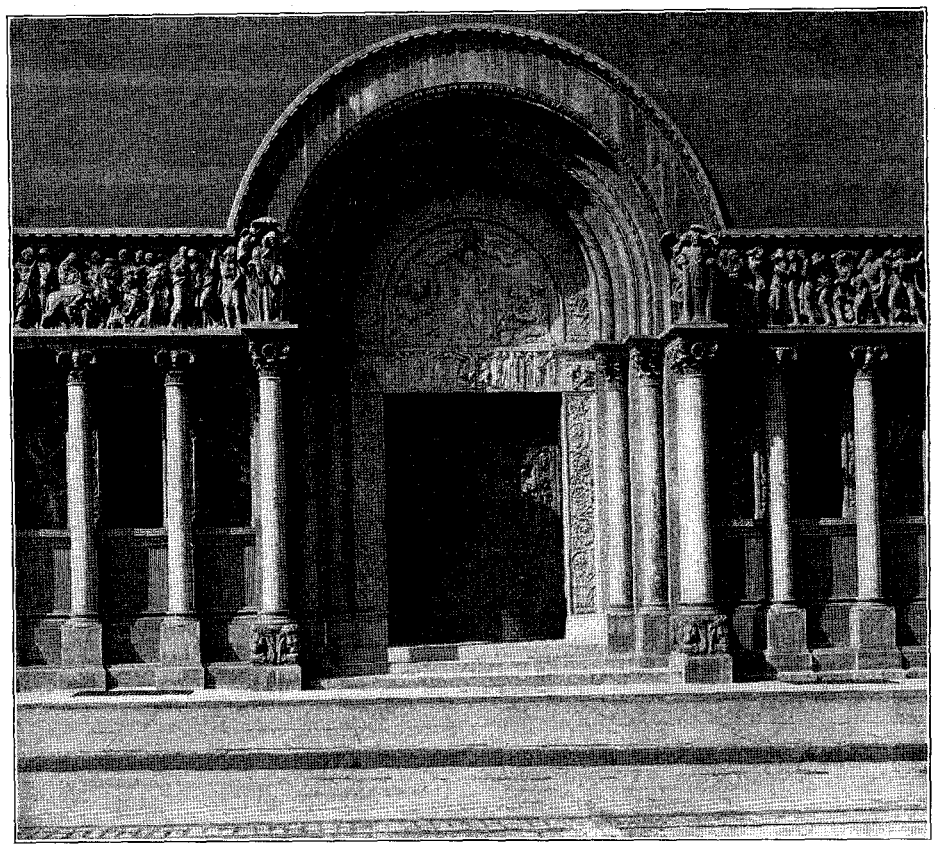
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this result. That the news which reaches them comes from nowhere concerns them not at all. The historical novels are most of them merely a frank admission of conditions impossible to truth. Their authors try only for the recognized illusion, the reader is conscious that the imagination may legitimately be left free to reconstruct the past, while the writer sits firm surrounded by his references, and the outcome is nothing worse than an honest falsehood. But the novel that deals with pretentious portraits of living people, painted meticulously from photographs, and sets them against a "realistic" background of social relations cut with scissors from the thinnest of thin material—what decent plea can be made for its existence? Yet it multiplies. We can only appreciate its preposterous difference from the real thing when such an author as Mr. James himself, for example, puts before us the product of a highly trained observation and a great receptivity carried to the near or distant scene and allowed leisure richly to absorb its significence. The seeker after initiations carries his job in his pilgrim's wallet, and is separated from it no more disastrously than the writer toiling at the home desk, while the wonder of things seen and felt manages to get itself into the work. One such wanderer, plucking the flowers of different lands, may save a generation of readers from the doom of eternal dulness by giving them the chance at vicarious experience of satisfactions denied them by constraining fate. What they see through his eyes they at least see with a personal vision; what they hear of the murmur of a vast society buzzing just outside their range has the accent of veracity, and in the end they know and love as even strangers may through the interchange of familiar letters. The prisoner in the cell of a barren environment finds wonderful escape in the books that carry him, not into fairy-land, which is always at the door, but into the actual world of human relations and interests, so tightly closed against the frivolous and ready writer, and so hospitably open to the inquiring mind and sympathetic vision. He has to thank them for excellent company in his solitude and for a richness of intercourse to be gained only from excursions into the ripe and mellifluous heart of civilization. The home-keeping writer knows it not. The tourist knocking at the outer gates of Italy or England finds it not. Only the passionate pilgrim, with his sacred joy in travel and his mind open to alien airs and various influences, can bring back its stimulating cordial to the parched intelligence of the untravelled.

I remember once seeing by the bedside of an invalid a map of the world which she had the habit of consulting when the walls of her room pressed her painfully. It was the truth in the symbolic lines and patches of crude pigment that set her free. She could at least know where she was in the great field covered by her flying imagination. And that is the least of the service done for us in books evoked from personal initiations. When it is done—as once in a century it is—with a splendor of interpretation that takes in, beside the rigid outline, subtleties of color and aerial perspective, gradation of character and detail of proportion and likeness, then, of course, we have art—the prodigious whole.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

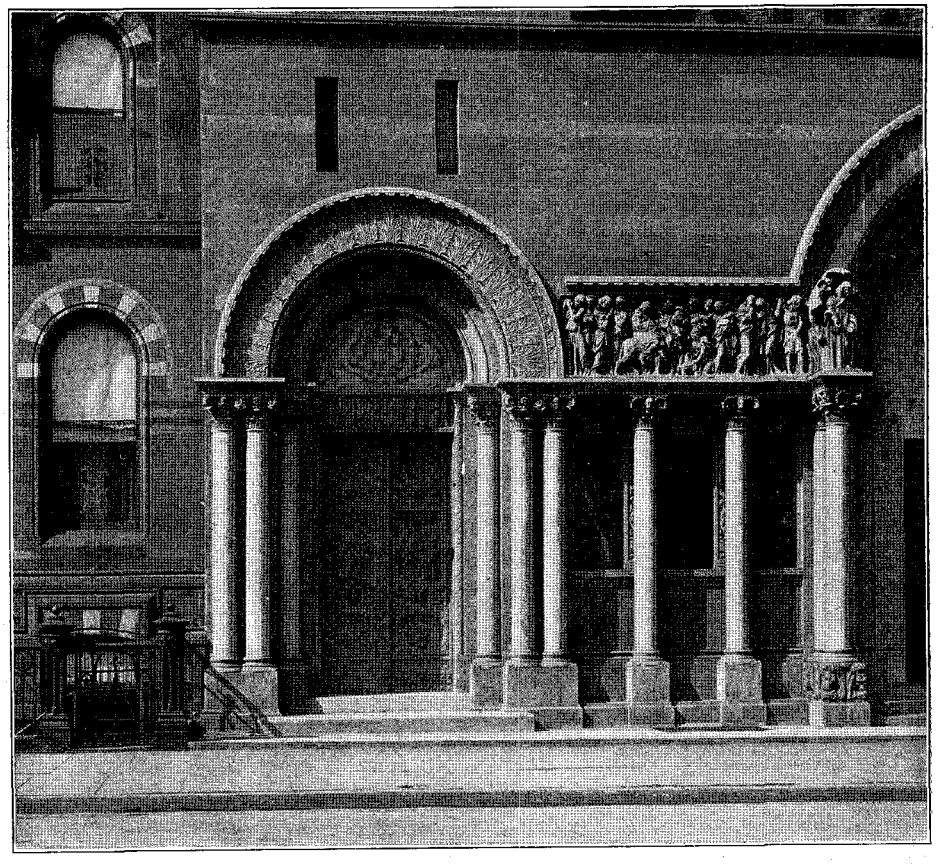
THE FIELD OF ART



THE NEW PORTAL OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH

THE old church of St. Bartholomew in Madison Avenue was built many years ago in very unpretending fashion. Within the past year, however, the conditions have been radically changed by the erection in front of this church of a screen-wall with three great doorways, with a great deal of elaborate and delicate sculpture, and with three pairs of doors of bronze; the whole being a memorial of Cornelius Vanderbilt the younger, who died in 1899. In each doorway the tympanum above the door, and the frieze of small figures carved upon the front of the lintel, are to be considered as closely connected in style, if not in subject, with the bronze doors themselves; for in each case the bronze and the carved stone immediately above it have been the work of the same sculptor, who has in this way made a single composition out of the doorway proper. When the term "a single sculptor" is used, it must be extended in meaning to cover the case of the middle doorway, where Mr. Daniel C. French had associated with him Mr. Andrew O'Connor. The north doorway is the work of Mr. Herbert Adams, and the south doorway the work of Mr. Philip Martiny. These two end doorways are finished by the sculpture of the archivolts, which are the work of the architects, McKim, Mead & White, so far as the preparation of full-sized drawings goes; the modelling being then by Mr. Buehler and the carving by Messrs. B. A. & G. N. Williams, who were

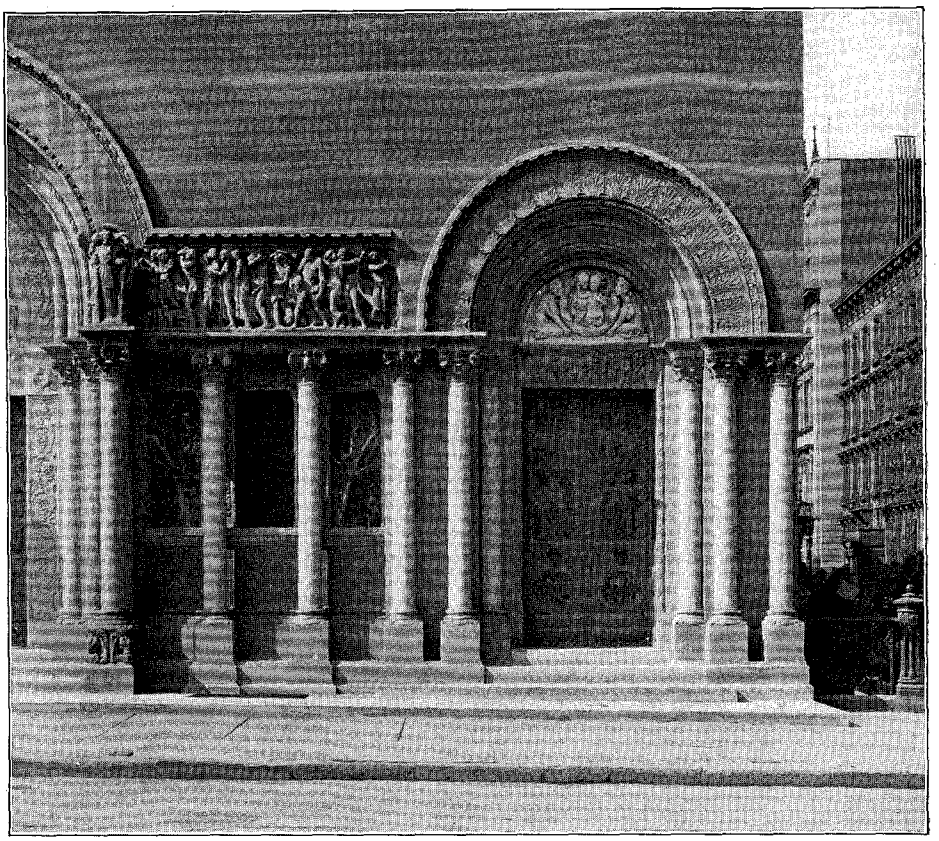
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the stone-cutters for the whole portal. The central doorway, in its entirety, including the bronze doors, the tympanum, the frieze, the scroll decorations of the uprights and the archivolt, even the great frieze which stretches away on both sides from this doorway, with the two large groups which stand on either side of the doorway and form the culmination of this larger frieze on either side, are the work of Daniel Chester French and Andrew O'Connor, the details of the work being largely Mr. O'Connor's own. Statues were to have been placed in those flat niches which are interposed between the columns of the front and which are filled with veined dark green marble; but they are not completed, and there is a pause in their preparation.

And now as to the architectural aspect of this portal: the columns which carry a part of the wall are seen not to be burdened by the whole façade of the church; they carry only that screen-wall which rises perhaps fifteen feet above their capitals. They are therefore not overloaded; they are a part of the decorative composition, and the choice of a delicately veined and clouded marble for them displays and insists upon the purely artistic part which they have to play. This device of shafts of fine marble has been a familiar commonplace ever since the modern world began to study San Marco in Venice and Hagia Sophia—since we began to realize what the imperial Roman builders and their successors in the Mediterranean lands thought of the value of beautiful material. These columns of delicately veined gray marble will, so long as they keep their smooth beauty, adorn the front by their coloring; and after our severe winters shall have roughened them, they will still serve their architectural purpose well. Their capitals are good. To this present writer it would be more agreeable if these columns all stood upon a continuous stylobate, for the square little plinths which serve as pedestals are restless; but is it not a marvel how the larger and more prominent pedestals of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



middle doorway are bettered by their deeply wrought sculpture? Above the capitals, that unity which we miss below is given by a thin epistyle, upon which rests the sculptured frieze. The three arches spring from this screen of columns in a perfectly effective and vigorous way, and there was never a better thought than that of leaving the archivolt of the middle doorway plain, to serve at once as a solid frame for the rich sculptures which it frames, and as a background for the still more splendid groups which stand in front of it at the impost on either side. These groups are perfectly well combined with the larger frieze, and in the disposition of this frieze the same delicate type and the same profound conception of the subject is evident; for who but a workman of real knowledge of his task could have stopped the frieze as he has done, just short of the arch on either side? In the lintel over the middle doorway the frieze stops against reliefs which serve as bosses, but which are found on examination to be delicately sculptured groups, filling the square impost block on either side. These correspond in their horizontal lines with the capitals of the columns outside, and help to draw that strong, that perfectly well rendered, that admirable band which ties the whole thing together—a band made up of twenty-four richly carved capitals of columns, with the narrow architrave they support, emphasized by the friezes of figure subject, and reaching from outer edge to outer edge of the front.

It is quite unavoidable that we should speak of the architecture and sculpture together. There is no possibility of treating either art as embodied in this portal apart from the other, for the whole is in effect one design. Within the whole there are many parts; within the associated work of art there are many details, and even the large groups of details which go to make up the result. The carved lions which support the columns of the middle doorway are important to the design, exactly in the same way that the great frieze is important. The de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

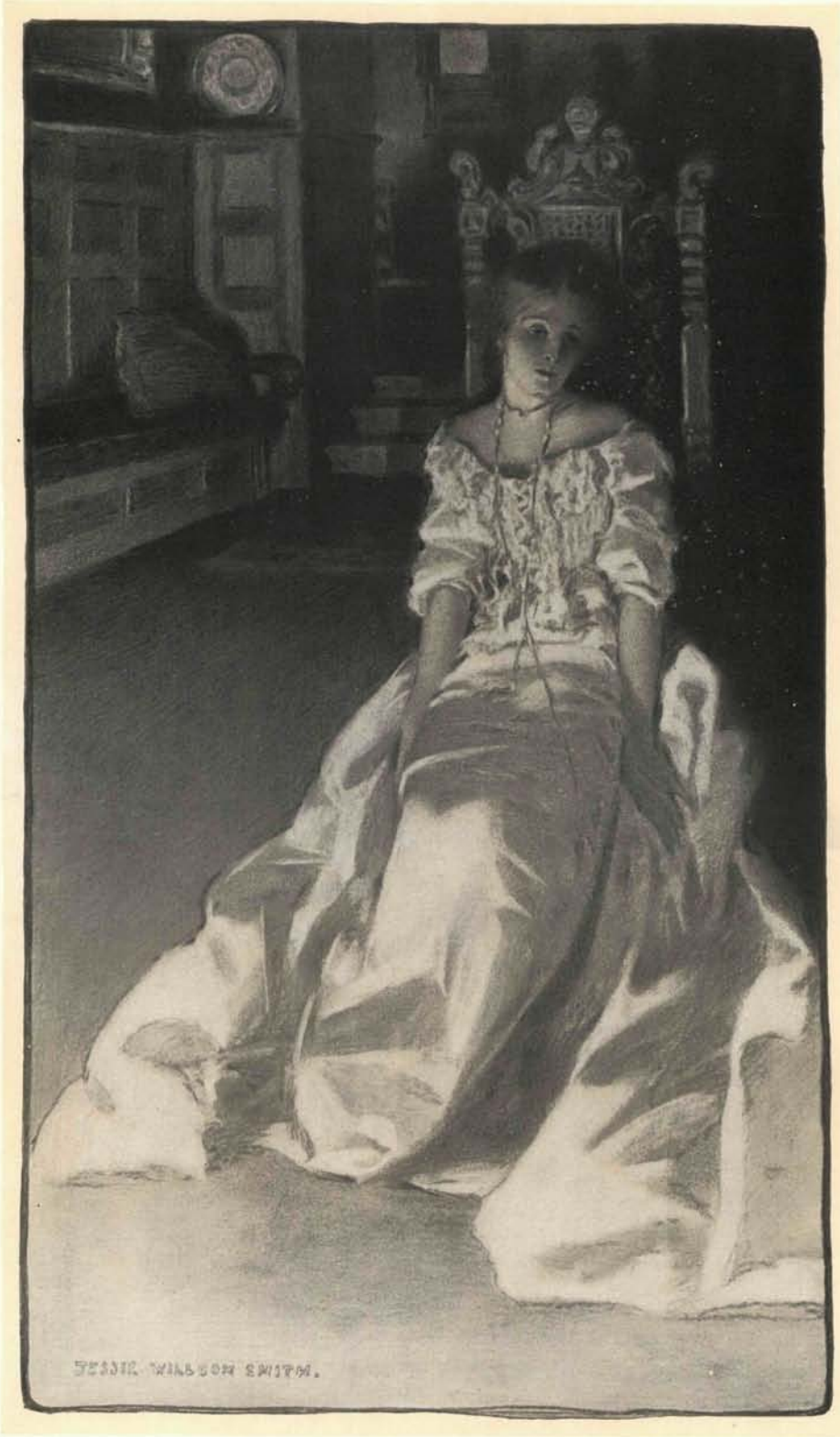
sign is enriched by them—that is to say, it is made more splendid by every such piece of sculpture which enters into it. To a greater degree, however, the elaborate sculptures of human subject at the top of the composition are important to the combined effect of the whole; for this, which is a splendid work of art, worthy to rank with anything of modern times, would be in comparison commonplace were the sculpture reduced to slight and thin, or to coarse and non-significant masses. It is evident that there is no room here to deal with the sculpture in detail. It can only be said that after the whole architectural composition has wrought its effect upon you, it will then be time to study the sculpture itself, with close attention and patient thought.

It is inevitable that thoughts of Trinity porch in Boston should arise in connection with this new work of art. No comparison between the architectural designs can be attempted here, but it is well to note other and very marked contrasts. The sculpture here is different from that in Boston, in that it is far less archaic, far more the confessed product of the twentieth century; it is Romanesque wholly in its composition and its main lines, the play of form in its minor parts being frankly modern. It is also far more delicate than the bold and massive Boston work. Never mind now about the incidents dealt with, or even the general scheme of the sculpture considered as a representative work of art, or a series of works of art: when considered as a grand piece of decoration, the New York piece of associated sculpture is a very serious and manly attempt to utilize modern knowledge and modern facilities in the preparation of sculpture for architectural composition; while the Boston work is, much more closely, a study of Romanesque sculpture—of that which made splendid the French churches of the eleventh century.

One may think that in the New York church the carved friezes in the white stone above the doors are too minute and jewel-like for such a composition in what may still be called the Romanesque style. Even the tympanums, though on a larger scale of design, are so delicate that one is inclined to wonder at their position out of doors. On the other hand, the larger frieze, that of the outer wall, with the culminating groups at the centre doorway, is of singular boldness and intensity, being one of which the separate figures are so small. It will be noted that these figures are often semi-nude, and that the general conditions of these figures, their pose, their grouping, their movement separately and taken together, is unusually descriptive. Much in the way of action is expressed by the gestures of these little figures. In all this, the Romanesque tradition is hardly departed from, and if that tradition and the Romanesque style of architectural design is mentioned at all in this connection, it is because one cannot but compare the sculpture of this portal with that of the fronts of Saint Gilles and of Saint Trophime, and that the immediate impression given is one of extreme modernity set into the framework of an ancient design. The reason for this is not far to seek. Modern art is alive as to sculpture of human subject, but it is not strictly alive as to architecture. There is a twentieth-century sculpture of American nationality now, whatever its very recent origin may have been, but there is no American architecture, nor any twentieth-century style anywhere, nor any nineteenth-century style. For all these matters of purely decorative art—that is to say, of non-representative and non-expressional art—one still goes to the past, and takes its creations with but little change.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LOGS GLOW IN THE GREAT FIREPLACE.

—"Home Sketches," page 328.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED